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TOPICS - OF - THE - DAY

GOOD EFFECT OF THE KORNILOFF REBELLION

NOTHING KORNILOFF COULD DO would have helped Kerensky more than his attempt to overthrow him. That is the verdict of many observers on last week's spectacular failure, for it seems to have left the Provisional Government strengthened rather than weakened by the ordeal. Kerensky emerges with the added title of Commander-in-Chief of all the Russian armies, with a more united Russia, which is now officially declared a republic, behind him, and with promise of a new morale among the soldiers and sailors. Dispatches tell us that the Bolsheviki, or extreme radicals, are now virtually a unit for his leadership, while to avert civil war the Constitutional Democrats, the most influential of the non-Socialist parties, have offered to accept representation in his reorganized Cabinet. At the same time the cause of military discipline and efficiency, on behalf of which Korniloff raised his banner of revolt, scores a victory in Kerensky's promise of sweeping reforms curtailing the power of soldiers' committees—the units of enlisted men who under the new régime have interfered with the strategy of the commanders and sought to handle all army affairs. "Henceforth," announces the Premier, "the soldiers' committees will control only in internal affairs, and will not interfere in matters of military strategy." This means, according to a United Press dispatch from Petrograd, that the authority of these committees will be confined to activities behind the fighting-lines, and that on the front the authority of the military commanders will be supreme. This, remarks the New York *Times*, is "the best news that comes out of Russia contemporaneously with the announcement of Korniloff's defeat." And the New York *Tribune* thinks that "if Kerensky can suppress insurrection and at the same time annex that portion of the principles of those in arms against his Government which is essential to the salvation of the Russian nation, he will prove himself to be the great man of our age."

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KORNILOFF,

Whose attempt to make the Russian Army a weapon to wrest the reins of Government from Premier Kerensky collapsed without bloodshed in less than a week.

"Korniloff's move has reestablished Kerensky's reputation as a revolutionary leader, and will result in the reunion of the entire Russian democracy," affirms A. J. Sack, director of the Russian Information Bureau, in New York City, who thinks that "the manner in which the Army and Navy supported Kerensky in this crisis justifies the system of commissioners introduced into the Army by the Provisional Government, for it has made the Army eager and ready to defend at all costs the fruits of the revolution." The situation is further illuminated by Jacob D. Baum, of Petrograd, a member of the Russian Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, who is now on a mission to the United States. To a representative of the New York *Evening Post* Mr. Baum said:

> "Kerensky had behind him the real forces of the country—the whole Army and the workingmen and peasants of Russia. No Government in Russia could exist even one hour if it did not have the support of these bodies. I know the power of these forces.
>
> "During the six months since the beginning of the revolution, Russian democracy has made wonderful progress in organization. The Army always was an organized body. Now it is also organized from a democratic view-point, because soldiers' committees penetrate the Army through and through. And the workingmen are completely organized in councils.
>
> "There is not one city in the country where the soldiers and workingmen are not organized. When the conflict between Kerensky and Korniloff broke out, the entire revolutionary democracy, powerful and aroused, proclaimed for Kerensky, who is vice-chairman of the Councils.
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> "On the other hand, General Korniloff had but a few followers, whom he misled by telling them they were going to fight against

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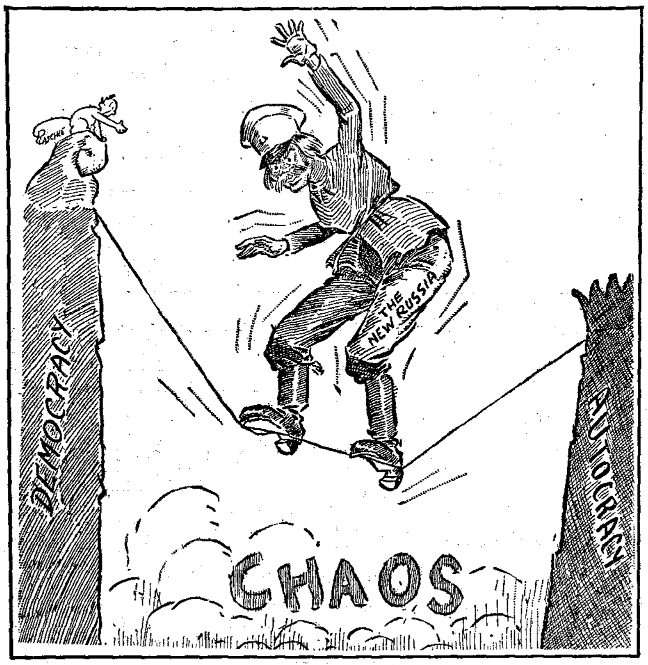
the Germans. With him were some of the men whom he had befriended and a few representatives of the landowner class. The proportion of the Russian people stood about 97 per cent. with Kerensky and on the other side 3 per cent., made up of one-third reactionaries and two-thirds revolutionary extremists.

"As a result of the conflict, the extremists came over to the side of the Premier, which, you see, strengthened Kerensky's position.



CROSSING.
—Plaschke in the Louisville *Times*.

"Who are the enemies of Russia to-day? Landowners and men who lost much by the fall of the old Government, and are determined to bring it back; a small section of irresponsible citizens, and—when Korniloff presented his ultimatum—a small group of extremists who wanted full power taken from the Coalition Government and given to the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates. These extremists were a negligible part of the democratic whole. The majority supported the coalition principles.

"The general situation in Russia to-day is extremely difficult. After three years of war, the old régime left Russia in an impossible condition. The Russian people simultaneously face two tasks. They must rearrange their life along new lines, after a thorough revolution, and, in the meantime, Russia must carry on a terrible war, which already had exhausted the country. The war was a heavy task for all the Allied countries from the very beginning, and especially so for Russia. Russia is exhausted, and wants peace, but certainly not peace at any price. Russia wants peace along the lines proclaimed by the Provisional Government, and reflected in the last message sent by President Wilson to the Pope. . . . . . .

"The Russian people to-day are thinking of their fate in international terms, understanding thoroughly that the success of the revolution means success for democracies throughout the world. Altho they have suffered deeply and the country is exhausted, they are ready to stand any further sufferings for the cause of the world's democracy. This, in spite of the fact that for the last two years it has been hard to get bread. One must stand in line for hours before the stores. . . . . . .

"News which is printed in America about the daily affairs seems to me to be so exaggerated that I can not see how any one can get the right interpretation. I myself have to puzzle over it. You have made too much of the reactionary factors in the struggle for Russian democracy. Russia to-day is permeated with democracy—the government which will survive."

Information about the beginning and development of General Korniloff's rebellion, the Petrograd correspondents tell us, was subjected to drastic censorship by the Provisional Government, but here is the story as pieced together from fragmentary sources by the Associated Press in the Russian capital:

"At 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon [September 8], after Premier Kerensky had inspected a deputation of Russian soldiers from the Balkans, Deputy Lvoff called him by telephone and demanded an interview, declaring that his mission was of great importance.

"Mr. Kerensky at first refused to receive Mr. Lvoff, but later in the afternoon did receive him, whereupon Lvoff declared that he had come as General Korniloff's plenipotentiary in order to demand the surrender of all power into Korniloff's hands. Mr. Lvoff said that this demand did not emanate from Korniloff only, but was supported by a 'group of political workers,' meaning an organization of Duma members, Moscow industrial interests, and other conservatives, which had played the rôle of opposition at the national conference at Moscow.

"This group, said Mr. Lvoff, did not object to Kerensky personally, but demanded that he transfer the portfolio of war to Mr. Savinkoff, Assistant Minister of War, who all along had supported Korniloff's demands. Mr. Lvoff added:

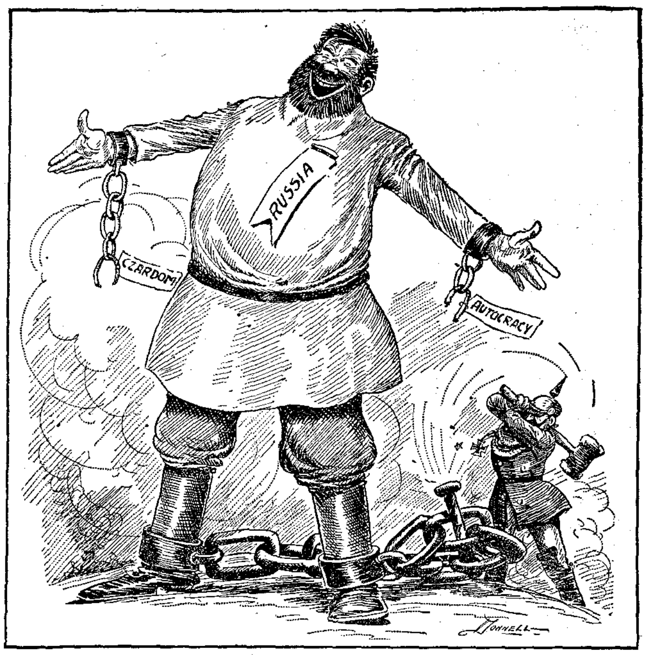
"'If you agree, we invite you to come to headquarters and meet General Korniloff, giving you a solemn guaranty that you will not be arrested.'

"Premier Kerensky replied that he was amazed, and described Korniloff's ultimatum as an act of effrontery and treason so incredible that he was unable to believe his ears. Therefore he resolved first to communicate with General Korniloff direct. In an exchange of telegrams Korniloff confirmed fully to the Premier his demands.

"Mr. Kerensky then announced to Mr. Lvoff that the Provisional Government would not consent to such demands and would take every possible step to crush Korniloff's criminal conspiracy. Lvoff was then placed under arrest and subjected to a severe examination, during which he gave the details of the conspiracy and the names of the prominent men involved."

Premier Kerensky then ordered General Korniloff to surrender his command, and declared a state of war in the town and district of Petrograd. He also issued a proclamation to the Army, the Fleet, and the nation, describing the attempted *coup*, and denouncing General Korniloff and General Lokomsky, Chief of Staff, as traitors. This communication says in part:

"General Korniloff, having put himself at the head of a military counter-revolutionary conspiracy, has moved troops toward Petrograd. His purpose is the deposition of the Provisional Government and the seizure of its powers. The troops directed to Petrograd have been deceived into believing that they are sent to crush a conspiracy of the Maximalists, which is non-existent in reality. . . . . . .



"WHY FIGHT LONGER WHEN I AM ALREADY FREE?"
—Donnell in the St. Louis *Globe Democrat*.

"The problem of the Army Committee is to maintain the Provisional Government, to frustrate the criminal designs of General Korniloff, and to apply all measures to prevent his conspiracy from reflecting itself disastrously on the stability of the front."

WE'RE ALL
WALKING DELEGATES
THE
KAISER KANNERS UNION
LOCAL 157

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SPIRIT OF THE NEW NATIONAL ARMY: LEAVING NEW YORK FOR CAMP.

Korniloff, leading his troops toward the capital, also issued proclamations, in one of which he claimed the support of all the high commanders at the front. In another he said:

> "Russian men, our great fatherland is perishing. The Government, under pressure of the Bolsheviki majority of the councils, is acting in full accord with the plans of the German General Staff. Overwhelming consciousness of the impending ruin of the fatherland compels me in this menacing moment to summon all Russian men to save perishing Russia. All in whose breasts beat Russian hearts, all who believe in God, let them flock to the temple and pray God to perform a great miracle—a miracle of saving the fatherland.
>
> "I, General Korniloff, son of a peasant and Cossack, declare to all that I require nothing personally, nothing except the salvation of mighty Russia, and I swear to lead the nation by the road of victory over the foe to a Constituent Assembly, through which the nation will decide its own fate and choose the organization of its own political life. But I shall never betray Russia into the hands of its traditional foe—the German race, or make the Russian people the slaves of Germany. I prefer to die on the field of honor and battle rather than to witness the shame and infamy of Russian land.
>
> "Russian people! In your own hands rests the fate of your country."

His troops, however, as they approached Petrograd began going over in masses to the Provisional Government, and on September 13 General Korniloff agreed to an unconditional surrender.

As to what forces were behind General Korniloff's revolt, opinions differ somewhat, altho there is a general tendency on the part of our press to believe that he was actuated by high and patriotic motives. While some suspect him of the wish to see a limited monarchy instead of a republic established in Russia, others insist that his sole desire was to see his country's armies presenting a formidable and unbroken front to the Teuton foe. To Alexander Trachtenberg, of the Rand School of Social Science, New York, his revolt is "the last stand of capitalism" in Russia. This observer, who was formerly a Russian officer, says in a New York *Sun* interview:

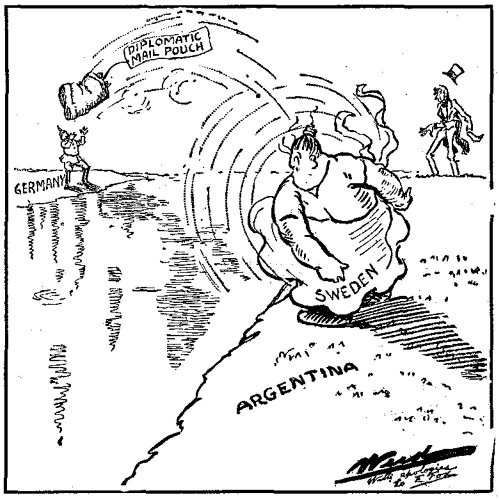
> "A monarchist counter-revolution has long been a dead issue. The monarchists are thoroughly discredited and could not raise a corporal's guard to fight their battles. In the revolution of General Korniloff capitalism is making its last stand in Russia, because altho the revolution that deposed the Czar was not a social one, it has moved thus far in direct opposition to the interests of the *bourgeoisie*. Failing to stem the tide by political action the interests have resorted to the sword. But with Premier Kerensky rapidly realizing his errors and the certainty that all Socialists will flock to the standards of the Provisional Government, and with the Army overwhelmingly in favor of peace, the revolution will weather the storm.
>
> "Miliukoff, the first Minister of Foreign Affairs; Goutchkoff, the Moscow banker and first Minister of War; and Rodzianko, President of the last Duma, all of whom were deposed by the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates because of the insistence on a war for victory, are behind Korniloff and represent the money and manufacturing interests of Russia in their attempt to seize the Government.
>
> "The *bourgeoisie* saw the handwriting on the wall when election after election gave the Socialists overwhelming majorities. Before the Moscow election the 'liberal' papers representing the interests predicted the downfall of the Socialists, whose victories it was claimed would not extend beyond Petrograd. But Moscow gave the Socialists 75 per cent. of the vote, and in far-off Crimea, in the city of Yalta, the Socialists captured 39 out of the 50 seats in the council.
>
> "Feeling that they could expect nothing from political action, the *bourgeoisie* determined to try force, and the counter-revolution is the result."

There is no difference between the measures proposed by Kerensky and Korniloff, according to Mr. A. J. Sack, whom we have already quoted, and who says in the New York *Evening Post:*

> "The difference between the two men, however, is that one is a revolutionary leader and will not take advantage of the powers vested in him, while Korniloff, who is a general of the former Czar, would probably, by wielding supreme power, endanger the fruits of the revolution.
>
> "Korniloff's move was precipitated by Kerensky's hesitation to enforce his program of 'blood and iron.' This hesitation can be justly explained by his natural aversion to such a program.
>
> "Kerensky's energetic measures at the present moment will satisfy the middle classes, and thus deprive Korniloff of whatever support he had. The armies behind the Government are a hundred times more numerous than those behind Korniloff. In addition, the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates, whose influence permeates the entire Army and Fleet, is strongly behind Kerensky. Korniloff, therefore, can not have a big following.
>
> "Russia wants three things: order in the country, success at the front, and preservation of the gains of the revolution. Korniloff by his 'blood and iron' methods may be able to give Russia the first two. Kerensky can assure it all three."

THE TRACELESS-MURDER ADVOCATE

THE PROPER WAY TO MURDER, according to a German nobleman in the diplomatic service, is to do it "without leaving a trace." This noble character represented William II. (more or less accurately) at the capital of Argentina, and his message to Berlin telling them how to do their own specialty, as some think it, was part of a dispatch coolly advising Germany to submarine the steamers of the neutral nation that harbored him as a guest. But, like many another amateur evil-doer, poor Count von Luxburg couldn't even cable without leaving traces, and now our Secretary of State publishes his little essay to all the world, Argentina hands him his dismissal, and mobs wreck and burn the buildings of his fellow countrymen in Buenos Aires. And his message causes less sensation in our press than the discovery that this sinister advice was secretly conveyed *via* the Swedish Legation at Buenos Aires and the Swedish Government at Stockholm. "German diplomacy has put a stain on Sweden's honor which will need abject apologies," says the Springfield *Republican*. And the Syracuse *Herald*, remarking that Germany's diplomatic record "is already so superlatively foul that an additional exposure can not visibly besmirch it," adds, "but Sweden stands in the position of an amateur culprit making a first appearance in the police court, and the plight of her Government is at once unenviable and perilous." "If Germany deceived her, which we are disposed to assume, then she was at least too easily gulled a victim," declares the Baltimore *News*, which thinks that henceforth it will be very hard for Sweden to play the neutral convincingly. By lending the protection of her Embassy's mail-bag to messages for the guidance of Germany's murderous *U*-boats "she has directly taken part in the war on the side of Germany just as certainly as if she had sent troops into the field," affirms *The Wall Street Journal*. Our reply, this paper urges, should be an even more stringent enforcement of our embargo against this Scandinavian nation whose Queen is a cousin of the Kaiser and whose ruling classes are known to be pro-German in their leanings, while the sympathies of the people are in doubt. "It is notorious that Sweden, of all European neutrals, has profited most by sending supplies to Germany," says the New York *Herald*, which adds:



THE POWERFUL KATRINKA.
—Weed in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*.

> "For almost three years Stockholm has been little less than a second Berlin. Court circles and a large group of profiteering exporters have all but raised the German flag, and would have done this if they had not feared the growing spirit of democracy, which even in Sweden is making the throne unsteady. . . . . . .
>
> "Sweden now calls on high heaven to witness the terrible plight of her famishing people and begs the United States to give her relief. But a Government that can call on high heaven to witness her undeviating neutrality and at the same time be a practical comrade in arms of a Power that seeks to enslave the world must not be surprized if honest folk refuse to place any trust either in her calls for help or her promises of future good behavior."

"If Sweden has failed in her duty as a neutral in one thing, will she not in others?" asks the New York *Evening Post;* and a Washington correspondent of *The Evening Sun* quotes "a high official of the State Department" as admitting that Germany may have obtained her advance tips concerning the movement of American naval and military contingents from dispatches which German agents were able to forward to Berlin through Swedish diplomatic channels. John Lind, at one time President Wilson's special envoy to Mexico, and one of our leading Swedish-American citizens, is quoted by a Minneapolis correspondent as saying that "while Sweden is the friend of the United States in peace, it has been our enemy in the war." And from Sweden itself comes the admission of Hjalmar Branting, the Socialist leader in the Swedish parliament, that the Swedish Government "has acted in an utterly indefensible manner." Mr. Branting goes on to say:

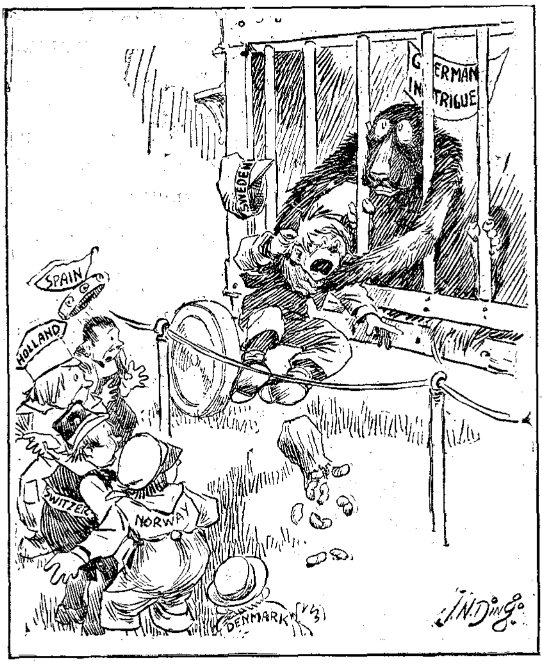
> "Our Foreign Office assumed the function of transmitter of telegrams for the German Government and allowed itself to forward communications without investigating the nature of their contents. . . . I believe it will be impossible to convince the American public that Sweden in all this affair only served as a post-box for Germany."

Commenting on this statement, the New York *Globe* says:

> "The official statement of the Swedish Government sustains the justice of the Branting denunciation. Lindman, the Foreign Minister, says that Baron Lowen, the Swedish Minister at Buenos Aires, is not to blame for the character of the messages that passed through his hands, because, being in code, he did not know their contents. This is to say that it was permissible for Sweden to give Germany a signed blank check and then to deny responsibility for the sum written in. The explanation is a confession. If the Swedish Minister did not know the nature of the messages he was transmitting, he is too innocent for a diplomat. The excuse increases rather than diminishes the evidence that the Swedish Government has flagrantly violated the most elementary principles of neutrality. The Swedish legation at Buenos Aires has been a station of the German spy-service. The hospitality of Argentina has been abused, and the Swedish Government, by its own admission, has been party to a plan looking to the murder of Argentine citizens, provided the deed could be done without leaving a trace. . . . . . .
>
> "Our Government, altho correctly assessing the quality of Swedish neutrality, may be assumed to meditate no aggressive action. But it has been made clear to all our citizens that this country can not continue to supply Sweden and accept the pledges of the Swedish Government against becoming a mere station to Germany. President Wilson, one may assume, is more interested in showing to his fellow citizens why a stiffening of the embargo is necessary in influencing the Swedish Government. The Luxburg revelations spike the guns that the dwindling company of German propagandists in this country were getting ready to aim at the embargo."

The publication of the Luxburg communications, thinks the New York *Evening World*, "seems likely to force upon yet another European people the alternative of repudiating the policy of its rulers or risking national ruin by accepting the blame and responsibility for the consequences of that policy." To the Charleston *American*, a paper entirely out of sympathy with our participation in the war, "it looks very much as if the United States will soon have another enemy and Germany another ally." Mr. Hearst's New York *American* also warns us of "the risk of driving the Scandinavian kingdoms, and particularly the grave risk of driving Sweden, into the German camp." And in the same vein the New York *Evening Mail* admonishes us that "it is no time to take harsh measures that will drive the Swedes to desperate or rash action." But "it is an old saying and a true one," remarks the New York *Morning Telegraph*, "that the open enemy is less to be feared than the secret foe." And in the meantime Secretary Lansing assures our press that the United States Government has "the friendliest feeling toward the Swedish people," and that the publication of this secret correspondence was "not directed against Sweden particularly," the real purpose being "further to open the eyes of the world as to German methods."

VICTORIA, QUEEN OF SWEDEN,
A cousin of the Kaiser.



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THE BOYS HAD BETTER KEEP AWAY.
—Darling in the New York *Tribune*.

MARGUERITE, CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN,
A cousin of King George V.

If Sweden's neutrality has had a German leaning, some of our editorial observers point out, the reasons are not shrouded in mystery. Dislike of Russia has been more or less widespread among the Swedish people because of Russia's treatment of Finland, which was once an appanage of the Swedish Crown. But in spite of this fact, we are told, popular sympathy in Sweden is generally with the Entente, the strongly pro-German feeling being mainly confined to Government, Court, and Army circles. But the New York *Globe* thinks that "the Swedish people will suffer as a consequence of the faults of their rulers, just as the German people are suffering. They have permitted a bad bunch to boss them, and the consequences are inevitable."

The Argentine capital had just recently celebrated the "diplomatic triumph" of extracting from the Berlin Government, whose *U*-boats had sunk Argentina's shipping, a halting assurance that henceforth "no incident will occur to disturb the friendly relations between Germany and Argentina," when this latest revelation of German treachery and ruthlessness aroused intense indignation, mobs attacking the German Legation and burning several blocks of German business houses. At the same time the German Minister, Count von Luxburg, was handed his passports, and the Argentine Government demanded an explanation from the German Government. The present disclosure, remarks the Harrisburg *Patriot*, "ought to be the means of lining up the Argentine with the other South-American republics against the Germans as further evidence that the western hemisphere is united against the things for which Germany stands." And the New York *Tribune*, remarking that "South America, far removed from the scene of the struggle, has now an authentic document by which to measure German character," goes on to say:

> "One can imagine how greatly German interests will be benefited in Latin America by the knowledge that a German representative had recommended murder which would 'leave no trace' as a policy to be pursued toward one of the South-American countries.
>
> "We are getting on in this war. We are getting on because one nation after another all over the world is receiving its lesson in the meaning of Germanism and taking action accordingly. Argentina may not enter the alliance against Germany to-day or to-morrow, but the German reputation in that great South-American country is gone. German influence must decline, and all over the world the new incident will be accepted as a further demonstration of the impossibility of making peace with a nation which combines the treachery of the spy with the ruthlessness of the assassin."

With the exception of the Zimmermann proposals for embroiling the United States with Mexico and Japan and the partitioning of our territory, many editors remark, the war has furnished no diplomatic sensation to compare with the publication by Secretary Lansing, on September 8, of the three letters written in cipher by Count Karl von Luxburg, German Minister at Buenos Aires, to his home Government, and "dispatched from Buenos Aires by the Swedish Legation as their own official messages, addrest to the Stockholm Foreign Office." The first of these letters, dated May 19, 1917, and signed "Luxburg," suggested that two small Argentine steamers, then nearing Bordeaux, "be spared if possible or else sunk without a trace being left." The second, dated July 3, 1917, reads in full as follows:

> "I learn from a reliable source that the Acting Minister for Foreign Affairs, who is a notorious ass and Anglophil, declared in a secret session of the Senate that Argentina would demand from Berlin a promise not to sink more Argentine ships. If not agreed to, relations would be broken off. I recommend refusal and, if necessary, calling in the mediation of Spain."

The third, dated six days later, reads:

> "Without showing any tendency to make concessions, postpone reply to Argentine note until receipt of further reports. A change of Ministry is probable. As regards Argentine steamers, I recommend either compelling them to turn back, sinking them without leaving any traces, or letting them through. They are all quite small."

The first letter is numbered 32 and the last 64, a fact which stimulates curiosity concerning the gaps in this correspondence.

The phrase, "without a trace being left" [*spurlos versenkt*], can only mean, in the opinion of our press, the murder of all on board. But Admiral Lindman, Sweden's Minister of Foreign Affairs, explains that Baron Lowen, the Swedish Minister to Argentina, was not to blame, as he did not know the contents of the messages he transmitted for the German Minister. Baron Lowen himself goes further and denies having sent or caused to be sent by the legation under his charge any telegram from the German Legation. He adds that "in the United States they are very excitable."

PAPERS IN THE ENEMY TONGUE

PRO-GERMAN UTTERANCES of the German-language newspapers about the right or wrong party of the European belligerents were perfectly natural and passed unrebuked tho not unremarked as long as we remained neutral. But once our Government declared that a state of war existed between this country and Germany, the so-called "Fatherland editors" began to trespass in journalism's No Man's Land. The fact is emphasized to them pretty plainly by sundry dailies, among which may be mentioned the Milwaukee *Journal*, with the result that it has been receiving anonymous threats running all the way "from boycott to bombing." But, as *The Journal* points out, it has tried without fear of consequences to do its duty, and will so continue, for "from sedition and treason it seeks no quarter" and "to sedition and treason it will give no quarter." The German-American press "conveys in the language of an enemy of the United States propaganda that is thinly veiled treason," says *The Spokesman* (Cincinnati), and Mr. J. Frank Hutcheson, the editor, personally believes that "owing to the scarcity of news-print the Kaiser's papers in this country should be suppress—the most effective way to dispose of a rattlesnake is to kill it." The Government must suppress with a vigorous hand pro-German press activity, observes *The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore), or "a rising spirit of bitterness will take the law into its own hands to the discredit of the country and the injury of many not responsible for the work of some pro-Germans."

Confusion between the real feelings of loyal German-Americans and the feelings some German-language papers would impose on them keeps the embers of suspicion in a constant glow. Thus at the State conference of the German-American Alliance at Albany, Mr. Henry Weismann, who was reelected president, said:

> "We can do but one thing. This is to go on record in the strongest and most unmistakable language in favor of giving to our Government everything at our command. There can be no two loyalties. I know the German-Americans of this State are united in expressing the sentiment that we are for America first, last, and all the time, and that the Germany we knew is but a memory."

This represents the conviction of a large part of the German people of the United States, observes the Rochester *Herald*, but it is "curious that this attitude, publicly declared, has no effect upon that of the German-language press"; and it says it is the bounden duty of Mr. Weismann and those who share his views to "put an end to the seditious mouthings" of the pro-German editors. Meanwhile, we learn from the press that a decisive step in this direction has been taken by the seizure of the Philadelphia *Tageblatt* plant and papers and the arrest of the editors and officers of the publication company. It is alleged that Government agents have discovered evidence of a nation-wide conspiracy against this country among the records of the *Tageblatt*, which show also, according to a Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Times*, that it received regular money contributions from a person in Mexico, supposedly a German. Altho the paper profest to be a labor organ, we are told that the books disclose the fact that it was not supported by labor organizations. Moreover, the dispatches aver that a man of importance on the editorial staff came to this country after the war began as a sort of German censor to see that the paper was kept in the right German and anti-American tone. The *Times* correspondent tells us further that while the *Tageblatt* editors were drawing on their imagination to manufacture German victories, American distress, food scarcity, military impotence, and disaster, the official information sent to the paper by the United States Government was thrown into waste-paper baskets. In the Philadelphia *North American* we read that the *Tageblatt* published detailed instructions for Germans here to circumvent the postal laws against mailing letters to an enemy country by sending them under double cover to an address in Sweden, whence they would be mailed by a German to Germany.

Practically coincident with the raid on the *Tageblatt* was the Senate's addition to the Trading with the Enemy Bill of an amendment which reads in part:

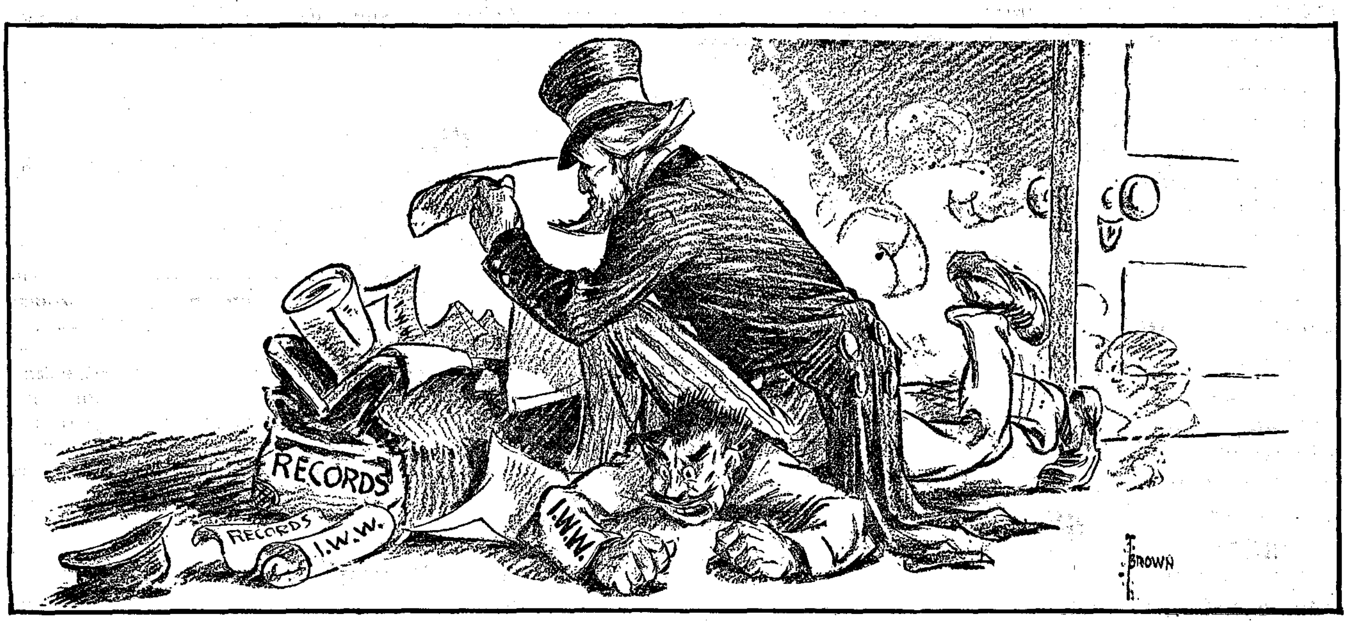
> "That during the pendency of the present state of war, and until peace shall be concluded and the fact declared by proclamation of the President, it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, or association to print or publish or cause to be printed or published in the German language any comments respecting the Government of the United States, or of any nation with which Germany is at war, its policies, international relations, the state or conduct of the war, or of any matter relating thereto, without printing or publishing in a column parallel to such matter a true and complete translation of the same in the English language."

Any person convicted of failure to comply with this regulation shall be "punished by a fine of not more than $500 or by imprisonment for a period of not more than one year, or may, in the discretion of the court, be both fined and imprisoned." Under the caption "Germanism in America," the Chicago *Tribune* tells us that there is "abundant evidence" that certain German-language papers "wield an enormous and thoroughly vicious influence over Americans of German birth or descent." But now and then they overshoot the mark and rouse an occasional German-American protest. The protests would be more numerous, according to *The Tribune*, if it were not dangerous to make them. Among them by far the most significant, we are told, is a letter to Admiral C. F. Goodrich, author of "Why the Immigrant Remains an Alien," and it comes from a German Lutheran pastor, "who calls for the suppression of the German-language newspapers during the war," and says "no other nation would tolerate them." In the *Tribune's* view the most damaging paragraph in this pastor's letter is the following:

> "In Germany not all papers are agreed with everything the Government may do, but these German papers in America are always in full and hearty accord with the Kaiser and his minions. Thus the German-American press are really more German than many papers in Germany. Some of the German editors in Germany who dared to give America some little credit and justice have been savagely attacked by the German press of America. The German-American press seem to be the representative of the Junkers. Perhaps they receive a subsidy directly from Berlin."

The New York *Volkszeitung*, a labor organ of Socialist leanings, thus characterizes its German-American contemporaries:

> "The attitude of the German-American *bourgeois* papers of the last three years will always be a monument of shame and disgrace to Germanism in this country. If these newspapers in the first two years of the war did not know how to talk big enough, if they then were the most unqualified glorifiers and advocates of German militarism and Prusso-German Hohenzollern smartness, they immediately broke down when the situation changed. The German Kaiser patriots turned almost overnight into loyal Americans, and no Woodrow Wilson could more urgently demand a democratization of Germany than did these German-American Philistines and Junkers.
>
> "If Germanism in the United States ever reaped contempt it is the fault of this unprincipled press, which at first gave full scope to all registers of national presumption and instigation, to mimic later, in the most disgusting manner, the patriotic goodman—after the harm had been done and the distrust sown. That the seed disseminated by the German-American press among the cosmopolitan working class in the East in the first months of the war, and, in particular, after Italy's intervention, did not come forth worse than was actually the case, remains to the imperishable credit of the German-speaking Socialists, and, not least—and we say it with justified pride—to the New York *Volkszeitung*, which, for its attitude, was at the time maligned, calumniated, and decried as a French and Russian organ."


RECORDS
RECORDS I.W.W.
I.W.W.
BROWN

JUST A MOMENT, PLEASE. —Brown in the Chicago *Daily News.*

RAIDING THE I. W. W.

THE "ROUGHNECKS OF THE WORLD," as the members of the I. W. W. are affectionately described by their president, have made no objection to the rather "roughneck" ways of the United States Department of Justice in raiding their headquarters and carting off wagon-loads of papers to examine for evidence of treason. And the press of free America, surveying the record of these "Workers," do not appear to regard the raids as one of those tyrannical persecutions of the downtrodden, such as our Republic was founded to prevent. Nevertheless the New York *Evening Post* issues a warning against the belief that the I. W. W., and, in a lesser degree, the Socialist party, can be proceeded against in time of war on a general assumption of conspiracy and treason. The I. W. W. do embody one phase of the labor movement here, this journal reminds us, and "only blindness will persist in regarding every manifestation of labor trouble under I. W. W. auspices as a pro-German conspiracy calling for the strong hand." It seems that eight simultaneous raids were conducted in Chicago by officers of the Department of Justice on September 5, while similar raids were made in twenty or more cities in various sections of the country. Wagon-loads of evidence were seized in the offices and houses of Socialist and I. W. W. agitators, and the Chicago *Daily News* reports that it is believed the raids foiled a nation-wide strike which would have paralyzed work at the Army cantonments, particularly in the Middle West and Far West. It is noted significantly that the country-wide raids took place on the day the National Army was moved toward the cantonments, and the Grand Rapids *News* considers it "eminently fitting that those who do not believe in our form of government, yet seek its protection, should feel the strong arm of the law." Except a great Allied victory, in which American troops take a leading part, and which is bound to come, says the Louisville *Times*, "no national achievement could have awakened the pride and the interest" that the Department of Justice raids have kindled, for the people see in this move "a step toward the protection of the country from the sedition and treason that have been breeding these many months past, and which has been one of the gravest perils the country has been called upon to face."

This utterance is confirmed by Washington dispatches, which state that reports and disclosures made to officials in connection with the raids indicate a country-wide conspiracy to hamper the Government in almost every conceivable way in its conduct of the war. We read further that all signs point to the fact that a small coterie of men directed the entire antiwar activities and program, which had as phases the destruction of property, resistance to the Draft Law, the spread of alleged seditious sentiment through various publications and other mediums, and numerous additional means aimed to embarrass the Government. A Washington correspondent of the New York *Times* recalls the activity of the I. W. W. in instigating labor troubles in the copper- and iron-mines of Minnesota, Montana, Idaho, Arizona, and other States, as well as in the lumber regions, including the spruce forests of Washington, where timber is taken for airplane construction; and he tells us also that a favorite device of theirs was to throw from railroad-trains phosphorous balls which set fire to wheat-fields. From what he terms a highly authoritative source, a Chicago correspondent of the New York *Sun* gives figures of the alarming growth of the I. W. W., which, it is said, will have an important bearing on the Federal Grand Jury investigation. They are:

> "In three years the organization has gained 1,000 per cent. in membership.
>
> "It now has 90,000 persons on its rolls.
>
> "In the last year, and not including the exceedingly active month of August, the Chicago office alone handled $100,000."

Numerous journals agree with the Portland *Oregonian*, which says the I. W. W. have "preached revolution at all times and fomented open treason at various times," have contributed whatever they could to industrial and political unrest, and have resisted the upholding of the law. They have served the cause of Germany in the war, this journal holds, and whether they did so intentionally or unintentionally, the result remains the same. We can not do our part with our allies, observes the Baltimore *News*, and yet "suffer a malignant growth to spread through our body politic." The Government has taken its knife in hand at the right moment, this daily adds, and "its operation on the I. W. W. is something that will gratify every loyal American heart." Says the Detroit *Free Press:*

> "There is need for prudence on the part of the representatives of the Department of Justice—all the more need, perhaps, because any tendency to go beyond their actual authority is likely to be condoned by public opinion. In the wholesale onslaught there may be disregard of Constitutional and statutory provisions, unless Washington uses expert generalship, and . . . the country can not afford to have its Constitutional safeguards overridden in order to catch the seditious or the criminal, nor are extra-legal methods necessary. It is to be hoped that while the Government proceeds vigorously in routing out what has all the stigmas of a wide-spread and pernicious plot against the United States and its people, the authorities will take a little extra care just at this time in proceeding strictly within the limits allowed by the basic law. In the end the clean-up will be more complete and more permanent for such care."

DISTILLERIES INTERNED FOR THE WAR

A MEMORABLE HOUR in the annals of prohibition is 11 P.M. of September 8, when the prohibition clause of the Food-Control Bill became effective and shut down for the duration of the war all whisky distilleries throughout the country. Advocates of the cause predict that these plants will never again be allowed to distil liquors, while observers who look at the matter less feelingly note that there is whisky enough available for two or three years' consumption and refrain from any predictions as to what may happen after the war. The press make known interesting facts of the liquor industry as it enters this new phase. For instance, we read in a Peekskill dispatch to the New York *Tribune* that with the last drop distilled in New York State's largest distillery in that town, the Government loses a revenue of $21,000 a day; and Peoria dispatches state that in the world capital of the hard-liquor industry, as it is called, distilleries have paid into the United States Treasury $131,149,163, in little more than four years. At the same time, Washington dispatches advise us that officials believe the stopping of whisky manufacture, instead of curtailing the Government's revenues, will increase them for the next two years. The operation of the pending Revenue Bill, coupled with the withdrawal of whisky from the stock already accumulated, it is said, will probably treble the revenues within the next twelve months, as the present law imposes a tax of $1.10 and the Revenue Bill contemplates a tax of $3.20 a gallon. A stock of approximately 230,000,000 gallons has accumulated in the bonded warehouses and on the shelves of wholesale and retail liquor-dealers. In the warehouses are approximately 190,000,000 gallons, and upon that quantity the Government will collect taxes as it is withdrawn. Distilleries now running will continue to produce alcohol for commercial purposes, and upon this class of alcohol, with the exception of alcohol for denaturation, the Revenue Bill would impose a tax of $2.20, doubling the present income. It is pointed out also that few men will be thrown out of work, especially as the demand for labor in other lines of industry so greatly exceeds the supply. As to the distilleries, in the opinion of some officials whisky will be selling at fifteen dollars a gallon within twelve months, thus affording them enormous profits, which will more than compensate for the loss of capital invested in plants.

The prohibition measure in the Food-Control Bill "puts a premium rather than a ban upon whisky and other distilled liquors," writes William H. Hirst, attorney for the New York State Brewers' Association, in the New York *World*. There appears to be enough available spirituous liquor for a period of two or three years, according to Mr. Hirst, who further observes:

> "The cost to the consumer will naturally be considerably increased, because of the limited amount, higher price of labor, and increased taxation, and this will result in a reduction of the quantity consumed per capita hereafter. . . . To the retailer who dispenses the liquor at favorable locations it will mean increased profits from smaller sales, while to the unfortunate ones at less favorable points it will mean smaller profits or ruin."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* summarizes the effect of the law as follows: "The distiller and the dealer will be enriched and the revenues of the Government will be increased. Of course the consumer will contribute more for his 'tipple,' but that unfortunate always pays the freight. Not to state his case in terms of refinement, he always is 'the goat.' He is accustomed to the rôle." The inquiry must arise in many minds, remarks the Springfield *Republican*, whether whisky will ever come back, and it speaks of the temperance and antisaloon forces as having won in a temporary war-measure an advantage of position that, when the time for a new effort arrives, will make it "very hard for the 'Demon Rum' to recover the lost ground." *The Christian Science Monitor* believes that it remains for the President to say whether or not the surplus liquor now on hand shall not be taken over and redistilled for the making of munitions, for if the stock now in bond and out of it be "not so seized and utilized, we shall have the spectacle of the country unnecessarily drawing great quantities of food-material to meet the munition demand."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

"PEACE without victory" is the kind Germany can have.—*Boston Transcript.*

RUSSIA may be sound at the core, as Mr. Root says, but she seems to be pretty rotten around the edges.—*Florida Times-Union.*

THE suspense of watching for bread- and coal-prices to fall gets more and more thrilling.—*Charleston Evening Post.*

BY and by it will not be possible to talk treason anywhere except in the United States Senate.—*Kansas City Times.*

THE trouble with the People's Peace Council of America is that it is neither popular, peaceful, nor American.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

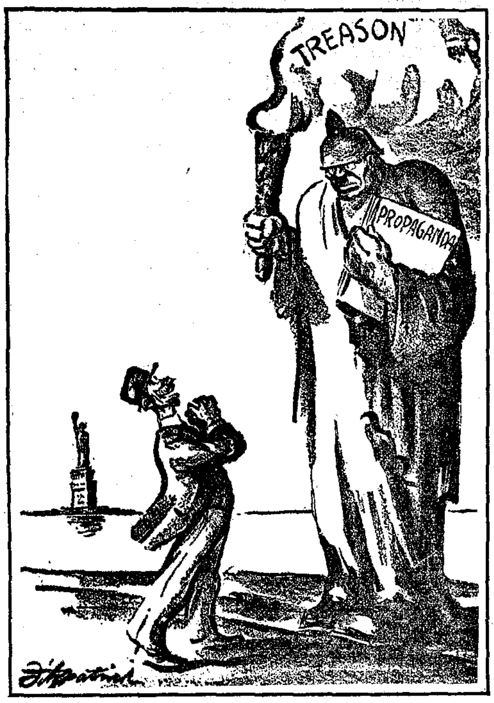
NAVAL expert who signed a note stating that England will be brought to her knees in three months expects the customary renewals.—*Wall Street Journal.*

NO more German taught in Hoboken.—*Head-line.* Hoboken had no more need for German teachers than a duck has for a swimming instructor.—*New York Sun.*

DR. VON BETHMANN-HOLLWEG fears Mr. Gerard has violated the ethics of diplomacy. Nothing like a German official to pass on nice points of ethics.—*Kansas City Star.*

GERMANY'S experience leads the artistic to hope that war-pressure eventually may compel the United States to melt up some of the bronze statues in the Washington parks.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Friends of Irish Freedom remind me of that St. Louis man who wouldn't call the Fire Department to his burning home because he'd had a quarrel with his mother-in-law.—*New York Morning Telegraph.*



ADORATION.

PACIFIST—"O perfect freedom!"

—Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch.*

AND, too, Germany needs to be taught the difference between diplomacy and duplicity.—*Macon Telegraph.*

MR. LLOYD GEORGE seems to have been getting his American history out of our school text-books.—*Boston Transcript.*

T. R. patted the Kaiser on the back. Wilson's more vigorous blow lands a little higher up.—*Newark News.*

A LOT of derogatory comparisons are being made nowadays about Benedict Arnold.—*Boston Transcript.*

IT'LL take more than a Constitutional amendment to give the average man the initiative.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE Kaiser's renewed outburst against England is the sincerest tribute to the military efficiency of that nation.—*Chicago Herald.*

IT is said to be the death penalty in Germany to impersonate an army officer, but so far the Crown Prince has escaped.—*Washington Post.*

A BELGIAN definition of the "*status quo ante*" would include the restoration of the age of miracles and the resurrection of the dead.—*Wall Street Journal.*

THE attitude of Chancellor Michaelis on peace is reported to be in doubt, as he evidently has not yet been told what he thinks on the subject.—*Indianapolis News.*

No doubt Count Luxburg, who suggested that if Argentine ships were sunk all on board be put to death, will be asking for a safe conduct.—*Springfield Republican.*

PASSING a $11,000,000,000 bill that doesn't provide for the macadamizing of a single Southern creek takes all the joy out of Congressional life.—*Boston Transcript.*

FOREIGN - COMMENT

GERMANY'S NEW PEACE MINISTER

THE LEAST COMPROMISED of Germany's few really clever diplomats, Dr. Richard von Kühlmann, has been recalled from Constantinople and placed at the head of the Imperial Foreign Office. Many observers, both within and without the German Empire, think that this young and brilliant diplomat has been appointed with a view to conducting peace negotiations, and they point to his residence in Constantinople, The Hague, and London as likely to render him conversant with the finer points of the difficulties to be encountered, and they recall his former popularity in the British capital as a proof of his acceptability as a mediator by the Allies. Turning to purely German opinion, we find that Dr. von Kühlmann is suspected by the Pan-Germans as being too sympathetic to England, but by the great majority of the German press he is regarded with admiration and hope. Whatever star may preside over his activities, says the Berlin *Lokal Anzeiger*, his policy will assuredly exhibit a strong hand. Fate has given him a diplomatist's greatest conceivable task, according to this journal, which is to lead the first great military Power, thus far alone victorious on the battle-fields, toward a just and lasting peace by reconciliation. That the new secretary favors a negotiated peace is stated in a dispatch to the *Frankfurter Zeitung* from Vienna, which capital he recently visited. Dr. von Kühlmann's "calm and steady manner," says the dispatch, "made a good impression in Vienna, especially as he, like the Imperial Chancellor, is free from all chauvinism regarding the situation and in favor of peace by understanding." The Prussian conservative *Kreuzzeitung* disagrees with the Pan-German critics of Dr. von Kühlmann, whom it describes as "one of our most able, most thoroughly informed, and most industrious diplomats," and it observes:

GERMANY'S PEACE HOPE.

Dr. Richard von Kühlmann, the new Foreign Minister of the German Empire, whose long residence in London and supposed Anglophil tendencies have led many observers, both within and without Germany, to believe that his appointment is made with a view to inaugurating a new set of peace negotiations.

"Von Bethmann's policy came to grief not only because von Bethmann erred absolutely in the most important question of the future for Germany, namely, foreign diplomatic policy but also because even in war he could not rid himself of the idea of an understanding with England. We have no reason to assume, however, that the experiences of the war have made as little impression on von Kühlmann as they did on Bethmann, and therefore we do not mistrust him from the outset. His discernment will leave him in no doubt that the alpha and the omega of German foreign policy to-day is the dissolution of the enemy coalition, and, on the basis of alliances with an Eastern slant, to establish closer comprehension of Continental interests against England and the United States. Dr. von Kühlmann will therefore not regard it as his task to promote in any form or manner whatever the old policy of understanding, that is to say, of German dependence on the Atlantic Anglo-Saxon syndicate for the partition of the world. He is reputed to be objective and unbiased, and this gives us the right to believe he will take things as they are to-day and now, and will direct his policy accordingly. If he does this he can be sure of the concurrence and support of the greater part of public opinion without distinction of parties."

As a peace negotiator his only rival seems to be Dr. Karl Helfferich, who, under the Bethmann régime, was first Finance Minister and then Minister of the Interior. He now retains office as Minister without Portfolio and is regarded by the Berlin *Deutsche Tageszeitung* as being groomed as a peacemaker. In support of its views the *Tageszeitung* quotes the Kaiser's letter to Dr. Helfferich refusing his resignation from office. It runs:

"Freed from the business of a particular department, you will be in a position to devote your whole strength to the representation of the Imperial Chancellor in his activities which have grown to such an extraordinary extent owing to the war, and to special and great tasks, the definite allotment of which is not yet settled."

The Socialist Berlin *Vorwärts* distrusts Helfferich, and says that "when he enters the conference-room he will lack what in his position is most necessary—the confidence of the people." The *Kreuzzeitung* says that Kühlmann must be unhampered:

"We are afraid that Herr von Kühlmann's work will be rendered difficult by the new position of Helfferich. It is right that his great power of work, ability, and knowledge should be used in all economic questions connected with the peace negotiations. This fact, and his position as the general representative of the Imperial Chancellor, entitle Helfferich to a considerable influence on foreign policy. But, as Herr Helfferich's department and sphere of work are not clearly defined, this influence will be indefinite and intangible. At present we absolutely need a Foreign Secretary whose hands are quite free, and who bears full responsibility alone. This will be imperiled, and, indeed, rendered impossible, by Helfferich's new position."

Seen through English eyes, von Kühlmann does not loom very large as a peacemaker. The London *Daily Telegraph* says:

"He took little trouble to make himself acquainted with any stratum of English life, except that from which the Englishmen with whom he had official relations were drawn, and in which he naturally found the social relaxation in which his diplomatic position allowed him to indulge. . . . His appointment as Foreign Minister has been made by the Kaiser with very direct reference to the approaching peace overtures. To the will of no countries does William II. attach importance except to Great Britain and the United States, and the selection of von Kühlmann is a silent and unconscious proof of the German inability to see that he is at war with an alliance the interests of each member of which will be as sedulously promoted by London and Washington as those of the two branches of the Anglo-Saxon race—more sedulously, in fact. That this should be so is to German mentality a thing inconceivable, and, therefore, in the hope of inducing the English-speaking Allies to consult their own interests rather than those of the countries which actually border upon the German frontiers, von Kühlmann, whose knowledge of English public life is more recent than that of any other available German, is placed in charge of such scanty foreign relations as the Wilhelmstrasse is still troubled with. . . . . . .

"He never understood the English nearly as well as the Kaiser did; yet the latter allowed himself to be swayed by the reports from London of a man who had practically no acquaintance with the fiber of the middle and working classes of this country. In Prussia it is not necessary to take them into consideration; it is profoundly necessary to do so here. But von Kühlmann never understood, and probably never will understand, the Anglo-Saxon races."

At Washington signs of Dr. von Kühlmann's peace activities are already seen in certain peace terms, emanating from a German source, which have recently been circulated among the diplomats and are regarded, we are told, by the State Department and the legations of our allies as a "feeler." The Washington dispatch runs:

"The origin of the so-called terms was not disclosed, but they are said to have been written by Foreign Secretary von Kühlmann before his visit to Vienna, which since has been pointed to as strengthening the probability that they bear evidences of authenticity.

"Briefly, the so-called terms were as follows:

"Restoration of Belgium and northern France to be paid for out of the sale of Germany's colonies to Great Britain.

"Alsace and Lorraine to be independent states. (High French officials recently have stated anew the determination of France to be satisfied with nothing less than the recovery of her lost provinces.)

"Trieste to be a 'free port.'

"Servia and Roumania to be restored, and Servia to have a port on the Adriatic. The Balkan question and the status of Turkey to be subjects for negotiation.

"Freedom of the seas, with Great Britain in control of the English Channel until the projected tunnel is built between Dover and Calais. Disarmament and international police.

"This outline of terms, circulated without definite stamp of official authority, it will be noted, bears in many respects a resemblance to the general tenor of the peace proposals of Pope Benedict."

THE GREATER SERVIA TO COME

THE FABLED PHENIX, which arose to new life from the ashes of its dead self, will be outshone by Servia, for, if the agreement between the Karageorgevitch dynasty and the Austrian Southern Slavs, recently concluded at Corfu, really materializes, then Servia will rise, rejuvenated and strengthened from the fires of war, as one of the great Slav Powers, second only to Russia. From the Italian papers we learn that the Servian Cabinet and the leaders of the Jugo-Slavs, as the Servians, Croats, and Slovenes are called who live under Austrian domination, were in conference during the whole of July, and the result of their deliberations has been the recently published agreement whereby the Jugo-Slavs will unite with the Servians to form a Great Servia. The official text of this agreement runs:

"The authorized representatives of the Servians, Croats, and Slovenes, recognizing that the desire of our people is to free itself from all foreign yoke, and to constitute itself in an independent national state, agree in declaring that this state must be founded on the following principles:

(1) The state of the Servians, Croats, and Slovenes, who are also known as Southern Slavs, or Jugo-Slavs, will be a free and independent Kingdom with indivisible territory and unity of allegiance. It will be a constitutional, democratic, and parliamentary monarchy, under the Karageorgevitch dynasty, which has always shared the feelings of the nation and has placed the national will above all else.

(2) This state will be named 'the Kingdom of the Servians, Croats, and Slovenes,' and the style of the sovereign will be 'King of the Servians, Croats, and Slovenes.' The state will have a single coat of arms, a single flag, and a single crown, its emblems being composed of the present existing emblems.

(3) The special Servian, Croat, and Slovene flags and coats of arms may be freely hoisted and used.

(4) The three national denominations will be equal before the law, and may be freely used in public life.

(5) The two alphabets, Cyrillic and Latin, will also rank equally throughout the Kingdom.

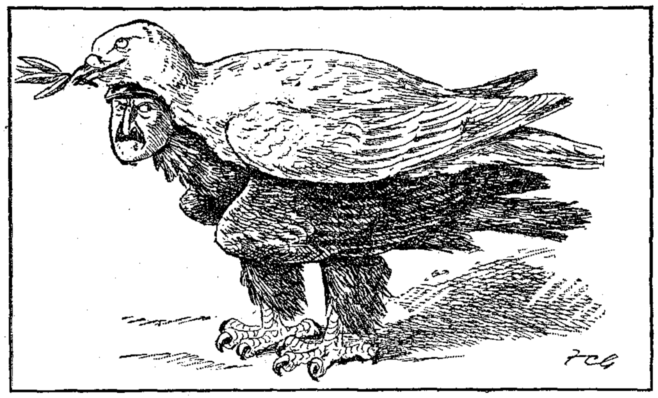
(6) All recognized religions shall be exercised freely and publicly, and in particular the Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Mussulman creeds, which are chiefly profest by our people, will be equal and will have the same rights in regard to the state.

(7) The calendar shall be unified as soon as possible.

(8) The territory of the Kingdom will include all territory compactly inhabited by our people, and can not be mutilated without attaint to the vital interests of the community. Our nation demands nothing that belongs to others, but only what is its own. It desires freedom and unity. Therefore, it refuses consciously and firmly all partial solutions of the problem of its deliverance from Austro-Hungarian domination, and of union with Servia and Montenegro in a state forming an indivisible whole.

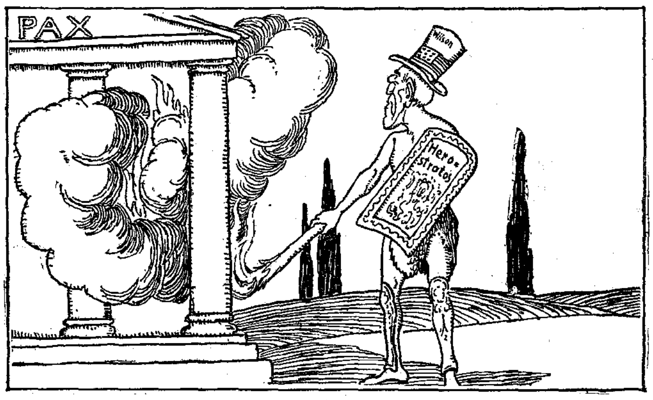
(9) In the interests of freedom and of the equal rights of all nations, the Adriatic Sea shall be free and open to all.

(10) All citizens shall be equal and enjoy the same rights toward the state and before the law.



CAMOUFLAGE.

It is the same old Junker Eagle trying to make the world think it is a Peace Dove. —*Westminster Gazette.*



THE NEW HEROSTRATUS.

Wilson has set fire to the temple of peace which he erected himself—in order to become famous. —*Nebelspalter* (Zurich).

WHY PEACE PROSPECTS LOOK DARK AT PRESENT.

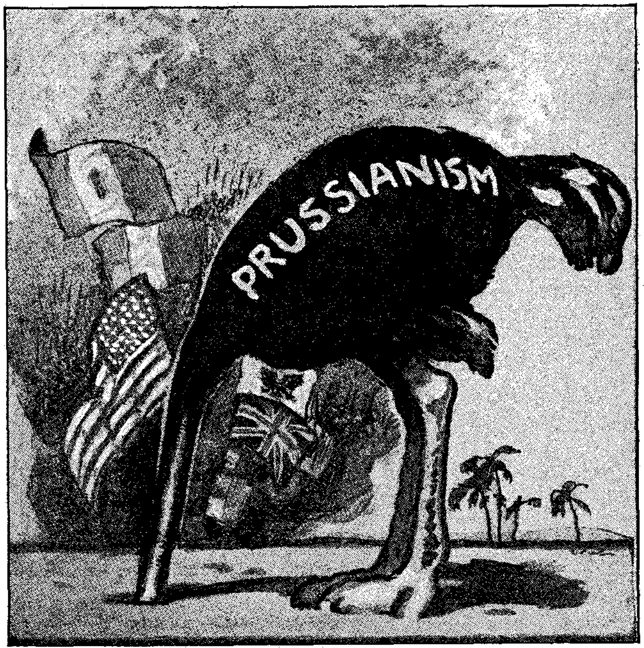
(11) Deputies to the National Parliament shall be elected by universal suffrage, with equal, direct, and secret ballot.

(12) The Constitution to be established after the conclusion of peace by a Constituent Assembly elected by universal suffrage will be the basis of the life of the state. It will create the possibility of organizing local autonomies. It will come into force after receiving Royal sanction. The nation thus unified would form a state of some 12,000,000 inhabitants, which would be a powerful bulwark against German aggression and an inseparable ally of all civilized states and peoples.

NIKOLA PASHITCH, Premier and Foreign Minister of the Kingdom of Servia;
DR. ANTON TRUMBITCH, President of the Southern Slav Committee."

Some publicists hold that the erection of a Greater Servia would clash with Italy's interests in the Adriatic, but that far-sighted organ, the London *New Europe*, disagrees, and urges Italy to secure the paramount influence in the Adriatic by giving every assistance, moral and material, to the Servian ideal. It says:

"She is in a position to reenforce the Servian Army, not only by lending it the aid of her own armies, but by giving to it the thousands of Southern Slav prisoners, many of whom surrendered to her in the hope of being allowed to join the Servian forces. She could insist that the French and British divisions be effectively employed, under proper leadership, to achieve the task for which they were sent to the Balkans; and she could thus establish upon enduring foundations the primacy of her influence throughout southeastern Europe."



GERMANY'S OSTRICH PEACE OUTLOOK.
—*London Opinion.*

One of the most influential papers in Italy is inclined to agree, for we find the Milan *Corriere della Sera* writing:

"The chief weight of Austria falls upon Italy, and Italy's first and principal aim is and must be to enfeeble Austria as much as possible. The central principle of the whole war is that if Austria is weakened Germany will have lost the war whatever else happens, and that if Austria remains strong the Entente will have lost it whatever else happens. An Italian Adriatic-Balkan program, really clear and harmonious, would be a most powerful weapon against Austria. It would be doubly useful, for it would convince the Allies that the Adriatic mandate of Italy is in good hands, and it would secure to Italy the support hitherto held back by timidity and doubt. It would remove the kind of gray zone of distrust that isolates Italy and is worse than positive hostility. Who so well as Italy can give to the subject peoples of Austria confidence in their future?

"The feature of the Adriatic-Balkan problem that interests Italy especially is its Southern Slav aspect. Is it not possible to reach an agreement of principle between the peoples of the Adriatic who are destined to live and work together upon its shores, and to organize action against the common enemy to secure a common future? The Slavs understand increasingly that Italy alone can give peace to the Adriatic, as an indispensable element of control and equilibrium. There are unquestionable signs that the Servians are disposed to seek in Italy the support on which they formerly reckoned from Russia. In coming to an agreement with the Southern Slav peoples the Servian Government is understood to aim at an equitable Adriatic settlement, and is the first to recognize fully the rights of Italy and to understand the value of her future action as an element of balance and security. The moment has never been more propitious for undertaking against the Central Empires that diplomatic offensive which may so largely contribute to final victory. But there must be a clear program based on harmonious and far-sighted principles of justice."

GERMAN TRADE A PEACE CONDITION

PRESIDENT WILSON'S WARNING against "selfish and exclusive economic leagues" in seeking a basis for lasting peace finds echo in certain commercial circles in Germany. So authoritative a journal as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, as long ago as August 7, specified commercial freedom as the chiefest issue in peace considerations when it said:

"Discussion of peace aims has been decidedly one-sided up to the present, for it has been mainly confined to territorial questions. One should not be in doubt, however, that behind these geographical problems lie concerns of more serious consequence for the future of our country. They are the cardinal points of future peace. In order to arrive at a full conception of the scope of the question one has to recall economic reasons which have taken great prominence in England during the present war, one has to remember that England has steadily been endeavoring to counteract the increasing pressure of German competition. . . . England has been aiming to create a system of hostile measures which have the plain purpose automatically to continue the economic war *ad infinitum*, unless it is possible to offset these measures through stipulations arranged for in the treaty of peace."

We are told then that England has been able to derive extraordinary advantages through the censorship of mails leaving or entering the Central Empires. England now has an exact knowledge of all business relations that existed between South America and Europe. This information was not collected for theoretical desire of knowledge, but for practical and systematic utilization. These measures, combined with confiscation of German interests and property everywhere, prove to be a splendid success from the English point of view. The editorial then pictures German export and commercial interests before the war:

"During several decades by unceasing toil and an enthusiastic spirit of enterprise, with thorough knowledge and tenacious energy, we succeeded in establishing outposts for our commercial activity all over the globe. The increasing figures of our export trade and our financial oversea interests clearly demonstrate how much these outposts have accomplished for our country.

"Since the war, wherever English influence prevails, German enterprises have been liquidated, German property disposed of, records and correspondence are either destroyed or in the hands of the enemy. . . . All this means that the foundation of our economic position in the world has to be laid anew."

We are reminded of the decisions at the Paris Conference of June, 1916, which, it is said, practically meant the annihilation of German foreign enterprises and exclusion from the markets of the world. Therefore—

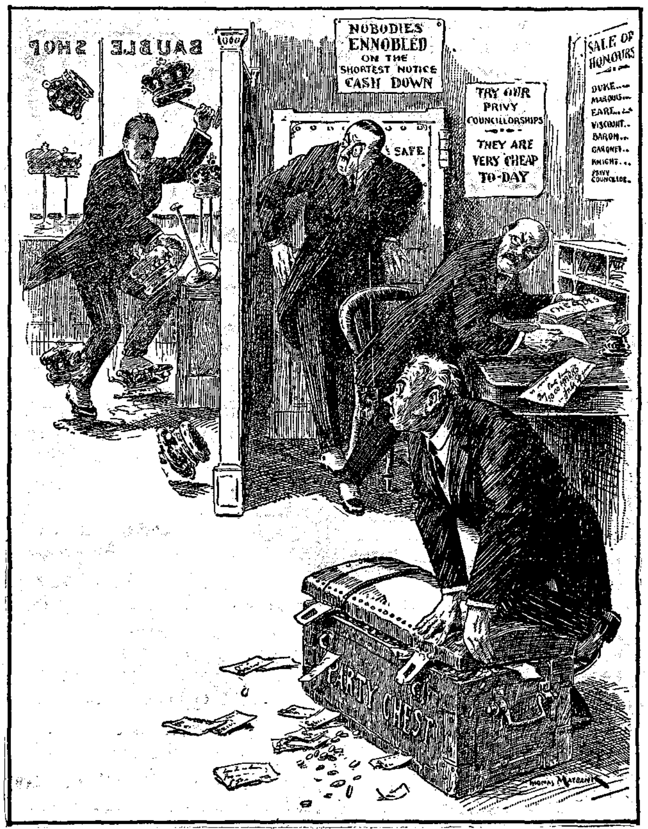
"It is perfectly and unmistakably clear that the possibility for a future favorable development for Germany does not lie in the acquisition of an area east or west. Our future only can be vouchsafed by the abandonment of the economic boycott against our country. Measures that our enemies clearly intended to proceed with were undeniably bound to destroy the position of Germany as a commercial power, the future of our trade, and the existence of German enterprise and labor. The English system of extending war against peaceful populations must be done away with. Our main peace aim must be the open market of the world, uncontested right to the purchase of raw material, and equal rights for our trade."

SELLING TITLES IN ENGLAND

"THE PROSTITUTION OF HONORS," says the London *Times*, has reached its limit in England, for the more or less open sale of honors and titles has become so notorious that, as the London *Daily Telegraph* puts it, "it had become impossible for even the most innocent of his Majesty's subjects to take quite seriously his Majesty's periodical bestowal of titles and distinctions; and that was a state of things which loyal citizens found the more galling the more fully they realized that the Honors List no more represented the King's choice than it represented their own." The choice, we are told, was really that of the "whips," as the party managers are called in England, of whatever party happened to be in power, and some—tho by no means all—titles were obtained on a frankly cash basis. How this sort of transaction is worked is related by Mr. Granville Farquhar in a letter to the London *Times*. He writes:

"I see Lord Curzon asked in the House of Lords for the name of any person who had bought a title with a check. Some years since, when Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was Prime Minister, an underling of the Radical party asked me if I would like a knighthood at the price of £5,000 ($25,000), the only stipulation being that if the transaction went through, I should vote Radical for the future. This did not happen to appeal to me, but the individual in question had better luck in another quarter. A check for £5,000 was paid, the knighthood was announced in the first *Gazette*, and I have no doubt the recipient of this 'honor' voted as was wished.

"If Lord Curzon is really anxious to have names, I could tell him, in confidence, the name of the person who came to me and the name of the recipient of the knighthood."


BAUBLE SHOP
NOBODIES ENNOBLED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE CASH DOWN
SAFE
TRY OUR PRIVY COUNCILLORSHIPS
THEY ARE VERY CHEAP TO-DAY
SALE OF HONOURS
DUKE...
MARQUIS...
EARL...
VISCOUNT..
BARON..
BARONET..
KNIGHT...
PRIVY COUNCILLOR..
CHEQUES
PARTY CHEST

THE BAUBLE-SHOP.

PARTY WHIP (anxiously)—"Good Heavens! Selborne's gone mad and is spoiling all our stock."

—*Passing Show* (London).

The whole question was recently raised in the House of Lords by the Earl of Selborne, and the Parliamentary correspondent of the London *Morning Post* thus reports his action:

"Lord Selborne merely called attention to the alleged sale of honors, and asked whether the Government would, in view of the public uneasiness on the point, agree (1) that a definite public statement of the reasons for the conferment of certain honors should accompany the notification of the grant, and (2) that the Prime Minister in recommending the grant of an honor should make a declaration to the sovereign that 'he has satisfied himself that no payment or expectation of payment is directly or indirectly associated with the grant or promise of such honor or dignity.' He said that since he first took public action in the matter he had been the recipient of a good many confidences from those who had had offers of honors made to them. He had been told that a person had come to them and said: 'If you will contribute so much to party funds I can secure for you such and such an honor.' Lord Selborne held that the evil was a very real one, and that it was impairing the prestige of the Crown and demoralizing the standard of public life."

The London *Outlook* frankly admits the scandal:

"No sane person—no person who is not ignorant on account of living so far above or so far below the ordinary twentieth-century mortal—has any doubt that many people who get titles pay money to party funds—and would not get the said titles unless they did so.

"The fact is that the desire for some distinction which will mark one out from and place one above one's fellow man is essentially human. In some countries where there is no fount of honor which bestows 'handles' to put before the name, the craving is well developed, and the competition is keen for pieces of ribbon to wear in the buttonhole. In countries where even the distinctive ribbon is unavailable, the individual falls back on giving himself some military, judicial, or other title (often spurious either in its origin or its degree) to indicate some fixt position in the social hierarchy. For altho a desire for honorific distinctions may be undemocratic, it assuredly is not unrepublican."

The London *Morning Post*, the organ of the Tory aristocracy, is much exercised over the matter, but defends the granting of titles as useful to the state:

"It is a mark of the degradation into which the system has fallen that what should be the highest ambition in a state—to be honored by its sovereign—is now commonly regarded as mere human weakness and vanity. Our orders of knighthood and nobility embody so great a tradition that we desire to see them not abolished, but redeemed, so that once again they might shine in the eyes of the nation. And we make no exception for those titles which are hereditary, since a tradition of public honor in a family is an incentive to public service. And we find in our history that such families again and again render great services to the state. . . . . .

"In the rush for wealth old titles have been degraded. The prestige of great names has even been given to commercial concerns the purpose of which was to cheat the public or to help a rival nation. We have heard of such cases. There must be a new spirit in our national life, and we have hopes—intangible as they may seem—that this spirit is even now gaining force and strength and rising out of the smoke and fire of war. It is this new spirit on which we most depend to cleanse not only this but other abuses which have crept into our national life."

THE GOLGOTHA OF THE SERVIANS—Aristide Sartario, an Italian prisoner recently returned to Rome from the Austrian prison-camp at Mauthausen, thus describes, in the Rome *Giornale d'Italia*, the condition of the Servian prisoners:

"The Servian Golgotha is, perhaps, worse than that of the Servians who are left behind in Servia. As you know, the Servians were at Mauthausen before the Italians were sent to occupy the barracks—the same barracks in which 8,000 Servians died of typhus and tuberculosis—so we feared that these epidemics would again appear. All the same, the number of Servian casualties certainly increased, and the development of diseases greatly increased by the behavior of the Austrians inspired by hatred of the Servians. When we arrived at Mauthausen gangs of Servians were employed on work of the lowest kind in the camp and they were given to us—not as servants—but as slaves. We behaved toward them with the greatest humanity as long as we could, but at last it was impossible to go on, and we asked the authorities to remove them. So they were sent away to suffer and die elsewhere. I still remember, and my heart aches with the horror of it, seeing the columns of Servians passing to a worse fate: one long caravan of bent and broken men with haggard faces, under Austrian guards, with four violinists at their head who played sad songs of exile. They were not songs of hope, but lamentations."

SCIENCE - AND - INVENTION

AN ARTIST'S WORK IN WAR-SURGERY

THE ADAPTABILITY OF THE AMERICAN WOMAN has often been commented upon. It would seem to have reached its limit in the case of Miss Grace Gassette, a Chicago artist resident in Paris, who has become, since the war opened, one of the world's greatest authorities in the invention and use of surgical appliances for the relief of the wounded. Miss Gassette, who had scarcely seen the inside of a hospital three years ago, is now called frequently into consultation by the foremost surgeons in Paris, and her remarkable work in restoring to wounded soldiers the use of their limbs is known and admired by surgical experts in all parts of the world. The French Government has made her a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor—an unusual honor for a woman. Evidently the knowledge of anatomy, which all artists must possess to some extent, has in this instance borne unexpected fruit, but this knowledge has been supplemented by an unusual amount of Yankee ingenuity, sympathy, and pure "grit." We quote from an article on Miss Gassette's work contributed to *The Modern Hospital* (St. Louis, August) by Fanny B. Lester, of Chicago. Writes Miss Lester:

"HOW I DO WHAT I DO I DO NOT KNOW, BUT I JUST DO IT."

Miss Gassette (on the right) at the door of Mrs. Depew's hospital, then (September, 1916) three miles from the German lines. On the left is Miss Edwards, of Pittsburg, who has given generously to the work. In the center is the *commandant communal.*

"At the beginning of the war, she and other American women in Paris gave their services in the surgical dressing-room of the American Ambulance at Neuilly, France. For twenty-six months she superintended this department. In the surgical work of the ambulance it was soon discovered that the ordinary orthopedic appliances would not serve for the extraordinary fractures of battle, and then it was that Miss Gassette began to invent simple devices to aid the surgeons. These devices held the limbs in position so that the wounds could be drained and amputation avoided. The appliances were so successful that other surgeons and other hospitals wanted them. The demand became so insistent that a special committee to carry on this work was organized, called 'The Franco-American Corrective Surgical Appliance Committee,' and Miss Gassette resigned from the ambulance and became *directrice technique* of the new work. Skilled workmen could not be secured, so locksmiths and carpenters were prest into the service and trained. A young sculptor was found to do the modeling. The shop and clinic opened September, 1916, in the studios of two artists. Three men, a boy, and two sewing women were the paid workers. All of the other help is voluntary, including the use of three automobiles and auto-truck, and their drivers. 'The Government is now furnishing the gasoline to run them, which helps wonderfully, as it is hard to get and is so high.'

"The money to finance the work has been given by the committee, by interested friends in the United States, not a few of whom are Chicagoans. From October 20 to November 28, 550 appliances of sixty different kinds were distributed to hospitals and individuals. Twenty-six hospitals have been served, and the list is growing. Within a month the French Ministry of War has ordered 1,000 splints. One surgeon said, 'With Dr. Carrel's solution and Miss Gassette's splints we can save many limbs that would otherwise be amputated.' The surgeons are introducing them as fast as they can be produced. . . . Miss Gassette writes:

"'The best testimonials come from the men who are helped. It would do your heart good could you see their happy faces when they find their helpless arms and legs restored. One poor fellow with two broken vertebræ had been helpless for months, most of the time in a plaster cast so heavy that he could not walk. For him I made an aluminum corset well padded inside. The first day he wore it he walked about normally, as happy as a child. Another man was wounded in the neck in such a way as to draw his head down toward his shoulder, where it was held by the tightened cords at an angle of about twenty degrees. A simple invention was put on which he has worn for several weeks; the deflection is now only about eighty-five degrees. This result was secured by a gradual pushing, the appliance regulated by a system of screws. His neck will soon be straight. The treatment he had had was a pulling process, very painful and unsuccessful. So many of these devices are restoring crippled hands, generally the right hand. Here the need is appalling.'"

Miss Lester quotes in addition from another of Miss Gassette's letters, written on March 31 last with no thought of publication. The writer says:

"I did not realize that I was doing anything extraordinary until doctor after doctor told me, and the French doctors begged me to help them. At first I gave half of my time to this new work and half of my time to the American Ambulance. I decided to give all of my time to the French formations since November 6, when I left the American Ambulance. I have had a broader scope and have done things that I never could have done had I not been working with the biggest men in France. How I do what I do I do not know, but I just do it, and the doctors give me their cases with a free hand, and so far the results have been beyond the expectations of every one. What I have done almost sounds like miracles. I never get used to it myself, as an American surgeon who is here for our Government told me to-day after he had passed his morning in my clinic, 'You will pass the rest of your life as an orthopedic consultant.' Every one tells me that my methods are entirely new. . . . . . .

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MELTING CANDLE-ENDS AND CUTTING THE PAPER ROLLS.

"Besides the clinical work, we make and supply free all kinds of appliances, which I have worked out for hospital use. Since we started in the fall we have supplied fifty hospitals, two in Roumania run by the French, and yesterday they came for a big hospital in Saloniki. We have not advertised our wares, fearing that we might run short of funds. We get our best advertising from one doctor to another, and from one man to another. So many doctors say to me, 'Why do you not let it be generally known what you are doing?' Sometimes I worry for fear our money will give out, for we spend $2,000 a month as it is, but then we have given out over 6,000 pieces of appliance, and have about 5,000 on hand ready for the offensive, which has commenced, but which so far has not caused many wounded on our side, so that the rear hospitals are empty. In any event, we are doing our best."

HANDY FUEL FOR SOLDIERS

A NEW USE for old newspapers and candle-ends has been found in Europe. They are used to make what the Italians call *scalda-rancio* (ration-heaters), which are now prepared by the million by women and children and sent to the troops in places where coal can not be used—in the high Alps, for instance. The old papers are rolled tightly, the edges pasted down, and the rolls then boiled in paraffin. A patriotic society in Italy is delivering these rolls to the Government at the rate of one and one-half million a day, and the old newspapers are being used up for this purpose so fast that they are becoming scarce, while paraffin has become very expensive. Says a writer in *The National Geographic Magazine* (Washington):

"In America there are still millions of candle-ends and thousands of tons of newspapers scattered over the country, and it would seem to be well worth while for the thousands of willing hands in the homes to convert them into these most useful ration-heaters for the boys at the front, or for their use next winter in the training-camps, or even for use at home, where they can take the place of the more expensive solid alcohol or replace kindlings in the kitchen stove.

"It is the easiest thing imaginable to make ration-heaters, or *scalda-rancio*, as they are called in Italy, if one follows the directions of the National Italian Society.

"Spread out four newspapers, eight sheets in all, and begin rolling at the long edge. Roll as tightly as possible until the papers are half rolled, then fold back the first three sheets toward the rolled part and continue to wrap around the roll almost to the first fold, then fold back another three sheets and continue to wrap around the roll again up to the last margin of the paper. On this margin, consisting of two sheets, spread a little glue or paste and continue the rolling, so as to make a compact roll of paper almost like a torch. If six of the sheets are not turned under, there will be too many edges to glue.

"While the newspapers may be cut along the line of the columns before rolling and the individual columns rolled separately, as is done in the making of the trench-candles in France, it is easier to roll the whole newspaper into a long roll and then cut it into short lengths. A sharp carving knife, a pair of pruning shears, or an old-fashioned hay-cutter will cut the rolls easily. These little rolls must then be boiled for four minutes in enough paraffin to cover them and then taken out and cooled, when they are ready to be put in bags, and sent to the front. If there are more newspapers than candle-ends, block paraffin can be bought for a few cents at any grocery.

"Little children and grown-ups in Italy and France are rolling, gluing, and paraffining these ration-heaters by the million, and their fathers and husbands in places where wood and coal can not be sent are cooking their rations over them."

CONCRETE SNOW-SHEDS—A new idea is being introduced into the railroad world by the Union Pacific Railroad, which is using concrete lumber in the construction of snow-sheds at Rock River and other points in Wyoming. Says Homer T. Newlon, of Denver, in a letter to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"Other railroads are watching the experiment with interest and anticipating profits to themselves. The concrete is prepared in slabs, some three feet by six, others three feet by fifteen; however only two to two and a half inches in thickness. Additional strength is given to each board by a reenforcement rim of steel around the edge. These slabs will be fastened to the framework in much the same way that lumber is fastened to studding, except that bolts will be used instead of nails. . . . The snow-storms are usually not heavy in Wyoming; however, last winter was one of unusual weather conditions. A strong

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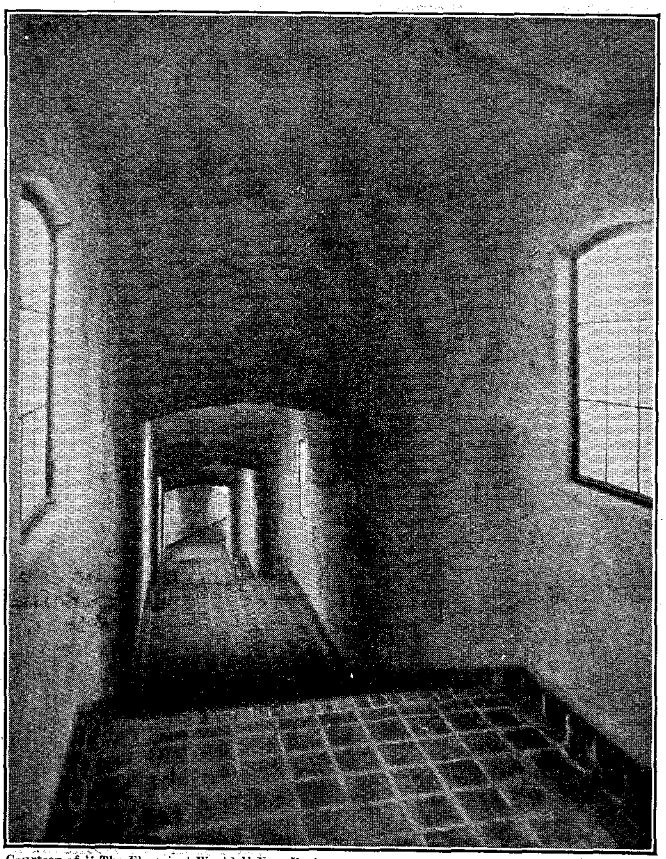
THE CANDLE-AND-PAPER FUEL HEATS HIS DINNER.

wind carried a heavy snowfall around Elk Mountain, twenty miles across the tableland, mixing it almost half and half with sand and depositing it in the cuts. Traffic was blocked for several days. The Union Pacific management is resolved that this shall not happen again at these points.”

COUNTERFEIT DAYLIGHT

A PASSAGEWAY over a half-mile long, well lighted by windows, leads to the top of a hill at Cleveland, Ohio, on which stand the laboratory and office-buildings of the National Lamp Works. Despite the windows and the light that they admit, no prospect, pleasant or otherwise, is observable from them, for the passage is underground and the “daylight” admitted by the windows is manufactured electrically. The outdoor approaches to the top of the bluff are long and circuitous and exposed in winter to weather conditions that make access difficult and uncomfortable. For the convenience and comfort of the employees the difficulty was removed by constructing this passage through the hill, rising by successive ramps and short flights of steps about 35 feet. Says an editorial writer in *The Electrical World* (New York):



Courtesy of “The Electrical World,” New York.

COUNTERFEIT DAYLIGHT UNDERGROUND.

“How to light a long underground tunnel of this sort was a serious problem. Of course, ordinary ceiling fixtures might have been used, but the effect is not altogether pleasant, and it was thought worth while to try an experiment with the object of giving the passage conditions of lighting as near daylight as the state of the art would permit. To this end the main passage was provided with narrow lateral air-spaces reaching to the full height of the passage between the outer concrete walls and the inner walls of hollow tile. These air-spaces are good in themselves as lessening the unpleasant likelihood of dampness, and are also made to serve the source of what is perhaps the best approximation of daylight-lighting effect that has yet been obtained. In the inner walls of the passage were constructed thirty-two windows on each side, glazed with a rather light translucent glass transmitting light freely but preventing view of the walls outside. Just above each of these windows was installed a 100-watt blue-glass daylight lamp in a show-window lighting reflector, so as to throw a large proportion of the light through the windows. There is in addition a smaller emergency lighting circuit with special provisions for certainty of service. The actual result is very pleasing. The passage does not convey at all the impression of being an underground tunnel, but might well be merely a covered way connecting two buildings and lighted from the sky itself. It is equally successful from the ordinary standpoint of artificial lighting, and is certainly as admirable an example of resourcefulness in meeting a somewhat difficult problem in illuminating engineering as has come to our notice.”

The following additional information is from a descriptive article in another part of the magazine:

“The main lighting circuits are arranged for either manual or automatic control as desired. There are door switches at both entrances to the subway arranged so that pushing the door inward turns on the thirty-two daylight lamps whenever the control mechanism is set for automatic operation. The same action sets a time switch in action so that it will turn the lights out in four minutes. A person can walk through the subway in from one and one-half to two minutes. Should another person enter the passage before the end of any four-minute period for which the lamps are lighted the time switch would be automatically set back to its starting point. . . . . . .

“The automatic system will properly take care of the lighting for all ordinary traffic in the subway. It has been found, however, that, at least during the winter months, the automatic system keeps the lights on continuously through the greater part of the day on account of the frequency with which the subway is used. Therefore it has been considered advisable to disconnect the automatic mechanism during the busy hours of the day. This can be done by a watchman on his regular rounds, and it saves the wear on the mechanism. The automatic system is most useful in taking care of the lighting after the busy hours are over and during the hours and days of infrequent traffic.”

SAVING THE TIN

THE EQUIVALENT of 2,000 tons of metallic tin is now recovered from worthless scrap-tin by one American company. Not so very long ago the waste scraps of tin-plate were not only useless but put their owners to expense, as it was difficult to dispose of them in such a way that they would not constitute a nuisance. The tin coating could not be removed, and it prevented the utilization of the sheet-iron on which it was spread. Now, not only is the tin recovered and used, but the iron base is released and can be remelted. This result, we are told by the author of an article in *Reactions*, quoted in *Metallurgical and Chemical Engineering* (New York, August 15), has been aimed at for more than half a century, but without success until recently. Says the writer:

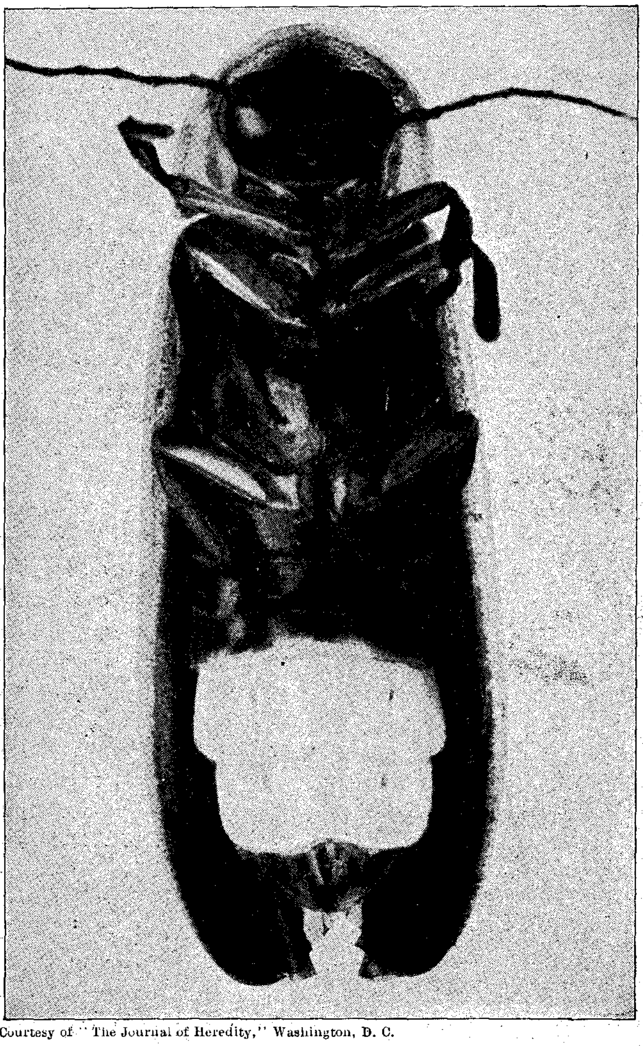
“The problem at first did not appear to be very difficult, and it was bound to appeal to the inventor, as the can factories were glad to give their tin-scrap away for the asking, and even went so far as to pay cartage simply to get rid of it. However promising the problem appeared, and altho many ways seemed to be open for the engineer and chemist, it required many decades of study and experimentation before a feasible method was developed which yielded sufficiently valuable results to make it a paying proposition. . . . . . .

“All the processes which have been actually operated may be divided into three general classes—which are, the mechanical process, the chemical process, and the electrochemical process.”

In the mechanical processes the tin is separated from the iron by heat or cold. The separation, however, is not thorough. Most of the chemical and electrochemical methods were also failures, either because the chemicals used attacked the iron as well as the tin, or on account of expense. Three only have been commercially profitable, we are told—the electrolysis of the tin in an alkali solution, the use of chlorin gas, and a combination of alkalies with other chemicals, now chiefly saltpeter. These have now been brought to such perfection that the results described above are successfully achieved.

THE LIGHT OF THE FIREFLY

LIGHT IS MERELY THE LUMINOUS PORTION of radiation that is responsible for various other effects, for instance, heat and chemical change. Man has never been able to produce luminous radiation without wasting a large proportion of his energy on the other kinds. For instance, less than half of one per cent. of the radiation given out by a carbon glow-lamp is luminous. The economy that we have vainly striven to attain, however, has been practically reached by the firefly, over 96 per cent. of whose radiation consists of light rays. Contrary to the opinion of many, this light appears to be due simply to oxidation, and is therefore an extremely slow form of combustion, producing a minimum of heat and a maximum of light, and controlled by the insect probably through its oxygen supply. The light is now believed to be used in visual signals between the sexes, corresponding to the sound signals of other insects. Says a writer in *The Journal of Heredity* (Washington, August):



Courtesy of "The Journal of Heredity," Washington, D. C.

THE FIREFLY'S LIGHTING PLANT.

"Through all of the light organs, fine tubes are found, connected with the main air system and evidently the pathway of oxygen. This would seem to indicate that oxidation is the source of the light. . . . If one part of the light organs is paralyzed by pressure it will not flash but merely glows, while the other unparalyzed parts will go on flashing as usual.

"Between the light organs and nervous system intervenes what is called a reflecting layer. This layer does not directly reflect, however, but rather diffuses the light so as to make the entire abdomen appear as tho glowing. This layer may protect the nervous system from some possible bad effects of the direct light, and many think it serves still another purpose of being the storehouse for some substance which plays an active part in the light production. Whether or not it contains the stored-up supply of oxidizable materials, however, must still remain in the realm of conjecture.

"The photogenic property of the abdominal segments is independent of life, for if the organs are dried and ground to powder, light reappears under the influence of air and moisture.

"Often the photogenic properties may be observed in the eggs while they are still in the ovaries, and nearly all the larvæ of the illuminating species show fluorescence. Does the insect store up 'fuel' in its earlier stages which gradually becomes exhausted during the use of the light-emitting apparatus when adult? There is some slight evidence to show that this might be the case, but sufficient knowledge has not yet been gained to make it possible to reach any definite conclusion.

"The intensity of the insect's light is remarkable. It varies greatly, but the most reliable tests made on the insects frequenting Washington, D. C., place the candle-power of the glow at 1/50,000 and that of the flash at 1/400. Altho this seems a small amount, in comparison with the size of the insect, it is truly surprizing.

"There are practically no invisible rays in the firefly's light, and hence no heat and a remarkable efficiency. The efficiency of *Photuris* has been rated from 90 per cent. to 96.5 per cent., while the efficiency of a carbon glow-lamp is but 0.4 per cent., and the most efficient form of artificial illuminants produced by man are but 4 per cent. efficient. Nothing is known about the energy input of the insect, but the resulting light is the most efficient known to science. To supply an equal amount of light from the same illuminated area in the laboratory would require a temperature of 2,000° Fahrenheit.

"If the insect is forced by stimulation to keep flashing continuously, life soon becomes extinct, apparently from exhaustion. This indicates that the energy input is considerable on the part of the insect; it is also possible that there may be some reservoir of stored-up light energy which can not be replenished indefinitely.

"There is apparently absolutely no radiation of heat during the flashing, as measured by the most accurate means obtainable, which practically preclude the possibility of error. No infra-red rays are thrown off, for if there were, the insect would soon be desiccated by its own heat. The body temperature of the photogenic segments is higher, however, than the temperature of other parts of the body.

"Popular opinion frequently to the contrary, the light of the firefly is connected in no way with any 'phosphorescence' or '*x*-rays.' It seems most probable that it is the result of the presence of moisture, oxygen, and some unknown substance, possibly a fat or an albuminoid, together with some form of oxidation taking place. Unless some startling and heretofore undiscovered endothermic action is going on whereby light is emitted, there seems to be no other possible explanation of the fluoresence. Some observers have suggested phosphureted hydrogen or carbon to be oxidized, while some think the light to be the result of the breaking down of some nitrogenous substance to form crystalline urates. Every opinion is backed by some evidence, but none is based upon sufficient grounds to make it entirely plausible from every point of view, so that the whole matter is still as much in doubt as ever."

A BRITISH DECIMAL COINAGE—The advocates and the opponents of the general adoption of the metric system have not yet stopt argument and come to an agreement. But at least the standard metric system has no rival decimal systems in the field. If we ever have decimal weights and measures in common use, they will doubtless be meters, liters, and grams. In like manner, one would think that any country with a non-decimal coinage, desiring to reform, would turn at once to the units now in use over a large part of the civilized world, the dollar and the cent. They have, to be sure, a rival in the French decimal system of francs and centimes, but there would seem to be no good reason for setting up another. This, however, appears to be just what is proposed by the British Institute of Bankers, in a recent report on the adoption of a decimal coinage and the metric system of weights and measures. Says *The Engineering and Mining Journal* (New York, August 11):

"The committee that prepared the report believes that the adoption of the metric system will be of great advantage, especially in the extension of foreign trade. As a prelude to the adoption of that system, it believes that a decimal system of coinage should be adopted, and therefore recommends such a system. For many reasons, among which is its general acceptance as a standard in foreign as well as domestic trading, the pound sterling must be retained as the unit, and the system recommended by the committee is based upon the pound sterling. A standard unit of so high a value as the pound involves the division into 1,000 instead of 100 parts. The present pound contains 240 pence, or 960 farthings, so that the smallest division—one-thousandth—would be very nearly the value of a farthing. This division the committee would call a 'mil.' The coinage proposed is as follows: Gold, pound or sovereign, and half-sovereign. Silver, double florin, 200 mils; florin, 100 mils; half-florin, 50 mils; quarter florin, 25 mils. The half-florin would correspond very nearly to the present shilling. Nickel, 10-mil piece, copper, four-mil, two-mil, and one-mil pieces. A four-mil instead of a five-mil piece is recommended because its value would be almost exactly the same as that of the present penny, which is a general standard in small transactions. The difference in value would be only 4 per cent., which would not be noticeable in these small coins."

WHEN THE MOVIES INJURE HEALTH

ARE THE MOVIES GOOD or bad for the health? This is a good deal like asking, "Does our food benefit or injure us?" In short, the answer is a function of the quality and quantity of what is administered in both cases, as well as of the conditions under which we take it. Bad food, or food taken amid unsanitary surroundings, or too much food of any kind, is bad. Woolly, flickering motion-pictures, or pictures in dirty, ill-ventilated halls, or too frequent attendance at pictures of any kind are doubtless equally injurious. Yet it is surely unwise to condemn either food or the movies, as a general proposition. The author of "Making the Movies," Ernest A. Dench, puts the case sanely in an article written for *The Nurse* (Jamestown, N. Y., August). He says:

"How do movie visits affect the spectator? The figures obtained by Dr. Haven Emerson, health commissioner for New York City, tell their story only too well. No fewer than one thousand motion-picture theaters in New York City and Brooklyn were visited, and of these but eighty-seven were properly ventilated. The worst examples were the converted-store theaters; many other houses were equipped with electric fans, which, for economical reasons, were not used, and consequently the air-circulation outlet was closed. In other theaters inadequate heating facilities evidently were responsible for the closed fresh-air outlets and inlets. To quote from the report: 'Perfumed disinfectants are being sprayed in some of the theaters with a cattle sprayer. The spraying process does nothing to eliminate germs coming from the mouths of patrons, which cause epidemics during the winter. Our experiments with culture-plates revealed the fact that the quantity of germs immediately decreased when the fans were operated.'

"The stuffy atmosphere, which is the inevitable outcome of poor ventilation, causes the average patron to leave the theater with a tired feeling. This is not natural tiredness—it is the kind that makes one wake with a 'heavy' feeling in the morning.

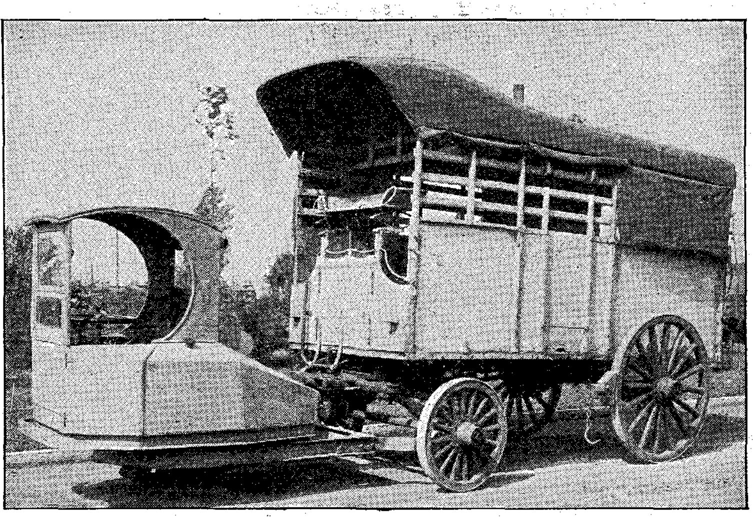
"Some assert that motion-pictures are hard on the eyes, while others aver that they prove a beneficial exercise. Which theory, then, is correct? The eye problem is mainly determined by the projection. If it is poor, only harm can result.

"The case of one girl, whose eyes became painful and who grew very nervous, came to my attention. The optometrist whom she consulted ascertained that the theater she was in the habit of attending showed flickering films, and to these he attributed the damage to the retina of each eye. He advised her to discontinue her visits to the movies, as otherwise paralysis of the optic nerve probably would occur.

"The main cause of flickering films is old age. Films rapidly deteriorate and when they reach the 'rainy' stage they are a menace to the eyesight. The fault, however, does not always arise from this, for the operator may be careless or incompetent.

"Another serious defect is 'speeding.' A reel ordinarily takes from sixteen to eighteen minutes to run off the screen, but the operator sometimes shoots the reels through at almost double the normal speed. Speaking of this evil, a prominent Chicago oculist says: 'Severe test is put upon the eyes by the unnatural swiftness with which films are sometimes reeled off, making every action abnormally rapid and jerky, converting the actor's walk into a Chinese trot, and giving all the participants a sort of St. Vitus's dance. The practise of flashing written letters and printed matter on and off the screen with almost lightning celerity puts the greatest strain upon the eyes. The audience, in its eagerness to get an intelligent understanding of the action, makes a strong effort to read the lines, but in many instances people are given no opportunity to read all of them, and are kept under a strain in the strenuous effort to grasp them at a *fleeting glance*.'

"When motion-pictures are exhibited under ideal conditions, the only evil to be feared is watching the screen for too long a period. The average photoplay program occupies about two hours, which has been declared the ideal period in which to view films at one sitting. After this period weariness slowly but surely comes on. Even hardened newspaper critics testify that this is the case."



Courtesy of "Automobile Topics," New York.

A TRACTOR WITH ONLY ONE WHEEL.

A ONE-WHEELED TRACTOR—The latest substitute for a horse is a tractor with a single wheel, put on the market by a St. Louis firm. It has a four-cylinder engine, needs no differential, and turns within its own length. The following description is from *Automobile Topics* (New York, August 18):

"The one-wheel tractor is exactly what its name indicates. It has but one wheel, which is steered with a conventional-looking gear, but can be turned in a complete circle. The power-plant, driver's seat, and driving mechanism are mounted with and turn with the wheel. One of the great advantages of the little tractor is that it can be handled in tight places to better advantage than other types of motor-trucks, and better even than a single-horse wagon. The wheel, for instance, can be turned at right angles and the wagon pulled away from a curb where there is no room whatever for moving either forward or backward, which is out of the question for the ordinary type of truck. Stability is given to the tractor by attaching the rearwardly extending main frames to the front axle of the wagon to be hauled. The weight is balanced on the single wheel, so that the wagon-axle is not overloaded; it simply gives support to the tractor. The attachment to a wagon is not permanent; in fact, the tractor can be changed from one wagon to another in less time than it would take to change round a team of horses.

"The driver is protected by a cab, with roller curtains and an adjustable wind-shield, and the seat is comfortably upholstered in imitation leather. One of the obvious advantages of the one-wheel tractor is that it uses all its power and all its weight to the best advantage, always on one wheel. The design is exceedingly simple and the problem of upkeep and repairs should be correspondingly easy to solve."

LETTERS AND ART

GERMANY AND "MACBETH"

THE WAR ON OUR HANDS is not only tragic as all wars must be, but also a tragedy, and in such light it bears a strong parallel to Shakespeare's "Macbeth." This is how Prof. Henry W. Farnam, of the department of economics at Yale, regards the tragedy of Germany. In most of the great tragedies of literature, he points out, "we find some overpowering passion—it may be love, it may be revenge, it may be jealousy, it may be ambition—dominating the life and actions of people with the power of fate." Shakespeare, the Professor goes on to establish his analogy, has given us in "Macbeth" the "picture of a man who was in every way successful as a soldier. He enjoyed the confidence and recognition of his king, and, far from being a brutal soldier, he was described by his wife as being 'too full of the milk of human kindness.'" But—

"The witches poisoned his mind by the suggestion of ambition. He was hailed as 'Thane of Glamis,' 'Thane of Cawdor,' and 'King that shall be,' and *Lady Macbeth* undertook to translate this prophecy into deeds. The first step was the murder of *Duncan*, and as a part of it the attempt by a lie to place the guilt upon *Duncan's* own attendants. The first step having been taken, the next step inevitably followed in the murder of *Banquo;* and one atrocity led naturally to another until the news was brought to *Macduff:* 'Your castle is surprized; your wife and babes savagely slaughtered.' *Macbeth*, however, still relied upon the prophecy of the evil spirits, 'Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born shall harm *Macbeth*,' and he followed the fatal advice until it led to his death."

The parallel between this drama and the course of Germany in the present war is one almost "startling in its details." This is how, in the New York *Sun*, the Yale professor works it out:

DR. HENRY W. FARNAM,

Of Yale, who shows us how very "modern" "German efficiency and German ruthlessness" are.

"The part played by the witches and by *Lady Macbeth* in the tragedy has been played by the professors and the Pan-Germanists of modern Germany, who have made Germany believe that it was destined to be a world-Power and sovereign among states, and that it must carry this out by force.

"This doctrine led naturally to the invasion of Belgium, acknowledged by the Chancellor to be illegal, but subsequently justified, as was the murder of *Duncan*, by a false claim. Upon this initial crime there inevitably followed the whole policy of frightfulness, including the killing of women and children, corresponding exactly to *Macbeth's* murder of the wife and children of *Macduff*.

"But we all know the end. *Macduff* accepts the challenge: 'Damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"' and the contest ends with the death of *Macbeth*.

"We must accept the German challenge if we would have peace. If we were contending with an uncivilized people we might hope to educate them gradually to higher standards, but we are not. We are contending with a philosophy of scientific savagery evolved by people who in their personal relations are civilized, but who collectively, acting as a state, are under what seems to many a tragic obsession.

"The only thing that will cure them of this obsession is a conclusive and overwhelming proof that it does not pay, and that can only be accomplished by defeat.

"In helping to bring this about the United States must realize that it will be required to make a supreme sacrifice. It will need not only all of its physical and material resources, but it must exemplify the very highest moral qualities at the same time. Discipline, self-restraint, courage, and tenacity must be shown if we are to rid the world of the plague which this philosophy has brought upon it and enable civilized man to resume again his progress in the direction of humanity, respect for treaty obligations, and international decency."

This conviction is brought to Dr. Farnam by his intimate knowledge of Germany gained by years of study and travel. He was a pupil of Treitschke and used to witness the poison which now flows in the veins of Germany poured out in the classroom of that professor of history.

"Few people who talk of German efficiency and of German ruthlessness realize how relatively modern both of these qualities are. I have had the advantage of a personal acquaintance with Germany extending over half a century, and can speak, therefore, from first-hand knowledge. When I went to school in Heidelberg, in 1865, there was no Germany, in the political sense. Germany was a mere geographical expression. The states which now form the German Empire had no common government, no single monetary standard, no uniform system of weights and measures.

"We schoolboys had to learn no less than three different systems of currency in order to be able to make our simple purchases at the shops, because we were likely to receive change in any one of these three systems. When the war of 1866 between Prussia and its allies and Austria and its allies broke out, our sympathies were with Austria, and we gave the troops of the Grand Duchy of Baden, who were going off to fight the Prussians, the kind of a send-off at the railway station that was given to our troops at the outbreak of the trouble on the Mexican border last year.

"In what seemed an amazingly short time the Prussians returned from their victory over Austria with oak-leaves in their helmets and were quartered upon the town of Heidelberg. The following year the North German Federation was formed. But it was not until the war with France, which ended in 1871, that the German Empire was formed and the South German States included under a common executive and a common Parliament. Even then little was heard of German ruthlessness or German efficiency.

"I visited both France and Germany in the summer of 1871, having friends in both countries, and altho Paris had been besieged and captured by the German forces, and altho a part of eastern France was still occupied by the Germans, pending the payment of the war indemnity, I heard no such complaints as have filled the world with horror during the present war. The French did say that the Germans were fond of carrying off keepsakes, particularly clocks, but I can not recall any charges of cruelty to women, children, and non-combatants, or of wanton destruction of works of art and monuments.

"As for industrial efficiency, the exhibit which Germany made at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876 was well characterized, even by the Germans themselves, as cheap and nasty. If Germany was still backward industrially, it was, on the whole, a pleasant, friendly country to live in. The people, especially in South Germany, were easy-going and hospitable, and the constitution of the German Empire, which was in many particulars modeled after that of the United States, and was much more liberal than that of Prussia, seemed to promise the development of a parliamentary government, based upon a broad suffrage.

"The German Empire still includes three republics. In form it is no autocracy, but a Federal State under a limited constitution.

"When I returned to Germany as a student a few years later I sat at the feet of a professor of Berlin who has been much quoted of late, and may almost be said to have been rediscovered by the reading public of the United States since the outbreak of the war. The doctrine which Heinrich von Treitschke taught centered in the idea that the purpose of the state is power, and that everything must be subordinated to this purpose.

"I have heard Treitschke say that if there was any mortal sin in politics, a sin against the Holy Ghost of politics, it was weakness. He held that when a state has a choice between the moral and the immoral it should choose the moral, because good faith is a real power in politics, but often the attainment of a moral end can only be reached through immoral means. He even went so far as to say that the impulse of a youthful state to destroy an old and degenerated state stands higher than all maxims of positive law.

"We did not take this doctrine very seriously at the time. I think that forty years ago many, even of the Germans, considered Treitschke an extremist, but the constant repetition of this doctrine, harmonizing as it did with the history of the Prussian State and reenforced by the great economic prosperity which followed the formation of the Empire, produced its effect and brought forth its legitimate fruits in the violation of Belgium; in the sinking of the *Lusitania*, of the *Sussex*, and of the hundreds of other ships without warning; in the judicial murders of Edith Cavell and Captain Fryatt; in the air-raids on defenseless towns; in the burning of Louvain and the bombardment of the Cathedral of Reims."

WHEN OUR SOLDIERS SPEAK FRENCH

THE LANGUAGE QUESTION with our troops in France is almost the first in importance in the preliminary stages. Hence the books that we are asked to "send over" are frequently specified as those which will help them to master the foreign tongue. An Irish poet whose sympathies were suspiciously Teutonic, tho he mainly gave vent to Anglophobia, was asked why the Irish didn't go fight with the French; and he answered, "Because we couldn't understand the orders." Mr. Heywood Broun has given us one of the lighter sides of the war in an account of the various expedients of our boys already in France in dealing with an unfamiliar tongue. Their first impulse, he says in *Collier's* (New York), was "to stick to English and to talk a little louder for the sake of the foreigner." But it was not found to work any more than did the efforts of those who "shouted around the foot of Babel on that day which the Berlitz family celebrates every year." To modify the process and speak slowly was found no more effective, but a partial success has been reported of a third method:

"This is, in effect, a compromise, for it entails an imitation of the comic French waiter in the musical show in those scenes in which he is choked by the low comedian. Its claims remain to be established. I heard an American captain fail signally in his effort to straighten out a transportation tangle by asking for 'ze gasoleene.' 'Wiz water on ze side' has also been known to fall short of effectiveness.

"Even the first efforts to utilize genuine French proved disappointing.

"It was found that the captious people of the port of call were not satisfied with single words, but demanded entire sentences. An officer in the Grand Hôtel (I trust the censor will not decide that the name betrays the identity of the town) was ignored through the greater part of a meal in spite of the fact that he called again and again:

"'Madame, how about my *œufs?*'

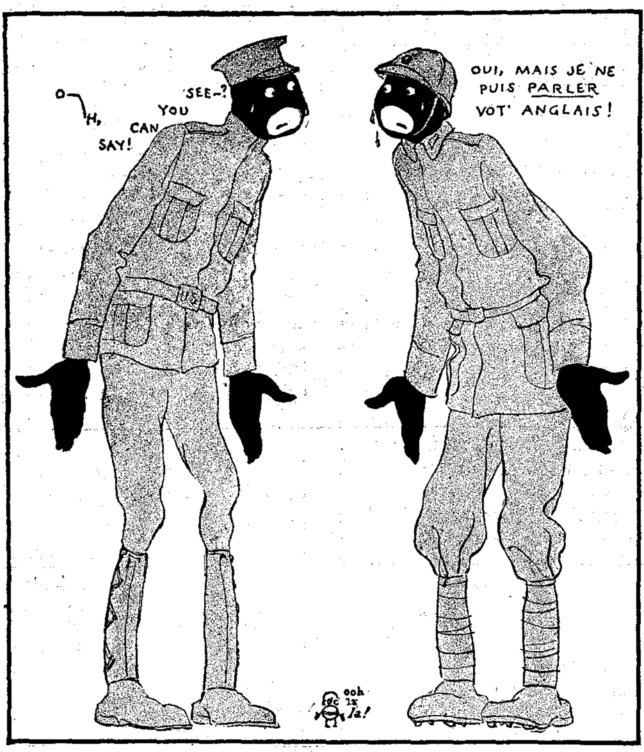
"There was no disappointment so keen, however, as that experienced by some of the negro muleteers who accompanied the American Army. A little group of the American negroes hailed with every manifestation of joy the sight of a couple of coal-black colonials in the French uniform. The muleteers rushed toward them with friendly words only to run slap-bang against French phrases. They had not dreamed that the black race had allowed itself to be let in for any of these lingual complications.

"Soon after the landing the American commander issued an order enjoining his men to employ the utmost tact and discretion in dealing with the French.

"He pointed out that the French were deservedly known as the politest of people and declared that any apparent rudeness which was encountered could almost certainly be traced to misunderstanding. In spite of the warning misunderstandings did arise, and some came from unexpected quarters.

"An American soldier in a more or less pleasant altercation with a cab-driver concerning the fare exclaimed 'Bosh,' and immediately the driver, who had been merely expostulatory, fell upon the soldier and tried to choke him. When the combatants were dragged apart it was discovered that the driver thought his fare had employed a name which one may not apply even to a cab-driver in France.

"To the credit of the French it must be said that they set to work with a will and learned fully as much English as our Army learned French. They even went in for American slang in its unalloyed state and in translation. A French rooter at a baseball game was much chagrined when his '*Au travail, garçon,*' was not recognized as an attempt to render 'Ataboy.' Still more disappointed was the sailor who greeted the pretty waitress in the Grand Café with a laboriously prepared '*Donnay ma un bassay*' to receive 'Where do you get zat stuff?' in reply."


O—H, SAY! CAN YOU SEE—?
OUI, MAIS JE NE PUIS PARLER VOT' ANGLAIS!
ooh la la!

BIRDS OF A FEATHER,

Who do not always speak the same language.

—From *Collier's*.

Those who have tried to supply their deficiencies from books obtainable on the ground have found that the books on "easy methods to learn French," and the "English-French conversation," have proved "of great age," all antedating the present war.

"One officer indignantly exhibited a volume which he had bought largely upon the fact that its cover advertised a chapter on war-terms.

"He found that the first question offered to him in English and French in the military chapter was:

"'Where is the grand stand?' Next came: 'But these seats are too far back'; and still another sentence offered for his enlightenment ran: '*Mais on tire à blanc*—but the cartridges are blank.'

"Still another book offered the beginner a chapter entitled '*Pensées,*' in which the American soldier was asked to equip himself to remark to French acquaintances:

"'Absence is the touchstone of true affection' and '*La rue qui s'appelle "Demain" conduit à la place "Jamais,"*' rendered into English as 'The street called To-morrow leads to the place called Never.'

"This also seemed singularly

inappropriate to a group which was still concerned with the *rue* which led to the cake-shop or the primrose path past the 'have another' establishment. . . . . . .

"Of course there were some who profited by the system of dual language which sprang up in the town.

"Sentries were posted here, there, and everywhere to make newspaper men and others keep their distance.

"However, reporters quickly discovered that American sentries were generally imprest by a card issued by the French cable company permitting the holder to send cable messages at reduced rates. An aluminum season pass to the Polo Grounds served one New York newspaper man well in getting him through French lines, but he never received the honors accorded to a journalist from the Middle West who was never held up by a French sentry without gaining a speedy apology as soon as he produced an embossed diploma which informed all men that he had been an alternate on the junior debating team of De Pauw University!"

FUTURES IN RARE BOOKS

THE BOOK-AUCTION SEASON is soon to open and many rarities, it is expected, will be thrown upon the market as a result of war-conditions. The old owners loosen their hold and give way to new. The probable query of many is put by Mr. George H. Sargent in asking, "How can people afford to buy rare books at high prices, to tie up their money in something that yields them no immediate income when the nation faces the raising of the largest sum of money that has ever been raised in one lump?" In order to make the answer clear, Mr. Sargent, in the Boston *Transcript*, gives first a little lesson in political economy:

"The United States has already sold $2,000,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds. The people have loaned that sum to their Government on the best security in the world. This money will be loaned by our Government to other nations engaged in the war with Germany to make good their transactions with the people of the United States, and it will be spent in America for American products and in payment of American wages. The resources of the nation will not be impaired in any way. All our fixt property, our farms, our mines, our factories, will remain intact. The money will remain in this country. The Government will pay its bonds at maturity with the annual income and production of the country, which is now twenty-five times the amount of the loan, and the raising of money by bond sales and the expenditure of it for war-purposes will not destroy the productive capacity of the farms, the mines, or labor. There will be wastes, but there has already been increased production."

Under these economic conditions Mr. Sargent sees no more cause for panic among book collectors than among those of any other class, because,

"Most of the book collectors who pay big prices for rare books are men of affairs and great wealth, who have been led into this pursuit by a genuine interest in something which is entirely apart from the concerns of their daily life. And it must be remembered that the Great War, before it touched us directly, was a source of newly created wealth in this country, and there has been a new crop of millionaires, many of whom will naturally turn to book collecting as a hobby. Under conditions of either war or peace the number of book collectors in this country is steadily increasing. The number of rare books is constantly diminishing, because every year some of them go into great public institutions like the Library of Congress, from which they will never come out to be the bone of contention in the book-auction room.

"One is frequently surprized to learn that some one who has been his business acquaintance for many years has steadily pursued all that time the hobby of book collecting. Many of the business associates of the late Frederick W. French, of this city, were not aware, until after his death, that he was the possessor of a magnificent library of rare books. To many Harvard men who knew the late Evert Jansen Wendell as actively interested in all the affairs of their *alma mater* it will come as a surprize to learn that he had a library of dramatic literature which is surpassed by only two or three in the world. Book collectors appear unexpectedly in the public eye. They are known to other book collectors and to dealers, but they are not given to talking to the public about themselves. So there are hundreds of unknown book collectors of large means in this country about whom, as collectors, the public knows nothing, and their number is growing every day. The first potential factor of a good book season is therefore assured in that there will be buyers for the books offered."

Indications point to the fact that the supply of rare books to come into the market this season will be large, altho it is doubtful, thinks Mr. Sargent, if the phenomenal offerings of last season will be equaled. He continues:

"As death brings the great majority of books to the auction-room, it may be accepted as a certainty that the coming year will witness a large amount of literary material sold to settle estates, as usual. War-burdens undoubtedly will bring an additional amount to the block, as has been the case in England. So it is pretty safe to assume that there will be at least the usual quantity from these two sources, whatever its quality may be.

"It is quite likely, however, that some collectors who had planned to sell their libraries or portions of them, this season, may hesitate about their consignments. There are always timid ones who fear that their books may be sacrificed by selling them during war-times, and as was the case in England at the outbreak of the war, there may be a postponement of sales until the sellers have been assured, by the experiences of others in the auction-rooms, that their treasures will not be sacrificed."

THE FUTURE OF REIMS

WHAT SHALL BE DONE with the shell of Reims Cathedral is a burning question in France. Hopes still remain that there will be left even a shell, tho the old cathedral has so long served the discomfited German as a target for his wounded feelings whenever matters have gone wrong for him on the Western front. In a recent article in *L'Art et les Artistes* (Paris), Mr. Armand Dayot voiced the hope that "no profane hands will come to finish the work of the barbarians by seeking to restore these ruins still charged with treasures of remembrance despite so many mortal wounds." That, he declared, "would be the supreme sacrilege." This view seemed to meet with universal accord, no one being more outspoken than France's supreme artist, Auguste Rodin. But the precise methods to be used for the preservation of what remains was still a matter to settle. During the year 1915, Mr. Dayot received the following letter from a French officer, signed only with the initials C. T. because of military regulations:

"MONSIEUR:

"I have read your article on the Cathedral of Reims. Yes, it is the view of all our officers that it must not be repaired. It must be strengthened, skilfully roofed, and left as a witness to Teuton barbarity.

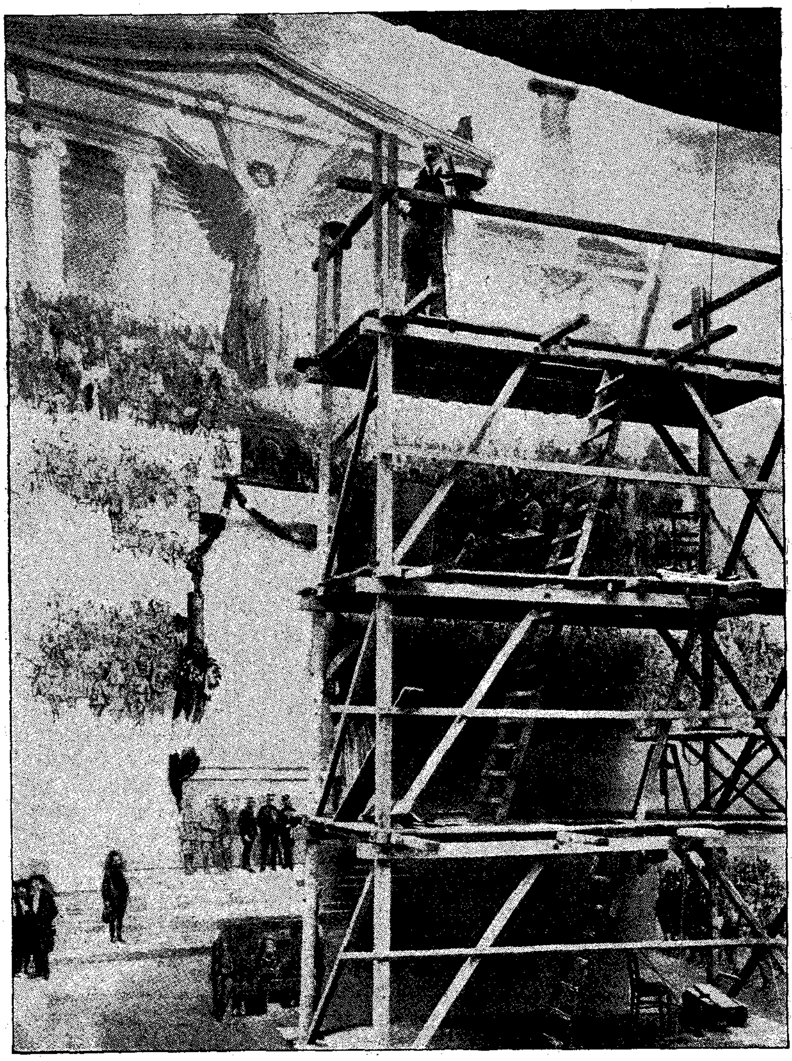
"Thither must be transported the bones of the dead soldiers now scattered over the fields of France.

"In letters of gold on tablets of marble should be inscribed the names of all the heroes dead for their country. This mortuary should be surrounded with cannon taken from the enemy, placed upright, and united by chains cast from German bronze. Then, every year upon the date of the signing of peace, proclaiming the crushing of Germany, let France go thither to kneel before her dead, while on that day the Army sends all its flags with a delegation of officers and soldiers to salute the heroes."

This striking suggestion so interested Mr. Dayot that he wrote to a number of prominent persons asking for an expression of opinion on the advisability and feasibility of the plan. This symposium, whose publication was delayed until a few weeks ago, "for easily divined reasons," now appears in *La Revue* (Paris), and includes letters from Rodin, Rostand, Verhaeren, Richepin, Vandervelde, the Comtesse de Noailles, Arnold Bennett, and various officials. At the head of the list comes Rodin, who writes:

"The idea of defending the ruins of the Cathedral of Reims from all sacrilegious restoration and making of them the pantheon of the unknown heroes who died for their country, and whose bones to-day lie scattered over all the fields of battle, is, quite simply, sublime. I give it my lively applause, as also the project of that annual ceremony when all France, preceded by the flags of the regiments, shall go to kneel before the glorious tomb."

Mr. Dayot also quotes as pertinent to the problem a few paragraphs from Rodin's account of his cathedral pilgrimages dealing with the general subject of restoration and what had previously been done at Reims in particular:



"THE PANTHEON OF WAR."

French artists are here at work on a great panorama which will show the whole front from Belfort to Calais, with Reims and its cathedral blazing, and immortal Verdun. This will be housed in a circular building on the grounds of the École Militaire, near Paris, and be a lesson to future generations.

"I am more shocked here than anywhere else, perhaps, by the restorations. They are of the nineteenth century, and in the fifty years since they were made they have acquired a patina, but fail to deceive; these ineptitudes of half a century ago presume to try to rank among masterpieces.

"All restorations are copies; this is why they are condemned in advance. For nothing must be copied with a passion of fidelity except nature. The copy of works of art is interdicted by the very principle of art. And restorations are always both soft and hard at the same time; that is how you can tell them. It is because knowledge does not suffice to produce beauty—it requires conscience.

"Oh! I implore you in the name of our ancestors and in the interests of our children, break nothing more and restore nothing! Remember that generations of artists, centuries of love and of thought, here find expression, here come to achievement, that these stones signify the very soul of our nation, that you will know nothing of that soul if you destroy these stones, that it will be dead, slain by you, and that with the same stroke you will have squandered the fortune of your fatherland, for these are the truly precious stones.

"I shall not be listened to, I know it only too well. They will continue to break and to repair . . . the moderns are no more capable of duplicating the slightest Gothic marvel than of duplicating one of nature's. A few more years of this treatment of the sick past by the murderous present and our mourning will be complete and irremediable."

Richepin, Rostand, Verhaeren, the Comtesse de Noailles likewise support the proposal of the anonymous officer with enthusiasm, but when practical men of affairs come to consider it they perceive difficulties and objections. Thus Louis Bonnier, Chief Inspector of Architecture in Paris, while supporting the view that no restorations should be undertaken, dismisses the idea of using the cathedral as a mortuary monument as utterly impossible. He says:

"Let us discard, if you please, the idea of the mortuary. One does not deposit a million corpses in the midst of a city. Self-evident reasons of expense, of space, and of hygiene oppose it absolutely. We will discard also the idea of commemorative tablets, because the walls of the cathedral would not be big enough, because it would be completely disfigured by them, and because (I am obliged to speak as an architect) the tablets and the engraving alone, allowing fifty letters per individual, would cost more than fifty million francs (ten million dollars).

"There remains the idea of the consecration of a sort of temple dedicated to the memory of our dead, of our dead belonging to various faiths. This would imply disaffection, and there would be another cathedral to build.

"So much for the material side of the project—now let us take the point of view of art. Do you think that the Cathedral of Reims expresses in any sort regret, sorrow, desire of vengeance, hatred of the enemy? Evidently it is a monument of faith and of prayer. We should be proceeding therefore in an opposite direction, artistically.

"Were it indeed the expression of wrath and of sorrow . . . would it be fitly placed in the center of a city which tho to-day in ruins will soon have a rebirth—fitly placed amid the noise of its tramways and the lights of its cafés, this reconstructed, living, busy city? And would the surroundings of the cathedral lend themselves to the traffic of the crowds concerned in a national pilgrimage? Would it not be necessary to enlarge the spaces about it greatly, thus adding a new vandalism to that of the bombardment? . . . Personally I have a horror, in architecture as in the other arts, of misappropriations, of shifts of artistic intent, whether it is a question of transforming a Sedan chair into a parlor cabinet or of making out of a fourteenth-century cathedral a twentieth-century monument of sorrow and hate."

Another interesting and practical point of view is that of the Mayor of Reims, who writes:

"I can not hide from you that the proposition astonishes me a little . . . and I regret to see it supported by a man so competent and so well advised in matters of art as yourself. . . . But when the war shall have finished its work of death it needs must be that life shall reenter the temple wherein was passed the infancy of our national history. The cathedral will remain to Catholics the most beautiful sanctuary of a faith to which the Law of Separation itself insures respect and protection. . . . As for making of the cathedral a necropolis, a tomb 'surrounded by cannon taken from the enemy, placed upright, and united by chains cast from German bronze,' an idea so unesthetic would never find adherents in Reims, I believe.

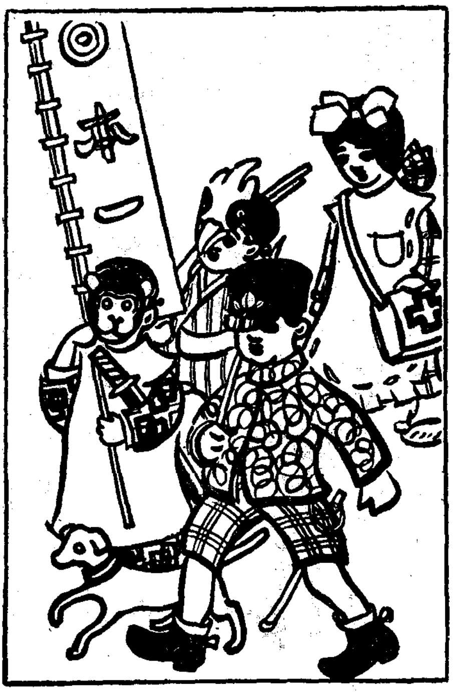
"No pantheon, no temple, can pretend to a monopoly of patriotic memories. Families would a hundred times prefer to approach their dead in the place where they lived, or even to leave them under the flower-strewn mounds, which will mark their presence over all the vast field of battle, than to send them to that common architectural grave which could not but be disfigured by such a transformation."

Arnold Bennett, the only Englishman included in the symposium, deprecates the idea of any attempt at restoration, but thinks a cenotaph rather than a tomb is indicated, and considers the proposed ring of guns ugly and inharmonious.

RELIGION-AND-SOCIAL-SERVICE

JAPAN'S "SINCEREST FLATTERY"

IF YOU SHOULD READ Y. M. B. A. you might think the alphabet had become too forward in asserting itself, but the fact would be that Japanese Buddhism had taken a leaf out of Christian propaganda. It is one sign of the reaction against Christianity seen in Buddhist circles, says the Rev. W. Reginald Wheeler in *The Missionary Review of the World* (New York). Japanese Buddhism now has its Young Men's Buddhist Associations largely modeled after the Y. M. C. A., and puts its emphasis on "social service." Even in the regular reformed Buddhist liturgy the resemblance to the Western forms prevails, that between "recent Buddhist hymns and standard Christian ones" being "almost ludicrous." Mr. Wheeler quotes from a recent article in a new Buddhist magazine in Kobe called *Jayu Bukkyo* (*Free Buddhism*), the first number of which appeared last October. The magazine likened Buddhism to "a hotel near the railway but between the stations"—



A BUDDHIST SUNDAY-SCHOOL CARD.

Used in Japan to counteract the influence of Christian Sunday-schools.

"Once it was a famous hostelry, but the advent of the railway has left it stranded and the whole neighborhood suffers from neglect. Even should a wayfarer drop in he will find no comfort, for the place is not able to renew its furnishings and it has become worn out and obsolete. Just so is Japanese Buddhism—passed by and ignored by modern progress and unable to afford spiritual refreshment. True, there are still some intellectuals, people like university professors, who profess Buddhism, but they are very few, the great majority of Buddhists being but blind followers of tradition. They do as their fathers did, being too ignorant to know what changes science has wrought in the world, while their tradition is so dead that it has no influence on their lives.

"The people are not so much to blame as the priests. These, indeed, profess to be fighting the good fight, but their ancient weapons are useless in this Taisho era. Old-fashioned fortresses are a poor defense nowadays. Does it not humiliate one to observe the work of the professional Buddhists of Kobe? That is why we say that we must open a new way for Buddhism—and the new way is the old way of return to Buddha and a forsaking of sectarian paths. Not that all Buddhist sects should be destroyed. Each has its mission, and all are a safe refuge for the old folk who know nothing of progress. But by going back to Buddha we may create a new Buddhism which shall enable religion to go hand in hand with science. This shall be our consistent aim."

This intention to modernize Buddhism, tho by a different method, we are told, is exprest in an article on "Religious Reform," by Fujitani Shucho in *Yuben* (*Eloquence*), which is the same in substance as a speech he made at a meeting in Kyoto. Among other things he said:

"Bear in mind that religion is rather for this world than for the next. Some Buddhist sects declare that the world is a vale of tears. We believe it is a garden of pleasure and hope. Shinran, founder of the Shinshu sect, at nine years, wrote:

Forethought is vain,
  In fairest hours
The sudden rain
Scatters amain
  The cherry-flowers.

Herein lies the necessity for religious reform. There may have been days when it was enough for religion to prepare the soul for the next world, but now we need a faith that will bear us up in worldly trouble.

"Similarly, religious teachers of the day must grasp our vital necessities. It is therefore a mistake to cry, 'Return to Shinran,' or 'Return to Nichiren,' or 'Return to Christ,' for the world is not as it was in their day. Gautama, Jesus, Shinran, and Nichiren had great messages for their own times, but none for ours. Buddhism declines because Buddhists do not understand this. We must not return to Nichiren or to Shinran, but be a new Nichiren or a new Shinran, and renew our faith in terms that suit the times."

In an article called "Human and Religious Progress" in the December number of *Seinem Yuben* (*Youthful Eloquence*), Prof. Kaneko Umaji, Ph.D., of Waseda University, speaks of the necessity for reform. Some of his phraseology, the writer notes, is apparently borrowed boldly from Christianity:

"I am very glad to see that the long-wished-for Y. M. B. A. has come into being among the students of this University of Waseda. The times needed it; and I am glad that you have taken up the task of finding a new Buddhism which shall march hand in hand with the progress of civilization. Ancient, divided, and often corrupt, the Buddhism we have known awaits your reforms to regain its influence. Among those whom I address may be Christians or adherents of other religions. I do not criticize them, but to me, Buddhism, with its profound philosophy and its spiritual power over men and women, is the best of all religions. Yet with sorrow I confess that it fails to serve the youth of to-day. It is a sun obscured in clouds. It has been left behind by a progressive world. Not a few young men having sought in it their spiritual sustenance, and sought in vain, have desperately flung their lives away in a deep cataract pool or before a running train. Buddhism must therefore be reformed.

"Religion should lead in social progress, otherwise it can never say, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' The reformer comes not to destroy, but to fulfil. It is useless to wait on the priesthood. They never reform. The task lies with you young men."

The Y. M. B. A. has spread over the "middle schools" where the Y. M. C. A. has but little penetrated, its efforts being largely confined to the universities. Like its Christian prototype, we read, the Y. M. B. A. is undenominational, and "its members take themselves very seriously, and set before them as their goal the regeneration of the nation." An illustration of Japanese interpretation and adoption of Western missionary efforts is shown in a quotation from an article by one signing himself "Word-Eating Priest"—

"He states that the sayings, 'commerce follows the Cross,' and 'trade follows the missionary,' are very common in America, and that this motive is an influential one there in furthering missionary zeal. The Japanese Government was following the same line of thought when, in the twenty-one demands upon China in 1915, it requested the right of propagating Buddhism;

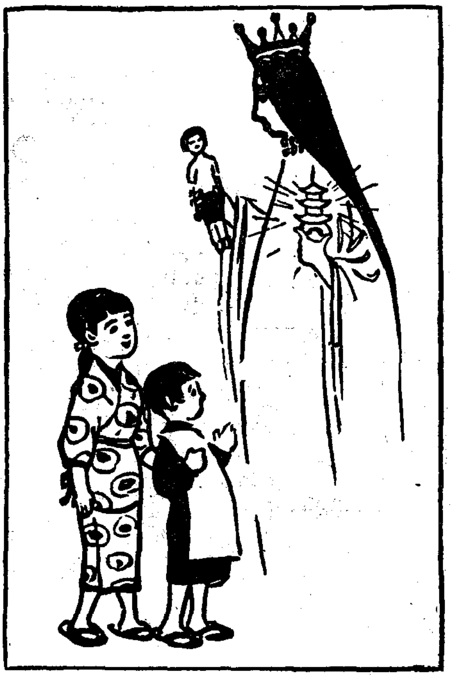
the purpose was political and commercial rather than religious. 'Word-Eating Priest' finishes his article thus: 'We hope the Buddhist priests will make up and become pioneers of Japan's foreign trade, like the Christian workers, for otherwise they will remain only an encumbrance to the Empire.'"

A writer in *The Japan Weekly Chronicle* (Tokyo) who signs himself "Japanglo" observes of the above:

"This is a very naive way of putting the matter, but it is the foundation upon which much quasi-religious enthusiasm has been built up of late years in Asia."

HOW THE RED-CROSS MONEY GOES

TO THOSE who so recently gave to the Red Cross one hundred millions of their money, Mr. Henry P. Davison, the chairman, renders the first account of his stewardship. The report is sent out broadcast and a brief summary, such as the New York *Sun* furnishes, is enough for the casual reader. The report can not be read, observes the *Sun* editorial writer, "without feeling that the Red Cross is achieving a fine combination of broad humaneness and business efficiency." The report, in the opinion of the *Sun* writer, will not fail to satisfy even a *Scrooge*. In general, these are the points of the work covered:



ANOTHER SUNDAY-SCHOOL CARD.

"Buddha is the Light and the Light is Wisdom."

"Most of the money thus far used has been spent in the French theater of war, and there 'the first and supreme object of American Red-Cross care is our Army and Navy.' For our men the commission establishes and maintains hospitals, canteens, and recreation huts, and when they are away from the lines on leave or otherwise it provides for them food, baths, games, tobacco, and a variety of other attentions that comfort the American soldier who finds the sea between him and home. No Yankee has to be wounded or ill to enjoy the benefits of the Red Cross. It begins to help him from the minute he leaves the French training-camp.

"Except for the matter of hospital establishment, the Red Cross extends its bounty—the American people's bounty—to the soldiers of our allies. It has, for example, just appropriated $1,000,000 for the relief of sick and wounded *poilus* and their families. It distributes equipment and supplies to our allies' hospitals.

"Civilian relief is applied in a dozen forms in the devastated districts of France and Belgium. The Red Cross is trying to rebuild the people rather than their shattered towns, and it is giving to them the materials necessary to start over again: clothing, cooking utensils, garden tools, live stock. It is the only way to keep France alive in the districts where the children now outnumber the men five to one and where the Germans left nothing behind them but hunger and disease and despair.

"In France the Red Cross has taken over the War-Relief Clearing-House, the American Ambulance Hospital at Neuilly, under the control of the Army, and the financial responsibility for the American Hospital in Paris, and has allied itself with the American Surgical Dressing Committee. It is busy establishing base hospitals, each a perfect organization, in advance of our troops.

"For hospital supplies, food, clothing, building material, and service more than $10,000,000 will have been spent before the end of next month in France alone, while the appropriations for Russia, Italy, and crusht Roumania, Servia, and Armenia come to $1,600,000 more.

"Great sums these, but in every Allied country there is an American commission to regulate their spending. Every detail of the work, says the War-Council's report, will be accounted for to the American people, and most of the men and women in charge of the Red-Cross work in France are giving their own time and paying their own expenses."

The story is restated in terms of expenditures covering the period until November 1, 1917. In France the amount spent is $1,773,250, covering work for the United States Army, surgical dressings, equipment, and operation of diet-kitchens, canteens, American Red-Cross Motor Ambulance service, hospital expenses, etc. The report reads:

"The budget of the Department of Civilian Relief in France, prepared by Homer Folks, Director of the Red-Cross Department of Civil Affairs in France, up to November 1, 1917, calls for $2,190,353.

"The budget of the Department of Administration in Paris, prepared by Carl Taylor, Director of Administration, up to November 1, 1917, calls for $115,700.

"The budget of the Planning Department, prepared by George B. Ford, Director, up to November 1, 1917, calls for $3,890.

"General appropriations have also been made, amounting in all to $10,692,601. They cover hospital supplies, foodstuffs, transportation supplies and motors, building material, machinery, medical research, child-welfare work, clothing, American Ambulance Hospital expenses, nurses, etc.

"Before appropriations are recommended by the French Commission they are carefully prepared by the director of the particular department concerned. They are then considered by a Finance Committee, consisting of Major Murphy, chairman; J. H. Perkins, H. H. Harjes, H. O. Beatty, Carl Taylor, Homer Folks, William Endicott, and Ralph Preston. Three of this committee constitute a quorum, and every appropriation reported must receive the consent of all present.

"Most of those in charge, for the Red Cross, of the work in France are giving their own time and paying their own expenses. A special fund of $100,000 has also been privately contributed to meet expenses of members of the French Commission unable to pay their own way."

The appropriations made for use in Europe, outside of France, covering drugs and medical supplies, relief funds, and expenses, are reported as follows:

For Russia	$322,780.87
For Roumania	247,000.00
For Italy	210,000.00
For Servia	222,500.00
For England	8,800.00
For Armenia	600,000.00
Other appropriations	36,000.00

The total appropriations by the War-Council for Red-Cross work in Europe are as follows:

In France	$10,692,601.00
Outside of France	1,647,080.87
Grand total	$12,339,681.87

Some of the European appropriations are to cover a full year, but the greater part, the report adds, will have been spent by November of this year.

It is not proposed to undertake the rebuilding of French villages, but the Red Cross hopes to give a new start in life to a very great number of persons left destitute by the German armies. We read in *The Evening Sun* a warning that should be taken to heart and preparations made accordingly:

"The need never stops. Small wonder that the report includes a suggestion that the hundred millions contributed by America will need additions. It may be necessary to have another week of intensive Red Cross campaign for contributions during the coming Christmas season."

OUR TYRANNY OVER THE NEGRO

RACE-RIOTS IN EAST ST. LOUIS afford a lurid background to our efforts to carry justice and idealism to Europe. The question, as it is put by Charles Stelzle, the writer on social subjects from a religious standpoint, is: "How can we assume to free peoples in Europe from tyranny when we ourselves are guilty of the worst kind of tyranny toward a deprest race?" The remedy, of course, is not in abstaining from the cure of one tyranny to excuse our neglect of the other. Nevertheless, Mr. Stelzle is probably right in asserting that "the East St. Louis race-riots should have made every American citizen realize that we have in the negro one of the most serious social problems by which this country is confronted." He quotes Booker T. Washington as saying, "I can not hold any man in the gutter without staying there myself," and appeals to the principle of self-preservation as an imperative if not the highest motive for taking better care of the negro. In *The Continent* (Chicago), Mr. Stelzle declares that the simple question whether "he is to be a 'good' negro or a 'bad' negro" depends as much upon the whites as upon the blacks. He calls us to look at a few outstanding facts in regard to our treatment of the members of this race:

> "We compel him to live in the worst parts of our towns and cities, often without drainage or sewerage or garbage service, with scarcely any of the sanitary conveniences in house or yard or street which whites consider an absolute necessity.
>
> "We drive the worst forms of immorality into the negro quarters and then curse the negro because of his moral weakness. If there is to be a 'red-light district' in town, it is dumped into the area into which we also dump the negro population.
>
> "It would be a comparatively easy matter to produce statistics to indicate that the negro is the worst criminal in the country. But how can he help becoming such? We subject him to the severest tests of our city life—physical, moral, and political—and then cynically declare that the 'nigger' is no good anyway.
>
> "The negroes who live in these unsanitary and immoral surroundings are our laundresses, nurses, and cooks. If there is contagious disease in their own homes—and there is much of it—they are sure to bring it to our homes, either personally or through the laundry which we send to them.
>
> "Washington was right. If we keep the negro in the gutter, we shall be compelled to stay there with him. We can't get away from him. It is impossible to have a nation part free and part slave, and it is still more impossible to have in one country a morally and physically decaying race, and a surviving race untouched by the dying race's fate. And let it be remembered that the 10,000,000 negroes in the United States constitute 10 per cent. of the population of our country.
>
> "Occasionally some of us try to find comfort in the statement that labor-leaders are responsible for the mistreatment of the negro race. But this may be set down as a fact—organized labor is as ready as anybody else to give the negro a square deal.
>
> "Every man who becomes a member of the American Federation of Labor obligates himself never to discriminate against a fellow worker on account of creed, color, or nationality. This is as high a standard as one could find anywhere and in a general way it expresses the attitude of organized labor toward the negro throughout the entire country.
>
> "It is true that in some parts of the United States there is a prejudice against the negro among trade-unionists, but whenever this is the case these trade-unionists simply reflect the opinion of the so-called 'better classes' of the community. For example, it is safe to say in such communities it is easier for a colored man to join a white man's union than it is for a colored man to join a white man's church. Ordinarily, when there is prejudice against the negro on the part of the white trade-unionists it is due largely to the negro's character and not to his color."

The writer looks with apprehension upon the systematic efforts now being made to bring the negro from the South to the large industrial centers of the North. For—

> "The negro is probably much better fitted for work on the farm than he is for work in the city. The latest census reports of the United States Government brought out the fact that negro farms in the South had increased 21 per cent., while negro population increased only 10 per cent. throughout the country.
>
> "The real friends of the negro will try to persuade him to move on to the farm, for here he will have more independence than he will ever secure in industrial cities or even in smaller towns.
>
> "There are exceptional negroes who will make good almost anywhere, but it is to be remembered that we are dealing with the one-tenth of the population of the United States which for many generations to come will in some respects be inferior to the white race.
>
> "Those who are constantly preaching equality of every sort to the negro race are not the real friends of the negro. While the negro should have equality of opportunity, it by no means follows that he is born with the same endowments or capabilities as the white man, and he is sure to suffer when he comes into competition with the white man in the city."

WHEN TOMMY ATKINS PRAYS

TOMMY ATKINS PRAYS in the hour of danger, we are told by two army chaplains who have issued a volume called "Papers from Picardy"; but that does not mean that he has grown much more religious than he was before. He has found out that praying helps him to carry through the business in hand, and that is his main thought. What he really is may tax the brains of the best psychologist. "There is no character which has at the same time so puzzled and amazed the world as that of the British soldier," say these writers, naming him "that strange mixed character, with its gaps and its unevennesses and its extraordinary lovableness." They speak of Tommy's prayers:

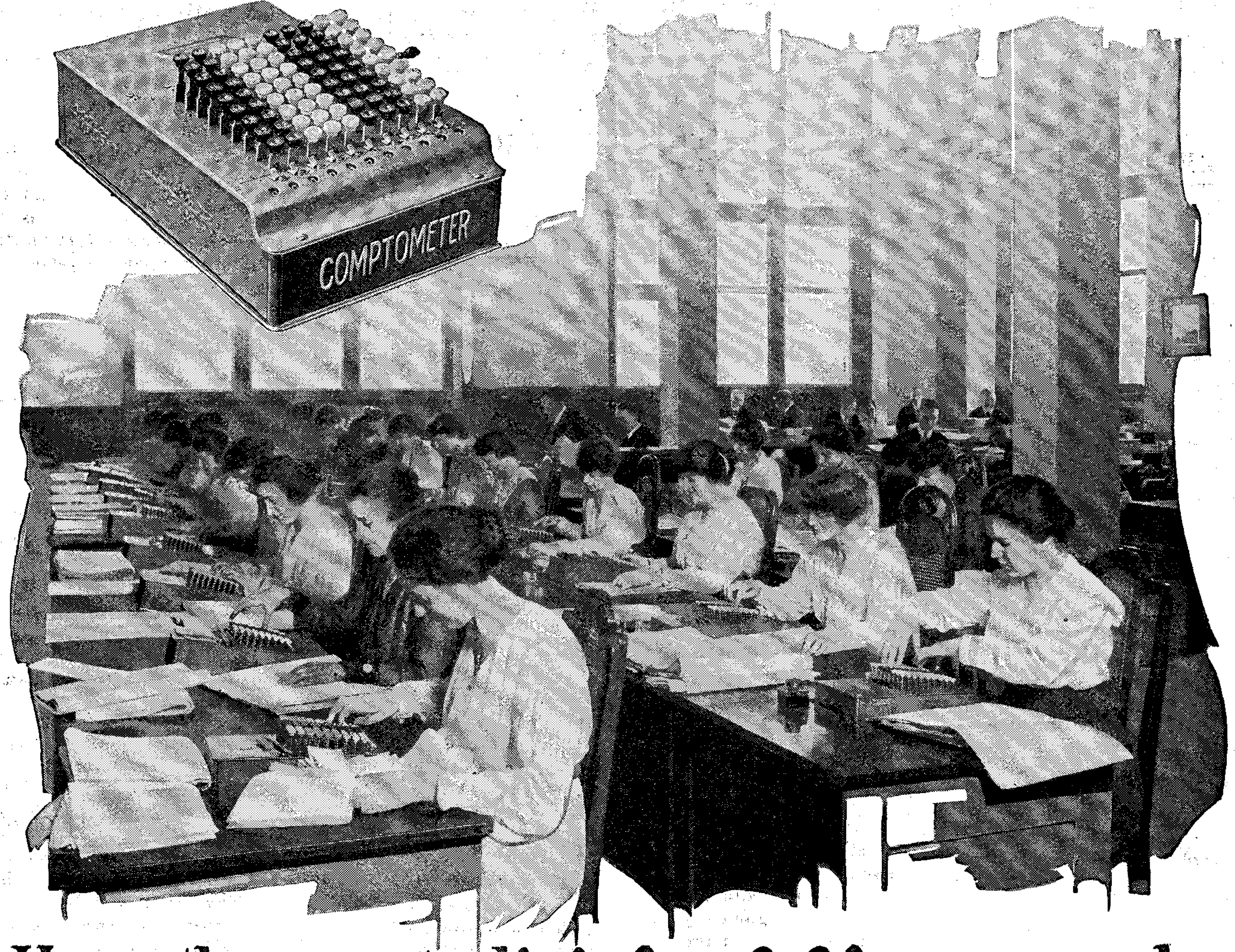
> "It is not perhaps a very high type of prayer, it is purely individual, self-centered, and inspired by fear. At one time, especially during the early stages of the war, we heard a great deal about religious revival and a new turning to prayer. There is a story that during a lull in a heavy bombardment a man emerged from a dugout and shouted inquiries to a neighboring shelter: 'You all right in there, mate?' 'Yes, so far, but some of them b—— shells come b—— close.' 'What have you been doing while it was going on?' 'Well, as a matter of fact, we've all been saying our prayers.' 'So've we—we've been praying like hell.'"

The writers do not withhold their criticism of this religion of fear; but the London *Daily Mail* adds a side-light by quoting a bit of verse from Lieutenant Mackintosh's "A Highland Regiment":

A God like a super-bishop in an apron and nice top-hat—
O God, you are God of battles. Forbid that we come to that!
God, you are God of soldiers, merry and rough and kind,
Give to your sons an earth and a heaven more to our mind,
Meat and drink for the body, laughter and song for the soul,
And fighting and clean, quick death to end and complete the whole.

Tolstoy also speaks in a passage in "Sebastopol" of a young soldier in an agony of terror at the bombardment who turns to prayer and at once recovers his courage and calm. The *Daily Mail* writer continues:

> "The modern soldier, who is just the ordinary Englishman in uniform, under discipline and living in the presence of death, is, of course, no plaster saint. His scheme of ethics is peculiar but very real. One man stole a blanket without the slightest concern, but risked his life to save the owner of the blanket.
>
> "'Not in any spirit of remorse, but for the simple fact that whereas it would be unreasonable to suffer cold and discomfort instead of another man, it was perfectly reasonable, and indeed necessary, to risk wounds and death itself in order to save the same man's life. . . . The willingness to give life itself appears greater than the willingness to live without those things commonly accounted to make life worth living.'
>
> "What will be the lasting effect on those who pass through the furnace of war and survive? The sense of comradeship and fellowship that has grown up in the field will not vanish. But there may be trouble for profiteers at home.
>
> "There is no fear of any persistence of militarism. The soldier believes in discipline and recognizes its value, but he does not like it. He would hardly be human if he did. . . . . . .
>
> "The authors hope that when peace comes the men of the upper class and the workingmen who have made equal sacrifices and given alike so gloriously will unite in an effort for peace and for a new and more blessed England. But there is a note of uncertainty and anxiety in their prognosis."



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American Can Co.	112
Marshall Field & Co.	232
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Springfield Fire & Marine Ins. Co.	32
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HEINE'S POEMS, SELECTED AND TRANSLATED

Untermeyer, Louis. Poems of Heinrich Heine. Three hundred and twenty-five poems selected and translated. Pp. xl-288. New York: Henry Holt & Co. $2 net. Postage, 12 cents.

It is, with all due emphasis, a rare treat to run through this collection of Heine's poems, done into English by Mr. Untermeyer. The result of his labor is not merely passing good, it is surpassingly excellent. Mr. Untermeyer was peculiarly fitted for the task, for his work in English verse has made him thoroughly familiar with and apt in the use of the necessary medium of expression, and, furthermore, his knowledge of German—as is evident from the beginning and becomes more so as one studies his translations—is intimate and fundamentally sound. It would not do for the average translator to attempt Heine. Where he might succeed with Goethe, with Heine he would fail miserably. Not only are there puns and foibles of meaning in Heine's works that would escape any but the ever-alert and watchful eye, but his very thought is at times so subtle and evasive that one could almost suspect him of deliberately laying footfalls for the unwary translator and then laughing sardonically at his embarrassment. But Mr. Untermeyer has not let himself be baffled. His greatest attainment, and one that would atone for many shortcomings, did they exist, is that he has caught the spirit of Heine—that elusive, ever-changing, ever-fascinating will-o'-the-wisp. It would be strange, indeed, if each of the three hundred and more poems Mr. Untermeyer has selected were rendered equally well, but with only one or two exceptions the spirit of Heine is there in all of them. As one of the exceptions I would mention that poem which is so typical of Heine's temperament, "Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen auf's Herze mein," in the rendering of which into English meter Mr. Untermeyer is, for him, heavy and awkward—the English version has lost the Heinesque note.

But it is ungracious to point out the unfortunate and infrequent exceptions when the rest of the work is so worthy of praise. In the very first poem there is a stanza (the third) which shows Mr. Untermeyer's talent at its best. The stanza in the original:

> Sie singt von Lieb' und Liebesweh',
> Von Thränen und von Lachen,
> Sie jubelt so traurig, sie schluchzet so froh,
> Vergessene Träume erwachen.

And Englished:

> Of love and all the pains of love
> She sang; of tears and laughter—
> So sad her mirth, so sweet her sobs,
> That dead dreams followed after.

The third line in particular is masterly—nothing less. Only the last line is free, but not too much so to spoil the perfection of the whole stanza.

The "Book of Songs" contains the most complete selection, and Mr. Untermeyer, in choosing, has omitted no characteristic phase of Heine's changing moods. Heine's later poems, dating from 1828-1855, and more particularly those written after his removal to Paris in 1831, are not so well represented. Of the several hundred poems in the Romancer's collection only some twenty have been translated. The emphasis is quite properly laid upon the important "Book of Songs."

Mr. Untermeyer has prefaced his translation with several pages of critical discussion of the technique and difficulties of translating Heine, and with comment upon Heine the man, Heine the Jew, and Heine the poet, in which he shows rare discernment and understanding of Heine's character and qualities. In conclusion, he writes: "It is only in the hope of bringing the English reader close to the source that these translations have been prepared. They furnish the key to the paradox of Heine; they are the words, if not the music, to some of his immortal *opera*."

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Kunz, George Frederick (Ph.D., Sc.D., A.M.). Rings. Pp. 384. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. $6.50. Postage, 16 cents.

No review could indicate all the information in this exhaustive study of rings. Dr. Kunz considers everything of importance in regard to finger-rings, from the fabled ring of Prometheus to the seal-ring of President Wilson, on which is engraved his name in shorthand. Besides engagement- and wedding-rings, which are familiar to all, we find that there were rare memorial rings, religious rings, healing and talismanic rings, medicinal and poison rings. The finger on which each was worn had its significance. It is astonishing, in studying the illustrations which represent well-known royal and religious personages, how many rings are worn. Chapters on the origin of the ring habit, its purpose, and methods of wearing are very interesting. The author considers the materials used, the use of signet-rings, and gives a general survey of historical rings, their wearers and associated romances. At the end is given a technical description of ring-making. The illustrations in color, double-tone, and line add greatly to the attractiveness of a carefully prepared and edited work. The most amusing thing in the book is Dr. Johnson's definition of a ring: "A circular instrument placed upon the noses of hogs and the fingers of women to restrain them and bring them into subjection."

Thompson, Vance. Woman. Pp. 229. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.25 net. Postage, 12 cents.

Vance Thompson's style is one of his particular assets. Feminists, suffragists, and all other "ists" will be glad to read what he has to say, knowing it will be original. On the text, "Life is a conspiracy against woman," he has built up a serious, sincere, and stimulating sermon, in which he considers the historical steps by which woman has reached her present state of emancipation, mental, physical, political, and spiritual; her past tragedies, and her certain future—for he prophesies as well as describes. The discussions growing out of such a book and the thoughts suggested by his statements are bound to be stimulating and helpful. There has probably been no book written in which the author is so sure of woman's equality with man and her ultimate share in the political activities of the world. The "pampered pet" type he characterizes as a "Strassburg goose."

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He makes a great plea for woman's emancipation from petticoats, tho he must be blind when he says "woman is ashamed of the duality of legs." The author's analytical consideration of his subject is enlightening—his account of the Amazons and the Roman laws equally so. While he is frank in his discussion of sex questions, it is the frankness of a clean and honest mind. It would be impossible to outline all the ideals toward which the author points encouragingly, or reforms which he advocates, among which are those of dress, the solution of the problem of the "insurgents of the cabaret," woman's right to vote, moral standards for both sexes, and laws to protect children—any children, all children, legitimate or illegitimate. It is a meaty book whether you agree with his deductions or not, and it is always interesting.

Bercovici, Konrad. Crimes of Charity. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50. Postage, 12 cents.

John Reed, who writes an introduction to this book, says it is full of a literary power that might be called Russian, having "a style of bald narrative which carries absolute conviction of human character in simple words packed with atmosphere." It is an arraignment of organized charity which, if true, is terrible enough and makes one long for a remedy, for some active revolt. We are familiar with protests made against the endless red tape that allows the needy to suffer and starve while "investigations" are made, but this account of the daily routine of institutional work reveals a callousness, brutality, criminal neglect, and indifference which are well-nigh inhuman. The beggar presents a serious problem, but the solution of that need not prevent charitable hearts and sympathetic heads from evolving some way to help the deserving unfortunate without subjecting them to insult and a fostering of criminal tendencies. The testimony given by the author is not melodramatic, but a revelation made by one who has studied at first hand conditions that are pathetic, thrilling, and revolting. It should influence public opinion against the "wrongful blundering of society in its feeble attempts to abolish poverty," and put a stop to crimes perpetrated under cloaks.

Harding, Mrs. Edward. The Book of the Peony. Pp. 259. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. $6. Postage, 18 cents.

The peony is extensively grown and is constantly increasing in popularity. Its charm lies not only in its grace and comeliness, but in the infinite variety of its flowers and foliage. This book should help all flower-lovers to use it for landscape as well as floral value. Mrs. Harding has prepared an exhaustive work, giving the history of the plant, its association with earliest mythology, a list of the best varieties, rules for planting and preparing the soil, hints and helps on purchasing, and, best of all, wonderful illustrations, some in color. The author calls the peony the "best of all perennials for seven reasons: I. Sightly appearance of its blooms; II. Its worth for both landscape and cutting; III. The freshness of its foliage throughout the summer; IV. The ease of its culture; V. Its freedom from insects and disease; VI. Its extreme hardiness; VII. Its permanence. The publishers as well as the author have spared no pains in making the book attractive.

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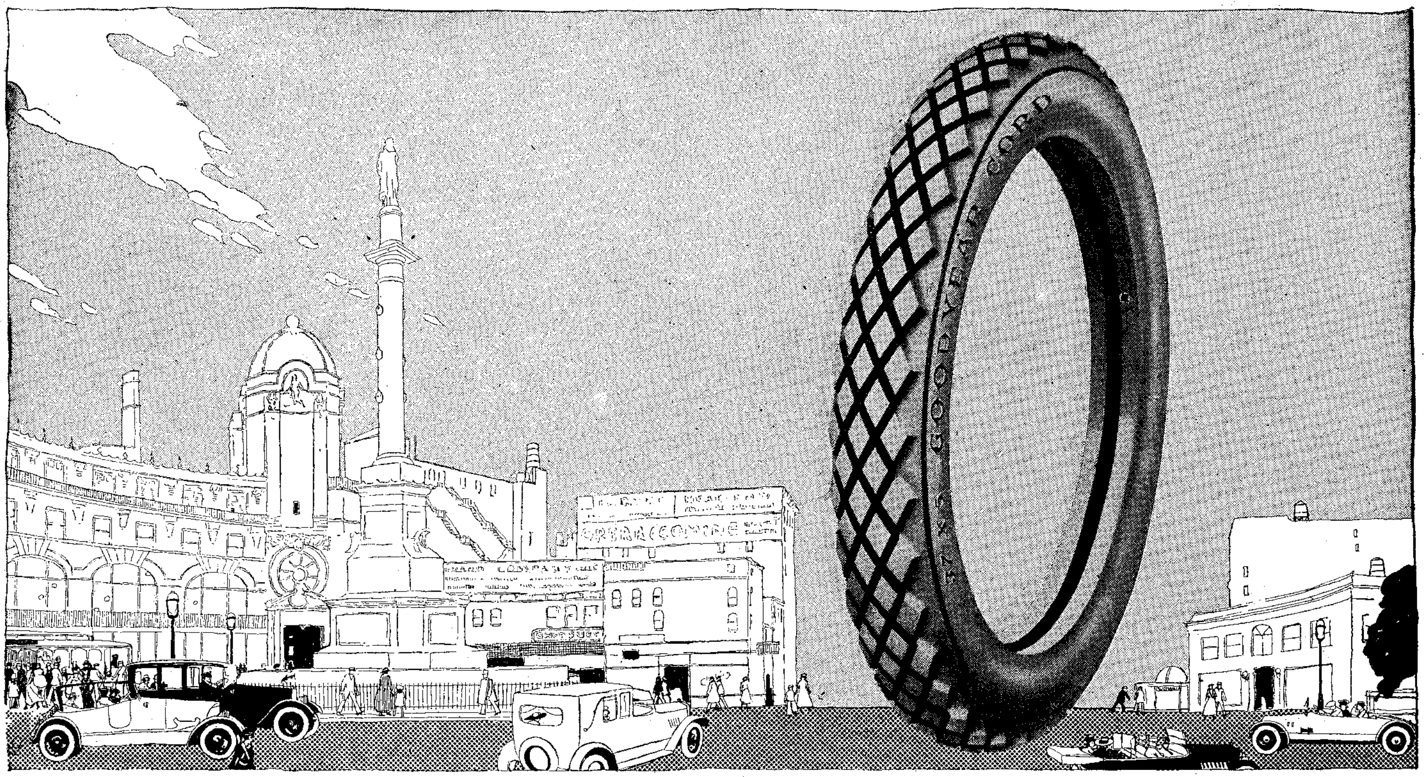

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A letter from Dr. W. H. Roberts, of Pasadena, California, for instance, recites an experience that is astounding.

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CURRENT POETRY

THE poetry-magazines have passed the experimental stage. No longer are they the enterprises of amateurs, the repositories of verse so eccentric in form or thought as to be undesirable in magazines of general circulation. Now they compete with the most venerable and august of literary periodicals for the best work of the poets—and to them generally go the honors of the competition. For example, a recent issue of *Contemporary Verse* (Philadelphia) contains the poem we quote below—a poem that surely would do credit to any magazine. There is no pseudopaganism about Mrs. Crew's charming reconstruction of ancient golden days; her lines are simple and natural and irresistibly appealing.

THESE ARE THY SHEEP, THEOCRITUS

By Helen Coale Crew

War-clangor and the city's din
Fall heavily upon our ears;
Our hearts are quick to leap at fears;
And multitudinous labors mock
The night with their persistent grip;
When lo, with nibbling jerk and nip,
To our glad vision enters in
The little wayward, wanton flock,
The little snowy, woolly sheep,
Whose counting woos reluctant sleep.

These are thy sheep, Theocritus;
The tiny marching hooves that beat
A sharp staccato in the dells
And vales Sicilian; theirs the bells
That, silver-tinkling clear and sweet,
To drowsy dreams are leading us.
Down Ætna's slopes to emerald grass
They come, and softly browsing, pass
To the cool brooks for watering;
For grateful shade, to olive-trees.
Hark! Hear you not Menalcas sing,
Deep-murmuring with myriad bees,
To the shrill pipes of Corydon?

Pan! Pan! Pan!
In the fervid noon
Behold, I bring thee
In my beechen bowl,
Carved 'round with vine-leaves,
Chestnuts, and cheese,
And amber honey,
And the velvet purple
Of a grape-cluster!
Deign thou, O God Pan,
To accept my offerings,
And give me in return
Amaryllis, the wilful one,
To kiss and to embrace
In the twilight thickets,
When the Lord Apollo
Has driven his steeds
Below the cool rim
Of the blue ocean!

Now one by one, and one by one,
And—O sweet sleep!—yet one by one,
Under the slowly darkening sky
Broidered by Pleiads on the line
Where weary day and night divine
Mingle, and earth is musical
With the black cricket's madrigal
Up-issuing from the tangled grass—
The wanton, woolly sheep still pass,
Nosing and nibbling, on and on,
And bleat . . . and browse . . . and so pass by.
And dispossest of stress and din—
The roar of Mars, the shriek of sin—
With quiet heart, with soothed ear,
Only a far, dim sound we hear,
The echo of Menalcas' song
And the faint pipes of Corydon.

. . . O kindly Pan!
Fold me in nightly
With the little flock
Of divine Theocritus,
Who sang of them
As they nibbled at the thickets
Below frowning Ætna,
Where eager shepherd
And wilful shepherdess
Clasped and kissed!

From the same magazine we take this exquisite little song. Mr. Wood gives us a lovely miniature.

ROSE-SONG AT DUSK

By Clement Wood

A riot of roses over the door—
Her cheeks were once a riot of roses;
And why are the rose-cheeks pale and more
As the twilight closes?

Glitter of stars in the evening sky—
Her eyes were once two stars aglitter;
And why are they cloud-overcast, and why
Are her fancies bitter?

A sudden step makes her heartstrings start—
Trembling; the door swings open, and closes,
The star-eyes shine; in her cheeks, and in her heart,
A riot of roses.

Another successful poetry-magazine is *The Lyric* (New York). In the current issue the most striking poem is this noble sequence of couplets.

BEAUTY

By Clinton Scollard

You bid me stay; I go
Whither no man may know.

I am the rose's soul;
The breast of the oriole.

I am the rainbow's arc;
The star on the bosom of dark.

Sever me, I am still
The wonder on the hill.

Part me, and I am yet
The heart of the violet.

With the first flush of the morn
I am each day reborn!

From *The Madrigal* we take this rich fantasy. The first two stanzas have a Keats-like charm.

THE SILVER HIND

By William Rose Benét

Through the black forest
You glance, you start,—
Through the black forest
That is my heart!
Beautiful, silver-heeled,
Swift as wind,
Topping the brake
Like a flying hind!

I have a bugle
Of ivory
The wizard of twilight
Gave to me.
I hear it winding in my heart,
In the black forest, where you start.

And I know,
Like huntsmen in gold and green,
That my thoughts spur past
Where you have been,
And, like hounds that have slipt the leash,
They race,—
Bell-tongued brachets
Upon your trace.

Through the black forest
You reach, you run,
Out of the shadow,
Into the sun.
And the hunt behind
Is lyric and loud
Where horses and hounds
And huntsmen crowd. . . . . . .

But you are gone—
Oh, you are gone
Out to the blaze and glory of dawn!
Leaving the print of blood-red anemones
In the mold, and echoes of ancient glees
Shaking like silver leaves on my somber trees!

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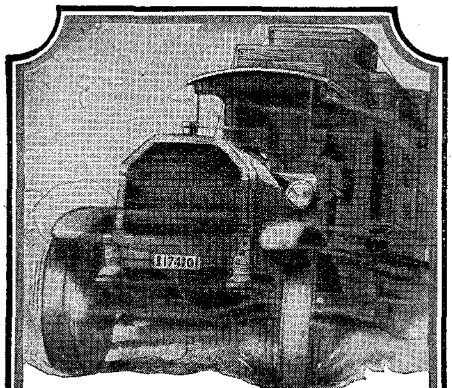

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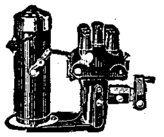

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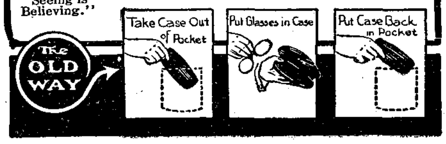
Take Case Out of Pocket
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The OLD WAY

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

HINDENBURG OF THE CRUEL EYE

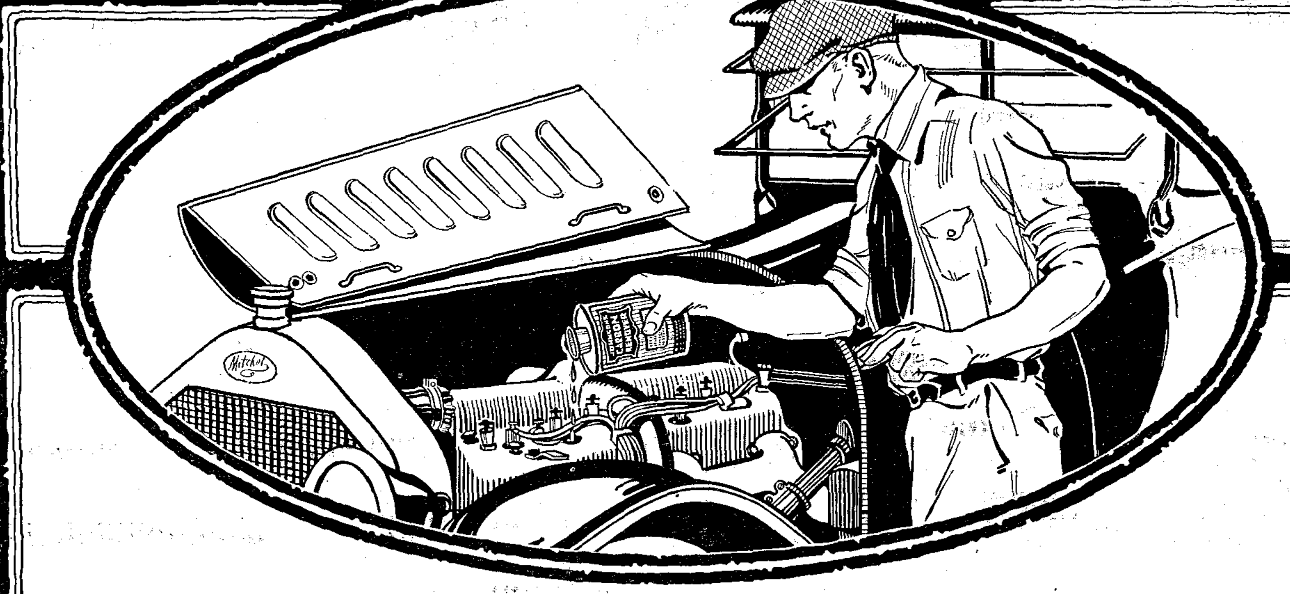
"UNTIL I met Hindenburg I always thought that the eyes of Villa, the Mexican rebel, were the most cruel I had ever seen."

Since that meeting J. M. de Beaufort regards the Mexican's eyes as quite lamb-like in comparison with those of the German Field-Marshal. Mr. de Beaufort had an excellent opportunity to study the man who invented the famous line—recently somewhat bent and punctured—and he tells in "Behind the German Veil," a book published by Dodd, Mead & Co., how he bluffed his way into the presence of the commander. He says:

> For weeks I had used every effort at my command to find out where Hindenburg was. The headquarters on the Eastern front were a carefully concealed secret in Berlin. Finally, one night, I had Major von Bitterfeld, of the General Staff, in my room at the Hôtel Adlon, with three bottles of rare French wine. The major grew very genial toward the end.
>
> I knew that Hindenburg had been at Posen for some time, and in the course of the conversation I remarked on the beauty of the castle there occupied by the Field-Marshal.
>
> "Why, man," roared the befuddled von Bitterfeld, "you must be drunk or asleep. You're a fine wide-awake journalist! Hindenburg left Posen months ago. At present he is at Fortress Boyen, near that dirty little hole, Loetzen. No castle there, I can tell you."
>
> When I alighted from my taxi at the Friedrichstrasse station there were a number of soldiers standing at the entrance. They all jumped into position and saluted. That gave me a sudden inspiration. Tho I was not wearing a uniform, of course, I had the next best thing to it. I wore my long British-made automobile coat, buttoned high *à la militaire*, a green peakless cap with chin-strap and on it the large badge of a neutral coat of arms.
>
> "Here you!" I bawled in my best imitation of a German lieutenant's tone of voice. The effect was dynamic. All five ran toward me, clicked their heels and shouted in a chorus: "*Zu Befehl!*" I sent one of them to the office to buy me a ticket to Allenstein. He returned with a *Militärbillet*. Of course I was much surprized at that because I had not told the man to ask for a military ticket; but it was too late now to change, and so, accompanied by a faithful soldier carrying my baggage, I passed through the gate, taking the salute of the ticket-puncher, the policemen, and various soldiers.
>
> At the next station an ensign entered my compartment and saluted. He begged pardon for disturbing me, but I soon put him at ease. Later, when I showed him my letter of introduction to von Hindenburg, he jumped up, saluted, and asked me if he couldn't bring in some of his friends to pay respects to me. In this way I met young von Bethmann-Hollweg, cousin of the German Chancellor (later killed in action).
>
> We arrived at Posen at 4 A.M. As we had half an hour to wait I thought a walk would do me good, so I slipt my great-coat over my pajamas, thrust my bare feet into pumps, and a moment later was on the platform.
>
> But when I wanted to return to the train the fun started. Beside the ticket collector soldiers and policemen stood at the doors of all compartments. Shades of Napoleon! No ticket, no permit, no identification paper of any kind, not even a visiting-card. I had been a fool.
>
> Of course I offered to take them to my compartment and show them all kinds of permits. I was asked to open my great-coat. I did. The soldiers stared at my purple-striped pajamas, when suddenly a voice exclaimed, "*Engländer!*" It was finally decided to send for the station-master. On his arrival we adjourned to the compartment to verify my statements. I had young Bethmann-Hollweg aroused and he came from the berth half-clad.
>
> In a voice that would have awakened the dead, Bethmann demanded to know how they dared have the impertinence to disturb the distinguished foreigner. Did they realize who I was? Did they know that I was a personal friend of von Hindenburg? My captors slunk away humiliated.

It was smooth sailing then, and, arriving at Allenstein, von Bethmann-Hollweg introduced the correspondent to General von Schlieffen, who promised to take him the next day to Hindenburg. As Beaufort was leaving headquarters, however, he struck another snag that for a time looked to be insurmountable. General von Schlieffen asked casually if he had all his passes and permits from the General Staff at Berlin. Beaufort says:

> I feigned great surprize at his question. Of course I had my passport, then that letter to Hindenburg, and also one to von Bülow—assuredly all my papers were in order—but what he meant was a permit to visit the front.
>
> I assured him that I had no desire to go to the front—only to shake hands and pay my respects to the Field-Marshal. It was no use. There was a train back at 11 P. M., and Schlieffen insisted that I take it.
>
> I waited at the station despondently. The Berlin train was late. At 2:30 I was the only civilian left in the room. Suddenly a train official rushed up to me and announced the arrival of a military train.
>
> "Where for?" I asked indifferently.
>
> "For Korchen, Insterburg, and Loetzen. You change at Korchen for Loetzen."
>
> I did not hesitate a fraction of a second. I permitted my baggage to be taken into a first-class compartment and the train started. We had only gone a few miles when we were side-tracked to permit the up-express to pass. It was the Berlin night train. The change at Korchen was effected without mishap, and at 7:30 A. M. we arrived at Feste Boyen.
>
> At Allenstein, the day before, I had bought a huge portrait of Hindenburg. Approaching Hindenburg's headquarters I had this under my arm. Under the other I carried a large umbrella and in my hand the letter of introduction. On my face I wore the beatific, enthusiastic expression of "the innocent abroad." I had blossomed out into that modern pest—the autograph hunter.
>
> Two *Landsturmers* guarded the little wooden gate. I produced the letter. Both of them saluted and one of them ran ahead to ring the bell. An orderly ushered me



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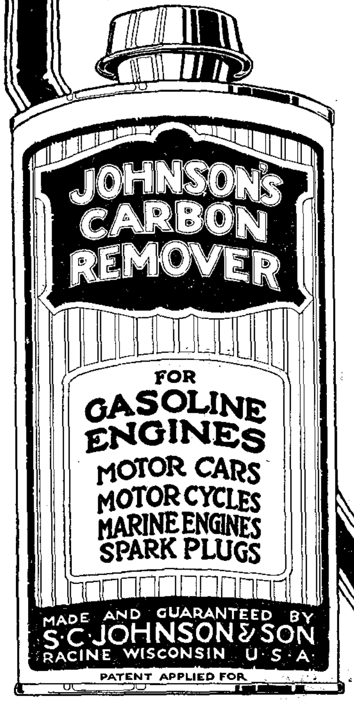

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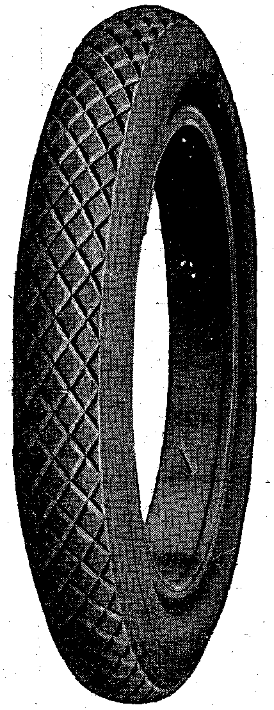

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into a sitting-room. Later a young officer entered and told me the general would be back by noon. Would I condescend to wait? I would. The subaltern was voluble and discust the military situation freely. In the midst of a graphic discussion of the plight of Russia he suddenly stopt. A car had halted outside. A moment or two later the door opened and Germany's giant idol entered. I rose and bowed. The officer and two soldiers clicked their heels audibly and replied to the stentorian "*Morgen, meine Herren,*" with a brisk, "*Morgen, Excellenz.*"

Hindenburg looked questions at me, but I thought I would let my friend do the talking. He handed the marshal my letter and introduced me as "Herr Beaufort." The General read his nephew's letter, shook hands with me, assuring me of the pleasure it gave him to meet me.

Now for my impressions of Germany's—and as some people try to make us believe, the world's—greatest military genius. They might be summed up in two words, "Strength and cruelty." Hindenburg stands over six feet high. His whole personality radiates strength—brute animal strength. He was, when I met him, sixty-nine years of age, but looked much younger. His hair and mustache were still pepper-and-salt color. His face and forehead are deeply furrowed, which adds to his forbidding appearance. His nose and chin are prominent, but the most striking feature of the man's appearance is his eyes. They are steel blue and very small, much too small for his head, which, in turn, is much too small compared to his body. But what the eyes lack in size they fully make up for in intensity and penetrating powers. Until I met Hindenburg I always thought that the eyes of the Mexican rebel Villa were the worst and most cruel I had ever seen. They are mild compared with those of Hindenburg. Never in my life have I seen such hard, cruel, utterly brutal eyes as those of Hindenburg.

Speaking about cruelty, one story about Hindenburg is worth retelling. When the Russian General Rennenkampf was forced to evacuate Insterburg in the winter of 1915 he was unable to find transport for about 50,000 loaves of bread and he ordered paraffin poured upon the lot. When the Germans entered the town and saw what had been done with the bread, Hindenburg was frantic with rage. The next day, after he had calmed down, he said to one of his aids:

"Well, it seems to be a matter of taste. If the Russians like their bread that way, very well; give it to the Russian prisoners."

The order was carried out.

Hindenburg talked quite freely, discussing various topics connected with the war, and especially the Russian campaign. Beaufort, however, found it impossible to get a definite statement on the probable outcome or the duration of the conflict, save that it would not end until "we have gained an honorable peace." Says the author:

He refused to state what in his opinion was an honorable-peace program. When he learned that I had come all the way from Berlin without a pass from the General Staff he appeared very much amused; but in a quasi-serious manner he said:

"Well, you know that I ought to send you back at once, otherwise I shall risk getting the sack myself; still, as all ordinary train-service between here and Posen will be suspended the next four days, the only way for you to get back is by motor-car. It would be a pity to come all the way to this Siberian cold and not see something of the campaign. Traveling by motor-car you will have ample opportunity to see something of the country and of fighting as well."

Beaufort spent two weeks on the Eastern front and then returned to Berlin without difficulty.

LIFE ON A TRANSPORT

When he is nearer Broadway Alexander Woollcott writes pleasing paragraphs about actor folk and tells the readers of the New York *Times* all about plays and the way they are played. He is "Somewhere in France" now, and is writing about more serious things, but in an article in *The Times* he tells an entertaining story of life on the transport as he saw it:

> This is a real account of life aboard an American transport. It is all very well for the accredited correspondents, who cross *de luxe*, to send back a cheery message to the effect that except for a few cases of mumps, a pleasant time was had by all, but if you want to know what transport life is really like you must ask a private who has lived it in the bowels of a converted liner, meditated upon it in the long, tranquil hours of midnight sentry-duty, and jotted it down in his optimistic, freshly acquired diary between exercise and boat-drill, between mess and boat-drill, between inoculation and boat-drill. Here, then, are some brief notes of life aboard a nameless American transport which set sail from an American port some time in August to cross a certain widely known ocean.
>
> We foregathered from the four quarters of the United States, meeting for the first time at the pier, as, weighted down under our equipment, harnessed in our blanket-rolls, and staggering under our bulging barrack bags, we toiled slowly up the formidable gangways. We all looked pretty much alike that day, and it was not until we had put out to sea, and the swarming hive had settled down under the subduing pressure of strict military discipline, that any one of us could realize what an extraordinary miscellany of men had come aboard.
>
> Those lean fellows lounging there are unmistakably cowboys, and probably from Oklahoma; standing against the rail beside them, a student of Matisse is talking with a weather-beaten trainer of prize-fighters; the actor who enchanted New York with his brilliant and fastidious performance of *Daffodil* in "The Yellow Jacket" is now, with equal skill, charging along the promenade-deck, leading a small squad armed with brooms to clean out the gutter. That man washing his mess-tin in some no longer useful dish-water is smoking a Union League Club cigaret in his own right and bestowing one, apparently, on an ex-elevator boy of his acquaintance. 'Way forward on the forecastle-deck, their heads silhouetted against the twilight sky, a group of Princeton boys are singing, "Forward, March," much as they sang it last fall in the Palmer Stadium back

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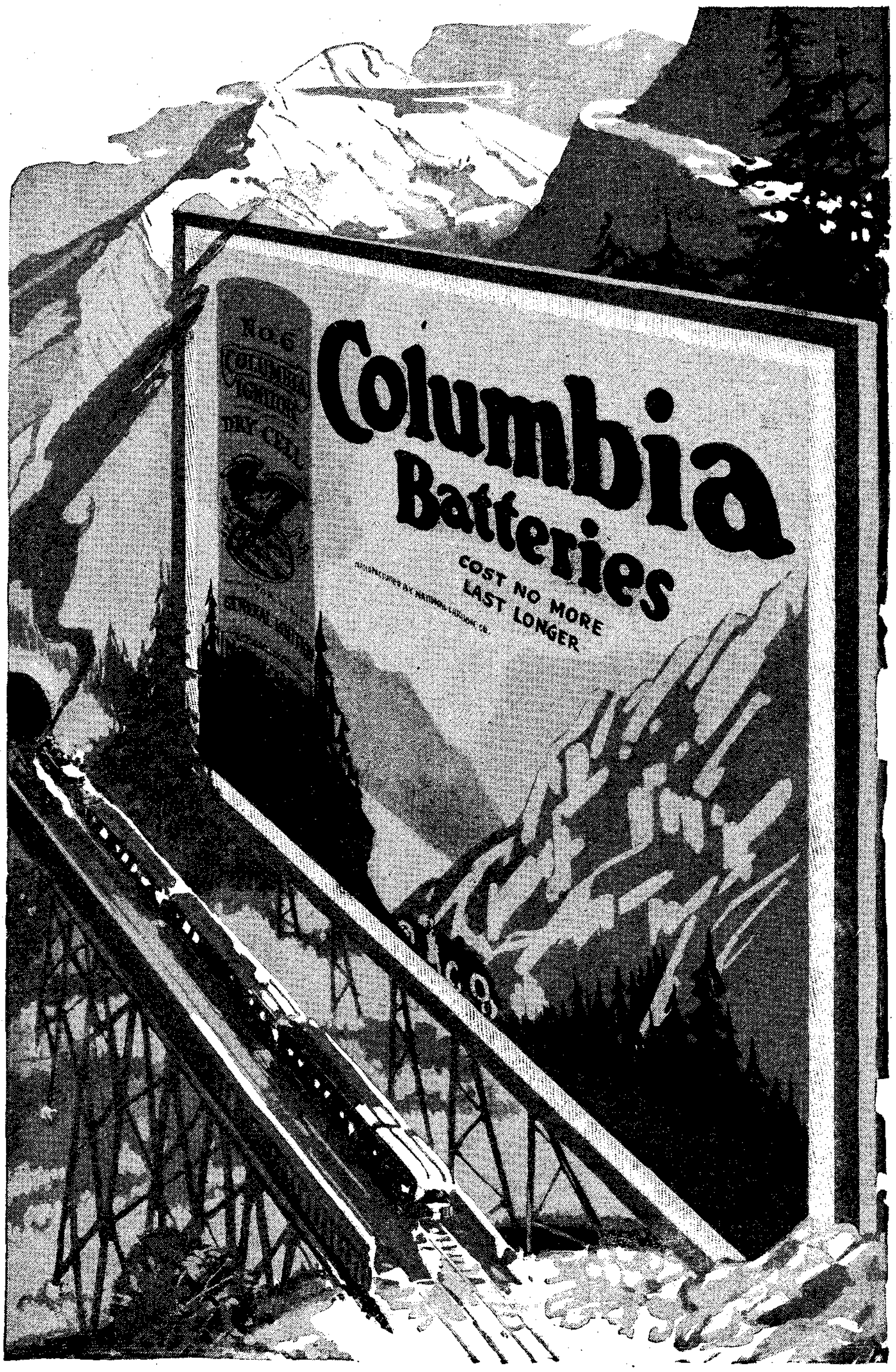

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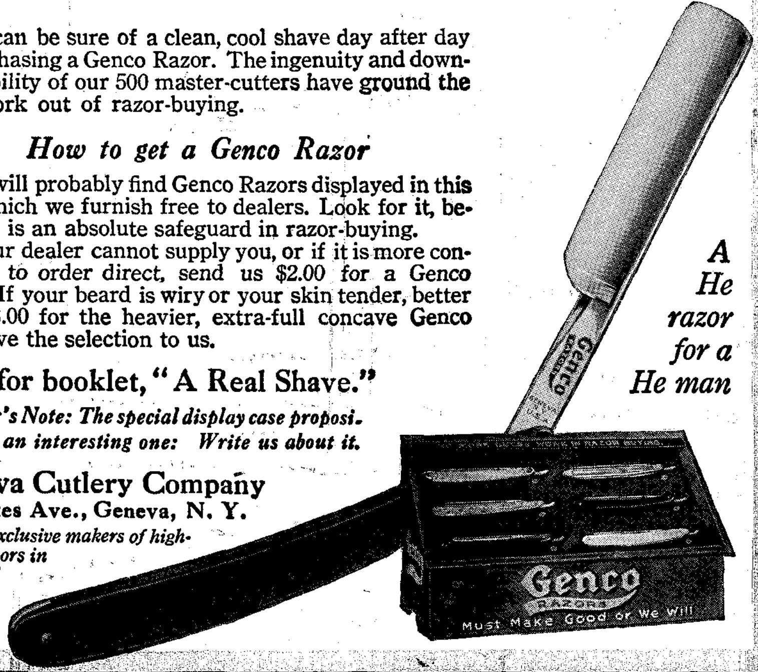

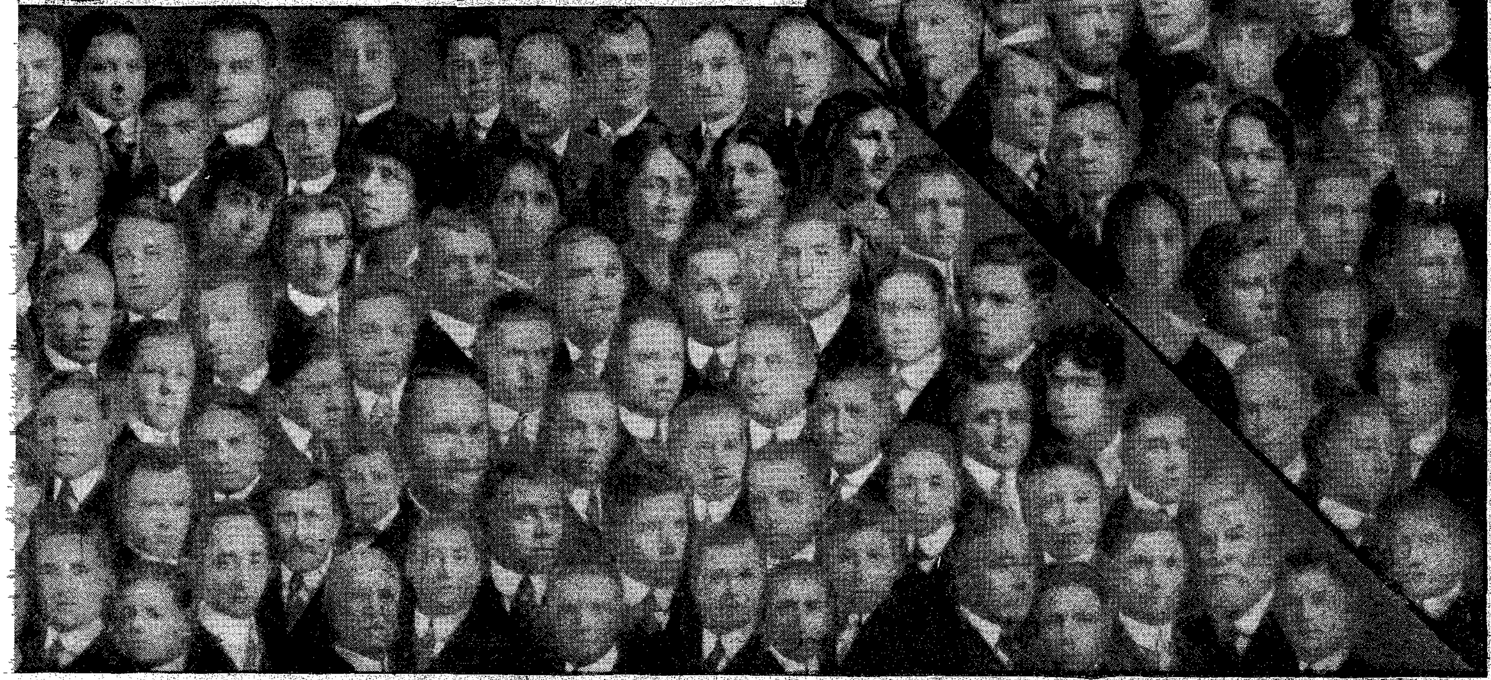

> home. There are some men reading in what is left of the afternoon sunlight. One has a small copy of "Fluent French Phrases," or some such treatise, by which he is invading for the first time the mysteries of *"je suis, tu es, il est."* Next to him a man is poring over the last issue of "Breezy Stories," and the man beyond is deep in Browning's "The Ring and the Book." You never can tell. And when the lights go down and the hush falls on the ship they break into little groups, to whisper of this or that, to talk of the American League, or theosophy, or Frances White, or any subject under the sun except the war. That they leave to those who are on the outside looking in.

Mr. Woolcott seems to have borne up well under the hardships, one of which was the necessity for remaining abnormally silent during the boxing-matches on board and to refrain from gleefully shouting "Ataboy." He says:

> Of course there have been bitter hardships. It is a bitter hardship, for instance, to have to stop smoking at sundown, but it would never do to have a thousand or so of cigaret-tips glowing away until the dim gray transport took on the air of a golden galleon. It is a bitter hardship, also, for some to go merely as members of an impromptu jazz band to the dances where the officers and nurses foot it featly in the main saloon. But, greatest privation of all, you are sternly forbidden aboard a transport to yell excessively at the hushed boxing-matches between the engineers and a hospital corps, say. You may not join in the leathern-lunged cries by which one naturally expresses one's emotions in such an hour. You are not allowed to roar out, "Paste him wan in the puss"—or, at least, not too many of you at once. You may not even say "Ataboy" in chorus. It is very hard.
>
> The officers, non-commissioned officers (some of them), and the nurses take up the first and second cabins. The troops are packed below in quarters that accommodate about 150 each, dim-lit dormitories that vaguely recall at night the opium-den scene in "The Man Who Came Back," the men sleeping in tiers of three except for those sufficiently alert to take up their shelter-halfs, ponchoes, blankets, and life-preservers, and stake out an early claim for six feet each of deck space. After sundown, the decks are literally carpeted with men in olive drab, those sleeping forward on the forecastle deck being prudent enough to lash their shoe laces to the ironwork lest they roll off in the dark of the moon and be forever ranked as deserters.
>
> On deck, too, the men spear out for mess unless the day be rainy, supplementing the regular fare with such delicacies as they can find at the canteens aboard, or as they may have smuggled on, deep down in their barrack bags. On deck, also, the men bathe. At least in one transport they bathe on deck, emerging at chill sunrise to dance uneasily in front of a streaming hose wielded by a deck-hand—whose rich reward for his trouble is the pleasure of filling with salt water the occasional shoes left carelessly within his reach. Sometimes you may see an entire battery being drenched at one moment; it is like a much multiplied picture of the old swimming-hole.
>
> There is a good deal of work aboard a transport. The various detachments have their organizations to perfect *en route*, and in the quondam smoking-room of happier days there can now be heard the click of many typewriters. Then there is the big business of keeping the troops fed and of keeping them and the ship herself clean. There is plenty of work to do, between boat-drills and inoculations.
>
> But it is not all work. There are amusements aplenty—mostly cards. There are some rather frenzied games of craps and banker-and-broker, accompanied by bent heads, groans, curses, and heathenish incantations. Or, rather, there were such games, until word of them went aloft, and there came down an ominous order forbidding all gambling of any kind. Then there are rubbers of bridge, played with the understanding that the winners will dine sometime at the expense of the losers at some boulevard café somewhere in France. There are tournaments, too, of bridge and pinocle, leading toward prizes offered by the commanding officer. It is no easy thing, by the way, to play cards with the deck as a table when the wind is taking such an interest in the game that it is madness to let a card out of your hand for a moment. Just when you have bid no trumps, you are likely suddenly to lose three aces and an unguarded king.
>
> Then there are entertainments worked up for the hour before sunset. A group of volunteer vocalists is likely to assemble any evening in the forward spar-deck and burst into song. Last night it may have been a minstrel show given by the two hospital units. The night before it was a vaudeville bill with every artist a graduate nurse—a triumphant success, by the way, with gum-drops and cigarets thoughtfully provided for the sentries who could not come. For those who could come there was, among other things, one hilarious number that burlesqued the officers at morning exercise.

There seems to have been no lack of variety in pets aboard the transport, every group having its mascot, some of which appear to have been more or less diverting, as witness the French cook's adventure:

> There are some amiable bulldogs in sight at times, a wisp of a gray kitten, and an absurd morsel of a puppy—variously known as Liberty and Gum-drop—who have added much to the gaiety of the village by learning to walk for the first time on a rolling deck. But best of all, some of us think, is "Hardware," the mascot of a certain base hospital, which was smuggled aboard by the simple device of drugging her mildly and carrying her on asleep in a haversack.
>
> When the *Saratoga* was rammed—for some of those aboard had originally set sail on that luckless old craft—the French cook, who had kept a fatherly eye on "Hardware" in camp, went calmly to the depths of the ship to rescue *"le petit chien de bonne augure."* Hardware appears to have enjoyed her second voyage, and yet there must have been times when the military life palled somewhat, for there are two charges of attempted suicide against her. Each time she plunged from her bunk, only to dangle gasping by her chain until the French cook, pausing in the midst of his shaving or in the midst of a song by Massenet, would rush forward crying: *"Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! il faut garder la morale."*
>
> So it goes—between boat-drills. Of these there are many, and they come so often that, when the day arrives to don life-preservers and keep them on for the rest of the voyage, the familiar signal brings every man to his post in a few moments. Those who are assigned to rafts rather than to life-boats are allowed to make themselves grotesque and bulky in the celebrated life-saving suits. When, in the early hour before sunrise, a procession of these strangely clad, heavy-footed beings appears in the ghostly half-light, it resembles nothing in the world quite so much as the entrance of the gods in "The Gods of the Mountain."
>
> And from our post by boat or raft, tho the tension may have been visibly increased by the alarms of those with a keen sense of rumor, we can look comfortably across the little patch of water to the nearest transport. It seems like a friend, so close at hand. It seems no farther away than the distance of the "Knickerbocker" from the *Times* Building back home, altho, in reality, you can not distinguish the faces of the men on her decks. But it is near enough to make these voyages unlike any that Americans have known before. For there is nothing lonesome about them.
>
> It is a great thing to come up on deck in the early morning and watch the sister ships of the little, gray, slow-moving armada emerge "in gradual beauty and significance" as the light comes out of the east. And it is a still greater thing one day to watch, from amid the jostling, jubilant throng on the forecastle-deck, the first appearance far ahead of us of the fleet destroyers come to welcome us and guard us all the rest of the way.

THE SAPPERS' COG IN THE WAR-MACHINE

ONE of the vital cogs in the great modern war-machine is a branch seldom mentioned in the news dispatches from the front, whose members share none of the glory of a successful operation that has been made possible by their labors, and who are even sometimes referred to as "those blankety-blank sappers!"

And yet these same sappers are the best all-round men in the Army. They not only can do what others can not, but they are also very clever at doing what others can. The sappers are officially known as the Royal Engineers, an organization dating from William the Conqueror, and, says a writer in the New York *Sun*, "whenever a job has to be done at the front, and no one else can handle it, the word is always: 'Leave it to those blankety sappers.' And the sappers always do it."

In an interesting article, written "somewhere in France," *The Sun* tells of the varied activities of the sapper:

> Next time you see a war-film pay particular attention to the machinery, the transport columns, the wagons, trench tools, barbed wire, telephones, water-tanks, huts, plumbing (if you get a chance to see any plumbing), signaling—every-

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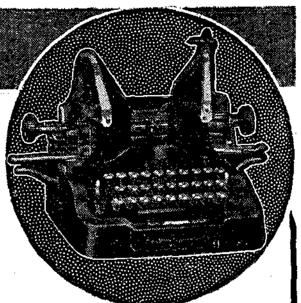

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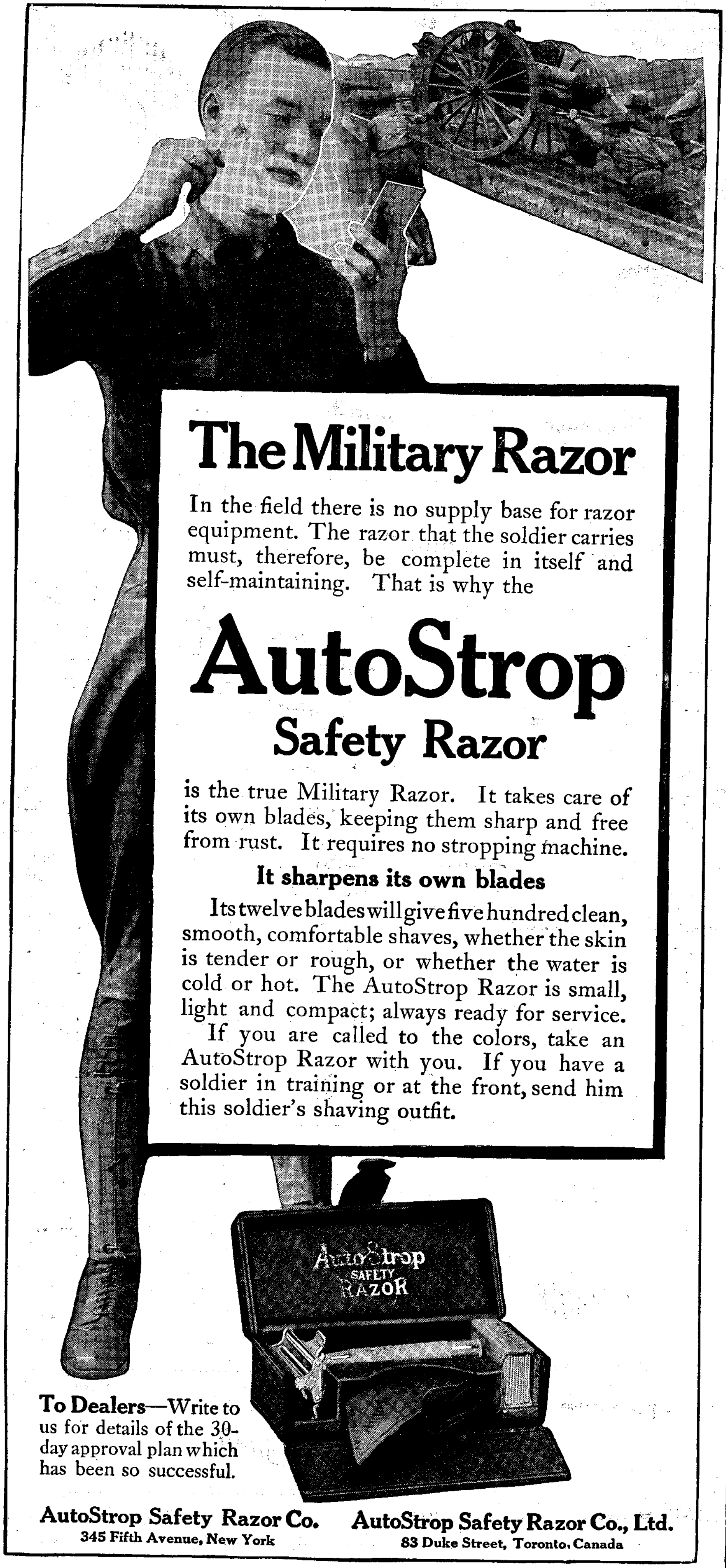

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thing connected with physics and manual training and electricity and chemistry.

Perhaps you will see a mine exploded. There may be a raid and you may see a trench blown in, or perhaps a group of men converting a captured trench so that it faces toward the Rhine instead of toward Paris. Stop to think of the men who are doing this work. They are the sappers.

Dull job you think? Not in the same class with the work done by the men who make midnight attacks, bayonet in hand, or who fight for their lives ten thousand feet above the ground?

Perhaps you are right. But Capt. Timmy Wright probably did not think so. He won the Victoria Cross for connecting up the lead which demolished a bridge at Mons, and for getting a pontoon bridge in shape for the Fifth Cavalry Brigade at Vailly. He did both these things under fire, and so had the V. C. before the war was four months old.

Lance-Corporal C. A. Jarvis, Fifty-seventh Field Company, Royal Engineers, is another sapper who justifiably thinks his work is not dull. In the great retreat Jarvis was at Jemappes when the Germans tried to cross the canal under cover of their heaviest fire. For an hour and a half Lance-Corporal Jarvis worked in the open, exposed to a hurricane of machine-gun and snipers' bullets, until he had fired every charge and demolished the only bridge the Germans could have used. That was not specifically inglorious.

The American Army will engage in this work on the Western front, and in order to give an idea of what work their engineers will be doing in the war I got permission recently to visit the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, the center from which all British military engineering radiates. Here in the barracks square once stood the engineers who went out with Wellington and worked at Waterloo in the bright-red coat Americans knew in the Revolutionary War. Here, too, Lord Kitchener took his course in military engineering in 1871.

Unlike the bayonet and bombing schools, the training center for engineering is not a war-development. The officer-instructors are descended from those who taught trench-warfare in the time of the Crimean War, and many of those now in charge of the school learned the technique of barbed wire in South Africa. The experience of the Royal Artificers who fought with Marlborough, of the engineers who made grenades in Napoleon's time, of those who went with the armies into India and Afghanistan, is all at the service of the Royal Engineers to-day. The instructors need only keep that experience up to date.

At each recruiting center the School of Military Engineering keeps a representative who draws a certain proportion of the recruits for the engineering corps. Every week a fresh batch of men come to Chatham. After they have been attested, registered, and properly clothed they are trade-tested.

Each man gives his trade when he joins up; at the school he is examined in this trade, and if he is really proficient he may look for a substantial increase in pay and an opportunity to use his talents. The chief trades represented in the shops at Chatham are steel, iron, and wood work, painting, bricklaying, plastering, and allied occupations.

The first five weeks of the engineer's training are devoted to soldiering. The

> sapper is usually near the front; he goes over the top with the first or second wave of an attack; he is always in close touch with a raid. As a result he must be able to do soldier's work, not merely in self-defense, but as part of the offensive. He is therefore trained in handling the rifle, in the proper use of the bayonet, in throwing bombs, and in preparation for gas-attacks. He learns the essential of drill and of discipline. He learns the elementary tricks of trench-warfare.
>
> Time after time, since the war stiffened into the zigzag lines of France and Flanders, this knowledge on the part of the sapper has been the decisive factor in a minor engagement. When a detachment has been shot to pieces and reserves have been held up by barrage the sappers have come in and held the bit of trench until help came.
>
> He goes over with a bombing party, and if the first and second throwers are knocked out the sapper may turn from his very important work of constructing a barrier and begin to throw bombs. He may take a hand in sniping, because he gets a course in musketry in addition to his regular soldier's training.
>
> The main portion of the sapper's four months' training is in field-work. For the past two years this has meant trench-work, and it will continue to include trench-work for some time to come, probably until long after the American Army has come over.
>
> Strategists are pretty well convinced that the greatest Allied success must be won by pushing the Germans back from one system of trenches to another at a cost which eventually the Germans will not be able to pay. As the Germans take up new positions the engineers advance with the infantry and help to construct a series of trenches to face them, or reconstruct what is left of the old German trenches.

The sappers' first object is to build for safety. Comfort is a secondary consideration, and while not entirely forgotten, the result is usually far from satisfactory. Trench has become a familiar word of late years, but few who read even the most detailed accounts from the battle-fronts have more than a very vague idea of the labor necessary to construct the elaborate and carefully planned system now in use in pressing back the enemy's lines. The *Sun* correspondent's description is particularly illuminating:

> The sapper knows, and every one who has been there knows, that at best the trench is a rotten, dirty, inhuman place; he knows that it is a bitter necessity just now and he tries to make it livable. The result is so intricate that any soldier may get lost in his own trenches and needs signs at every corner to tell him where they are. Those famous posts, "Piccadilly," "Hyde Park Corner," "Leicester Square," are not merely the signs of British playfulness. They are absolutely essential. If these names were not used others would be essential.
>
> The perfect trench-system of the present time is based on three lines: the firing, or front-line trench, the communication trench, and the base-line.
>
> Leap into the front-line trench and walk down. You are about five feet underground. You are walking on fairly dry boards, called duck boards, on which

THE greatest works of man generally ain't works of man at all—they're just works of Nature that man helped out. Nature sure deserves a heap of credit for makin' VELVET. Velvet Joe

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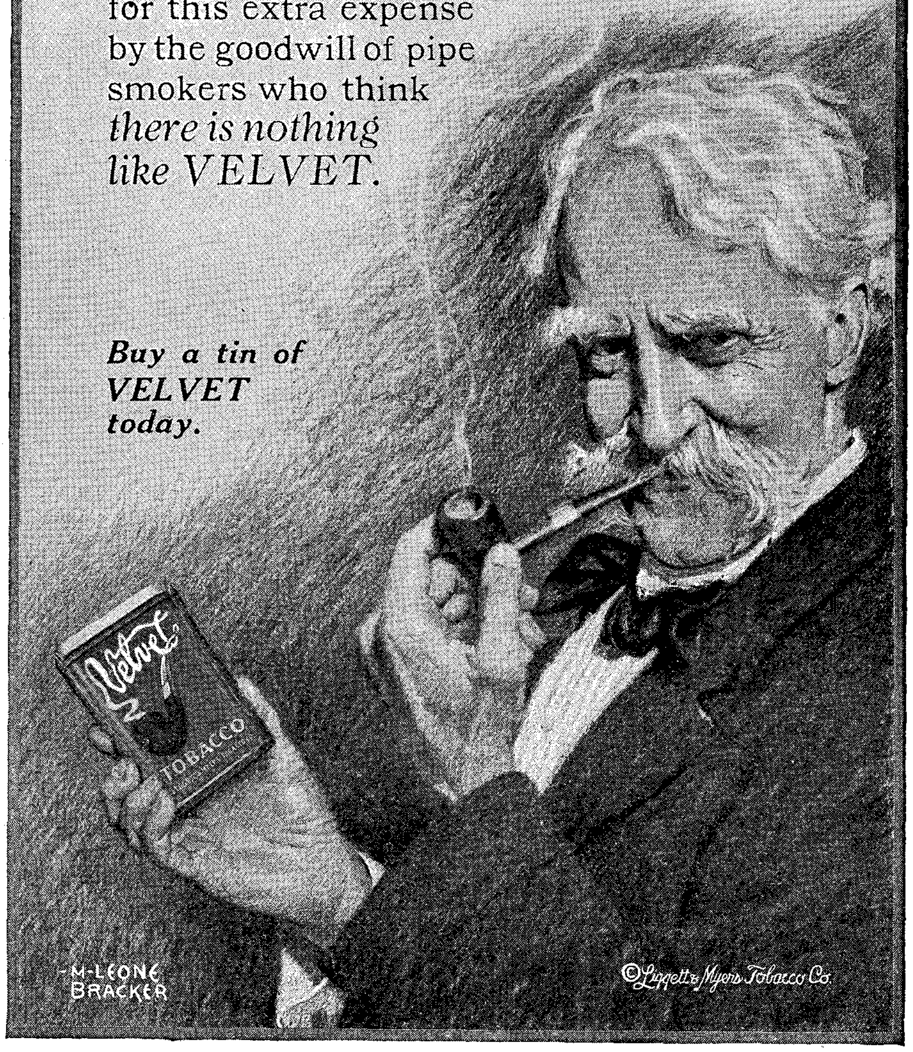

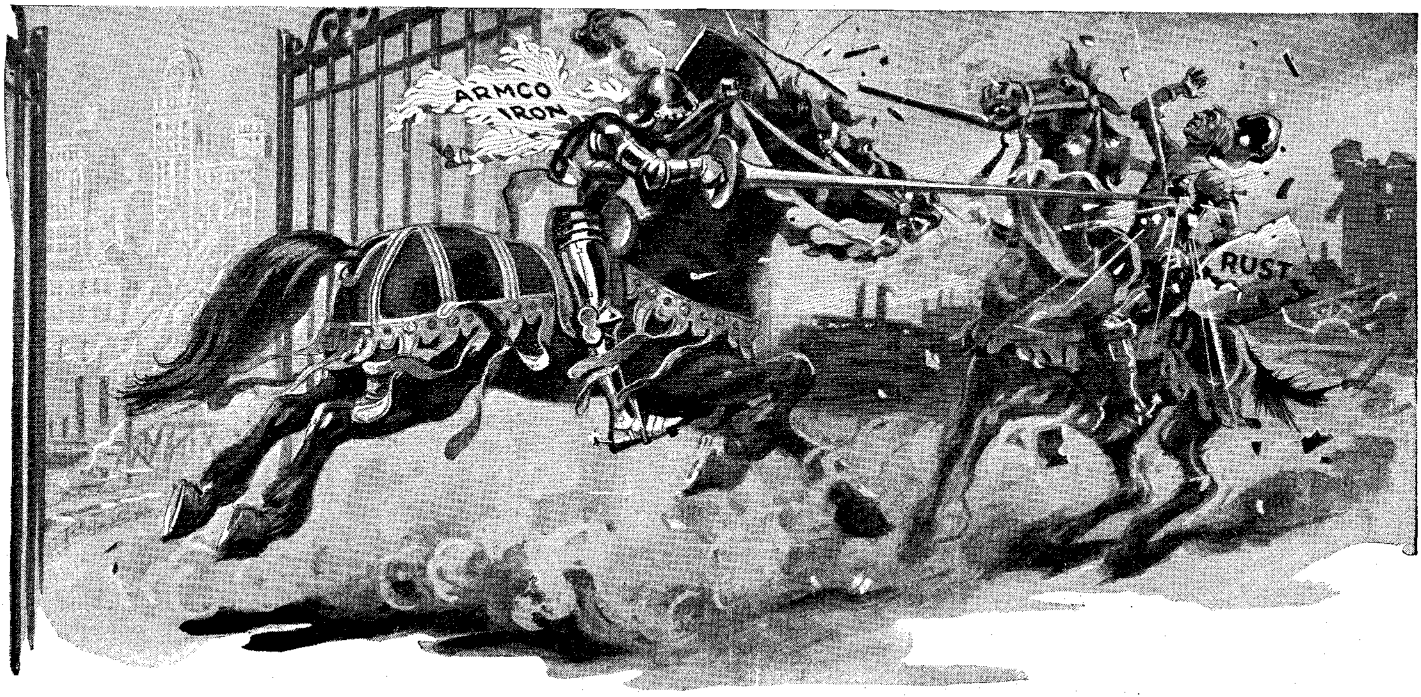

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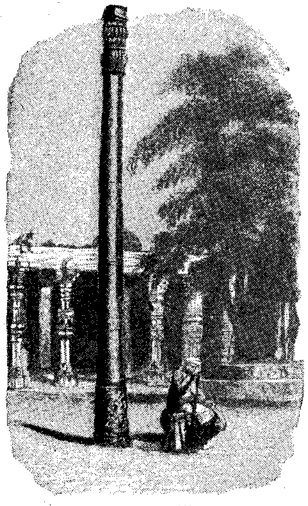
Before King Arthur of the Round Table was old or strong enough to raise a lance above the saddle, the famous iron statue at Delhi was as ancient as civilization itself. Since nearly 1000 years before Christ it withstood successfully the attacks of rust.

Rust long since has destroyed the arms and armor of King Arthur and his knights. But although the statue of Delhi is 2800 years old, it shows little trace of decay. For it is made of pure iron. And pure iron, it seems, resists rust until the end of time.

However, the ages-old example of pure iron at Delhi was largely accidental. It was not until the Armco Iron methods were developed that uniformly pure and therefore uniformly rust-resisting iron could be produced on an economical commercial scale.

Armco Iron is made almost free from impurities, whether in solid form or the form of gas bubbles and pockets. Long and careful annealing makes it uniform and dense in texture. At every stage of manufacture it is rigidly inspected, and entire sheets or plates are rejected at the least sign of imperfection.



The famous iron pillar at Delhi, India, 22 feet high. Erected by the Hindus nearly 1000 years before Christ as a tower of victory. Its remarkable rust resistance is due to the rare purity of the iron—2800 years of weather hardly have affected it. However, the iron was accidentally pure in contrast to Armco Iron, every sheet of which is of guaranteed purity.

ARMCO IRON

Because of its purity and evenness, Armco Iron not only resists rust, but works smoothly, welds perfectly, saves labor cost in manufacture, assures lasting efficiency and economy. In industry it assumes the shape of great dock warehouses, smoke-stacks, metal freight cars, gas-tanks, hydraulic coal-hoists and innumerable other heavy installations. On the farm, silos, grain-bins, water-tanks, hog-houses, culverts, roofing and siding. In the home, water-heaters, stoves, ash and garbage cans, and many other kinds of galvanized, polished and enameled products.

Some typical Armco Iron product manufacturers are The Chattanooga Stamping and Enameling Co. of Chattanooga, Tenn., makers of a remarkable line of porcelain enameled products; The Welded Steel Barrel Corporation of Detroit, gasoline tanks and welded barrels; The General Fireproofing Co., Youngstown, Ohio, makers of Herringbone Rigid Metal Lath, and The Victor Safe and Lock Co., Cincinnati, safes and bank vaults.

Send today for a Free Copy of "Defeating Rust," the story of Armco Iron

The American Rolling Mill Co., Box 910, Middletown, Ohio

Licensed Manufacturers under Patents granted to The International Metal Products Company

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AMERICAN ARMCO INGOT IRON

The trade-mark ARMCO carries the assurance that iron bearing that mark is manufactured by the American Rolling Mill Company with the skill, intelligence and fidelity associated with its products, and hence can be depended upon to possess in the highest degree the merit claimed for it.

ARMCO IRON Resists Rust

your feet get a good purchase with the help of wire netting. As you walk you brush the sides of the trench, and you notice the solidity of the walls. No trench is perfect without revetting or wall-support. The walls are held firm by a variety of materials: plain boards, expanded metal, ordinary wire, boughs of trees, matting, anything which will hold loam and sand against the effects of rain and thunderstorm.

Ten feet from your starting-point you turn to the right; a moment later you turn sharp to the left and are in a continuation of the trench you started on. You have rounded a traverse where the earth juts into the trench like an arrow-head. If Germans were coming down one side of the traverse you could drop behind on the other side and pick them off when they came near enough. The traverse is also an ideal place for bombing, because if an enemy bomb falls on your side of the traverse you have time to slip around the corner and wait for it to explode.

Continue your walk, twisting and turning as the trench-line dictates. There are not many dugouts in the front line, but here and there you see underground lines jutting out toward the enemy trenches.

These saps are very deep, and frequently they are covered over so that you walk in a tunnel. Fifty or a hundred feet out in No Man's Land they come to an end, and there you will find a listening-post, an observation-post, or even an advanced firing-line. As you return you will see the places where the Royal Engineers have worked out their drainage system, carrying off all the water of the wet earth into No Man's Land.

When you get used to the twistings of the front-line trench you will have time to notice details. You will see the arrangement by which warning of a gas-attack is given. You will see the gas-cylinders artfully concealed. Here and there you may see a mound of earth solidly buttressed, and on it a machine gun, so placed that it fires in either of two directions and controls two approach trenches. Or you will stumble into a little recess, and as you grope about in the darkness you will become conscious of a spot of light. Look through the hole which lets that light in and you will see that it covers a goodly section of No Man's Land. It is a sniper's post.

At the School of Military Engineering you can do what you never can do in France. You can climb over the parapet and look at this post from the outside. You can look at it, I say. I don't say that you can see it. The trick which hides it is too good to tell the Germans. Besides, the censor wouldn't let it pass. That is one of the thousand things our boys must learn when they get to Europe.

Travel back now through the communication-trench. You will see that every fifty feet or so the trench seems to run into a blind alley, with a bay-window effect at the end. That is a convenience when two bodies of men have to pass each other in the trenches. The recesses are also useful when Germans are coming down the trenches, because you can hide in the deep recesses and hold your rifle trained on the trench. It is a very desirable place.

The writer then takes the reader to the base-line, where the sappers' work is even more important. Here you find dugouts at three different levels underground, with twisting tunnels, double exits, concealed doors, traps, and tricks. You also see bombing pits and machine-gun emplacements, snipers' posts, hidden trench-mortars, as well as a light, hand-power railway to bring up food and munitions. Continuing, *The Sun* says:

Here you are certain to have a strong point.

The strong point is the concentrated development of the trench system, the sappers' pride. By definition a strong point is a section of trench which can be held against an enemy's attack without reference to the fate of any other section of the same trench system. It is really a young fortress. But the definition doesn't begin to tell what a strong point may be. I can not describe it in too much detail because it is just as well that the Germans should find out these little things for themselves. But, generally speaking, a strong point will have:

(1) A center. This will usually be a circular position supplied with snipers' posts and machine-gun emplacements. Both of these will control all the approaches to the center. There may be a long straight trench on one side and a series of zigzags on the other. The guns are so placed that virtually every foot of ground can be covered by fire

(2) Traps.

(3) Dugouts. For extra men, waiting to take their turn at the work of holding the strong point and for men arriving by the

(4) Communications. Strong points will be dotted over the trench system in a rough circle. At the center will be the keep; the whole will be known as a labyrinth. The strong points communicate with one another and with the central point, and the whole thing is so arranged that, altho each strong point can count on all the others for support, any one can be held when the others have fallen.

(5) Bombing pits, munition-dumps, camouflage (for deceiving aviators), supplies of flares, signals, etc.

(6) A telephone system, possibly a field-wireless, a supply of explosives for mining and sapping, a first-aid post, and probably some sort of kitchen. These adjuncts will usually be found on the second and third levels down. The first level will be for the dugouts.

The trench of to-day has very little in common with the shallow ditches of the first few months of the war. Every adaptation has one thing in view—to make the trench a perfect fighting instrument. The soldier fights with his musket and Mills bomb and bayonet; the sapper fights with earth and bastions and arrangements of trenches. Every twist and curve in the trench-line means so many lives saved; every trick means so many Germans held at bay or wiped out.

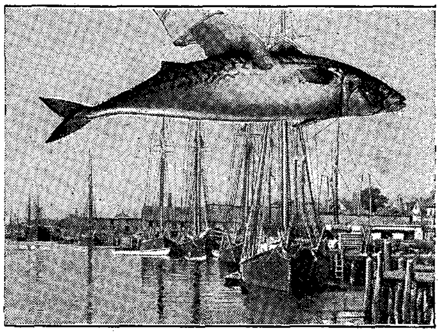
The sappers' work does not end when he has constructed a trench system. He still has on hand the arduous and delicate business of mining and sapping.

He has to start from a point in his own lines which can not be spotted by German aviators and to run a shaft deep into the ground. Then he must begin to creep forward, foot by foot, shoveling and

Salt Mackerel

CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

RIGHT FROM THE FISHING BOATS TO YOU



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We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT,** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

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FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS.** They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

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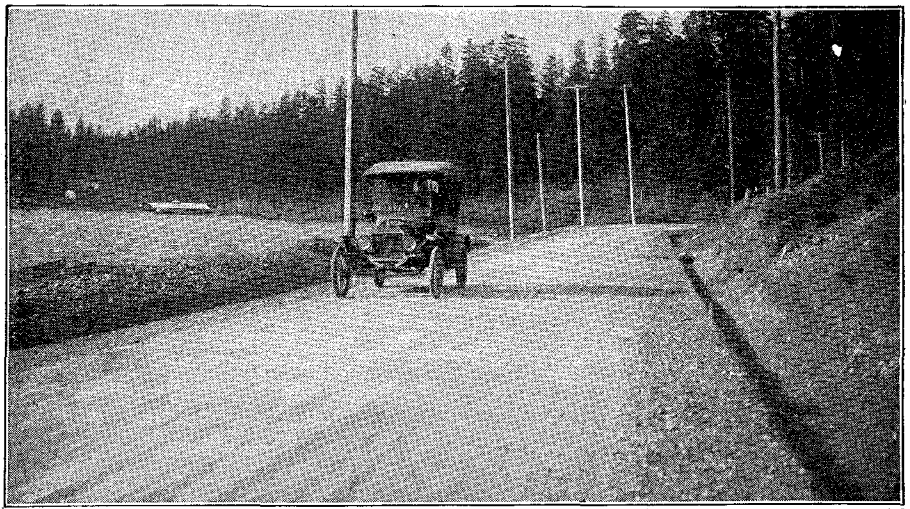

Concrete Highway Bordering Silver Lake, Snohomish County, Washington
W. C. Bickford, County Engineer

140 Miles of Concrete Highway in a Single County

The county is Snohomish, Washington. The money was raised by a good roads bond issue. In 1916, 42 miles of concrete roads were completed. This year, 60 miles are building. The remainder of the mileage will be constructed in 1918. Then the county will have a connected system of hard, durable concrete roads built to carry the heaviest kind of traffic. It will save an annual expenditure for repairs amounting to many thousands of dollars.

For a number of years Snohomish County has spent $350,000 annually on roads and bridges. Sixty per cent of this went for upkeep of roads alone—a waste which the people determined to stop. Concrete is now doing away with waste as fast as the mileage can be constructed.

The example of Snohomish County is well worth study by other communities contemplating road improvements. It built roads of solid concrete and laid them out in a connected system to provide county-wide service and eliminated expensive upkeep.

CONCRETE ROADS:
THEIR ADVANTAGES
No Mud—No Dust
No Ruts—No Holes
No Slipping
No Skidding
Easy Hauling
Smooth Riding
Long Life—Safety
Always Ready for Use
Low Maintenance
Moderate Cost

Detailed information about this and other systematic road undertakings will be furnished on request; also, information about cost of building and maintaining concrete roads. Write for Bulletin No. 136. Take this question up with *your* road authorities.

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CONCRETE FOR PERMANENCE

scraping his way, working in silence, working night and day, working and listening all the time for the sap which the Germans may be building under him.

He has got to go on until he has placed his explosive at the fringe of the German trench, and if at the last moment his careful ear catches the faintest sound of a German sapper working beneath him he has to retreat, dig round and under, and place his explosive charge still lower down, under the German counter-mine.

The engineers are not limited to sappers' work, however. The training of the Royal Engineers' Signal Service is different. They have charge of the telephone-lines that cover northern France, and the writer in *The Sun* cites this incident as illustrating the wonderful completeness of the system:

> A company commander was lying out in No Man's Land on a scouting expedition. He had his field-telephone with him, and when he picked it up to talk to his headquarters something went wrong, so that his line was connected with the chief central's office. Immediately he heard a voice say, "What number were you calling?"
>
> He was so startled that he gave his own telephone number in London. Two minutes later he heard his wife's voice amid the roar of the German guns.

GARFIELD, COAL-CONTROLLER

LIKE Herbert C. Hoover, who raised a large crop of impersonal enemies in serving the interests of the whole people, so Harry A. Garfield, Uncle Sam's Coal-Administrator, has deliberately antagonized a large number of persons—and also all for the common weal. Garfield started by accepting the chairmanship of the wheat price-fixing board, which promptly brought him under the baleful gaze of the profiteer. He has since accepted the job of coal-controller and thereby raised up another enemy phalanx. But Garfield cares neither for baleful gazes nor active opposition, and goes quietly and determinedly about his task. A writer in the Philadelphia *Press* says of him:

> It goes without saying that Garfield has accepted a difficult job. The coal-operators of the United States are a powerful lot. They are represented strongly among the great financiers of the nation and usually they have been able to have their way about anything they chose. It was no less a person than the dictatorial Theodore Roosevelt who, when he was President, had to appeal to the senior J. Pierpont Morgan to obtain settlement of a coal strike that worried his Administration. Now comes a college president to dictate matters dealing with the financial life and death of the same coal barons, controlling the same financial influences, and as hard to manage now as they were in Roosevelt's Administration.
>
> It is highly necessary to show how hard a job Harry A. Garfield is up against and then to make the flat statement he will make good on the job to give the average reader a fair idea of the kind of man that Garfield is. He has all the elements to

make him a successful dictator. He is firm, tactful, and determined. He knows how to use diplomacy and he can be tyrannical if he chooses. He is a keen student and a good judge of men. He will know what he is doing whenever he acts, and when he orders the coal barons to do a thing they had better do it, for he has the power to force them, and he is going to use it.

That is the kind of man Harry A. Garfield is. There is no brash or buncombe about him. He is a man, every inch of him, and a better man for the job could not have been chosen. In these days, when Washington attracts the brains of the nation, attracts men who give up great salaries and great incomes to serve the country, it takes a pretty big figure to stand out prominently. Mr. Garfield does just that very thing. Of all the big men in Washington he stands out most prominently, possibly because of his job to some extent, but he would stand out anyway, anywhere, and at any time.

The first thing that impresses one about Garfield is that he is physically fit. He is the kind of man who walks several miles early every morning and then takes a cold plunge and a little more exercise before breakfast. He comes down to work fresh as a daisy and ready to tackle anything. He stays on the job for long hours at a stretch and never seems to tire. While his subordinates are taking time out every little while, he is plugging away just as hard as if the work he happens to be doing is his daily recreation.

Square-jawed and square-shouldered, Garfield looks to be the kind of man who could take care of himself anywhere and under any conditions. He is the ideal American, as far as physical appearances go, there always being the suggestion of great power behind those thick shoulders and the broad chest of his. He has eyes that seem to look through you, that sparkle with vigor and seem to belie any attempt to fool him. He gives the impression that he is following every trend of your thought and arrives at your conclusions as quickly as you arrive at them yourself.

Harry A. Garfield is fifty-four years old, but he does not look it. For the better part of his life he has applied himself vigorously to the job of educating other people and in the meantime he has done a good job of educating himself. Altho he was trained as a lawyer, he did not follow the profession for a long time, the profession of teaching apparently having greater attractions for him.

On being graduated from Williams College in 1885, he went to St. Paul's School, at Concord, N. H., where he taught Latin and Roman. From Concord, Mr. Garfield moved to Cleveland, Ohio, and opened up a law office as a member of the firm of Garfield & Howe. Almost immediately he became professor of contracts at the Western Reserve University, at Cleveland.

In 1903 Garfield went to Princeton University to become professor of politics and he remained there under the administration of Woodrow Wilson for five years. It was during this time that the President formed his acquaintance with Garfield, that caused him to name the former President's son for the job that is destined to be the most ticklish ever dispensed by the President.

It is said, on apparently good authority, that when Garfield left to become

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Write for our booklet, "Zinc in Paint." It contains information that will enable you to get the most for your paint money.

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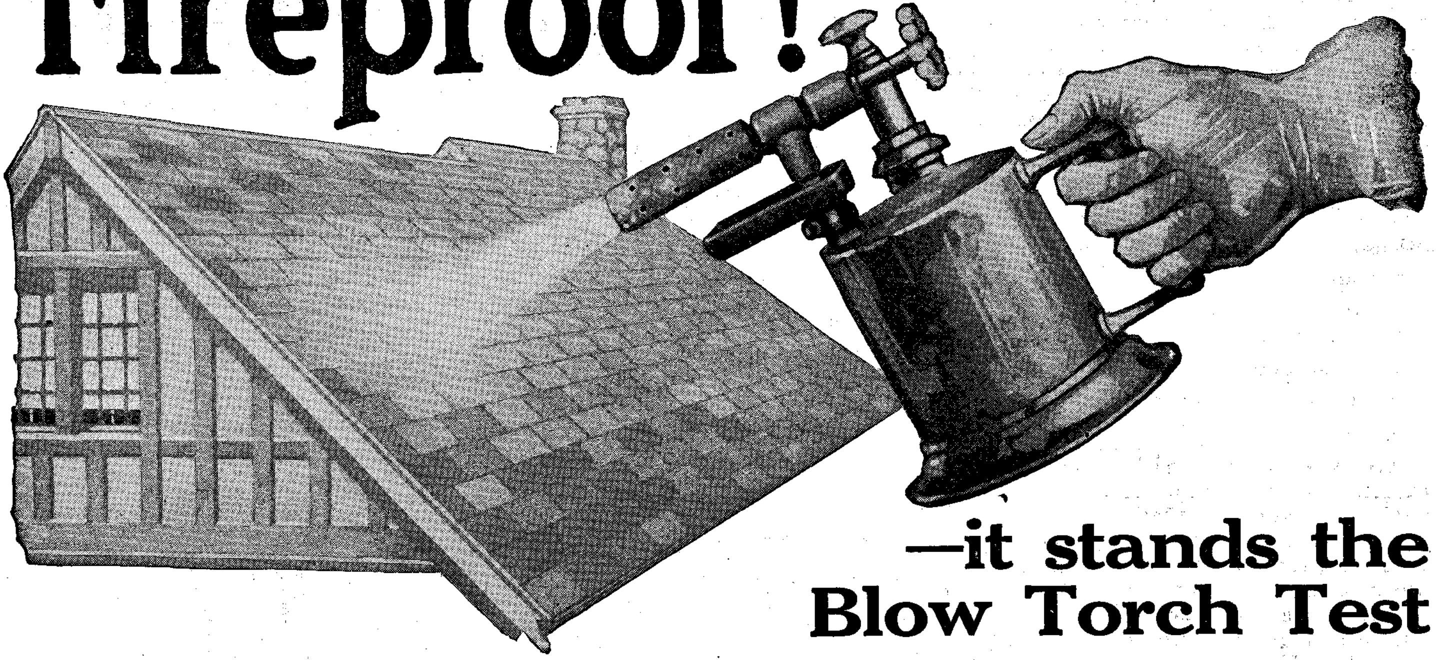
Fireproof!



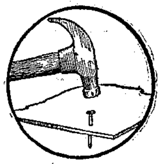
—it stands the Blow Torch Test

Absolutely fireproof: Absolutely permanent: No possibility of cracking or breaking: No repairs: No depreciation

Five Distinctive Features

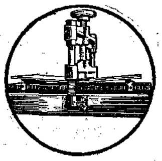
Lastbestos Roof Tile, in addition to being absolutely fireproof and permanent, embodies a number of distinctive features which make it greatly superior to every known refractory roofing material.

Won't Crack nor Split



Because of the extreme toughness and non-brittle characteristics of Lastbestos you can drive nails through it without the sign of a crack or a split. The nail goes through clean and firm, the cohesive character of the material causing it to cling tightly in place.

Elasticity



While Lastbestos is absolutely firm and unusually strong, it has sufficient elasticity to permit bending under pressure, and in this respect it might be compared to an exceptionally hard slab of rubber. This is most important in the winter time, when moisture is likely to collect underneath and freeze. The expansion caused by freezing has no ill effect on Lastbestos, since its resilience causes it to go back in place.

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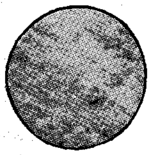

This small photographic section of Lastbestos (magnified 80 times) shows the perfectly homogeneous and cohesive character of the material after being welded together by tons of pressure by our special machinery. This density and absolute solidity is positive insurance against scaling, checking, peeling, or general disintegration.

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Being lighter in weight than any other refractory roofing, Lastbestos effects considerable economy in the roof framing. This means much both to the builder and the owner. It means both construction economy and also a considerable saving in freight.

Non-Conductor

Lastbestos has a very low conductivity of heat or cold. This is an especially important point in residence construction, as the rooms directly under the roof will be much warmer in winter and much cooler in summer where Lastbestos Roof Tile is used.

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Millions and millions of dollars would have been saved to America if Lastbestos Roof Tile had been adopted only ten years ago. Millions of dollars will be saved in the next ten years. Never again will such unnecessary waste be tolerated by America.

Fires spread from roof to roof. Inflammable roofing of every description is responsible for so many conflagrations that its use is forbidden in many localities. A fireproof roof is like armor to any building, protecting it against its worst enemy.

How about the roof on your home—your garage, barn, store? Will it stand the *Blow Torch Test?* This is the test which definitely and scientifically determines whether a roofing is absolutely fireproof.

Lastbestos Roof Tiles are compounded of two of nature's most permanent substances—asbestos and Portland Cement, united under tons of pressure into a perfect union. They represent years of experiment and the expenditure of hundreds of thousands of dollars by the Trus-Con Laboratories, probably the foremost concern of its kind in the world.

A Lastbestos roof is built *once for all.* It *never* burns. Frost cannot crack it. It *never* needs painting. It cannot rust nor decay. Of course it cannot leak.

Don't build or rebuild a roof without investigating Lastbestos Roof Tile. Just a line will bring you full particulars—information that will surely save you money and may save many lives. Decide now. Write at once.

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES

336 Trus-Con Building **Detroit, Michigan**

Lastbestos Roof Tile

THE TRUS-CON LABORATORIES

President of Williams College one of the strongest indorsements he carried was that of Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University. Since Garfield has been President of Williams College, he has had opportunity to renew his acquaintance with President Wilson through the President's son-in-law, Francis Bowes Sayre, whom the President has visited several times.

Mr. Garfield may not have the intimate knowledge of the coal industry enjoyed by some coal-operators, nor the familiarity with economics commanded by professors of that subject, but he has had some training in both lines, being at one time the counsel for some coal-producing interests, while necessarily his scholastic career has had more or less to do with the question of economics. The writer in *The Press* says:

> Altho without those specific qualifications that the President might have sought in a coal-dictator, Garfield is possest of some general qualifications that make him the right man for the job. Not having been intimately associated with the coal-operators, Garfield has no especial reason to be prejudiced in favor of the coal interests. Having been an administrator practically all his life, and having devoted most of his study to the subject of administration, he has the one qualification most sought by the President.
>
> In other words, Garfield will act as coal-administrator. Just as his good friend Herbert Hoover frowns on the title of food-dictator, Garfield frowns on the title of coal-dictator bestowed on him by the press. He likes rather to be called coal-administrator, for that is his job as he sees it. There will be no problems of dictating to the coal interests, but there will be large problems of administering the coal industry of the United States to the benefit of all concerned, according to Garfield's belief.
>
> And in that he appears to be right. There are hundreds and hundreds of brainy specialists in Washington who can delve into the technical end of the coal industry. Name any subject extant and there is a specialist in Washington who can tell you more than any book contains on the subject. All these brains are at the disposal of Mr. Garfield. He can have his choice of the best men in Washington. But they can not administer. They can not take an industry the business of which runs into the hundreds of millions every year, and decide problems of life and death relating to that industry. It takes a man with a head for big things to do that. Garfield seems to be the man for the place.
>
> Walking and tennis are Garfield's favorite exercises. He likes to do both. Golf is a little slow for him and he has never been initiated into the mysteries of horseback riding. When walking, he sets a fast pace for the men alongside and at tennis he is a worthy competitor for any average good tennis-player, despite his years.
>
> Garfield seldom smokes, altho he enjoys an occasional after-dinner cigar. Tobacco smoke, he thinks, clouds one's brain when he is at work, and besides he hasn't time to smoke. His favorite brand of cigar is one without much "kick," the milder the better. Cigarets he detests, probably from long association with college professors who teach that cigarets are to be avoided at all times.
>
> Garfield's biggest job is before him yet. Altho the President has undertaken to set coal-prices at various places, there is every indication that the mere act of setting these prices has not served to carry them into effect. Indeed, the setting of prices has been the easiest thing to do. The enforcement of these prices is another thing. That is why Garfield is there. He was appointed because the President believes in him. There is nothing in it for Garfield. He is bound to make enemies, and so he can not benefit politically. There is no salary in it for him, so he can not get rich. He accepted the job when the President conscripted him and he has set out to do the job right.
>
> He will do it right. Garfield possesses every qualification needed, chief among which is the courage that sticks out all over him. He will need that, and plenty of it, before he gets through with his job, for if any man ever had a real task in front of him, Harry A. Garfield is that man.

CAMOUFLAGE

QUICK to adopt any word or phrase that is expressive and tells much in little, Americans have taken "camouflage" to their hearts. John Spargo, who is out of touch with the Socialist party, snapt it at his hearers at their recent peace council when he told them that their real purpose was concealed by the camouflage of democracy.

The American Army is to have a camouflage unit, and the chief of the Engineers has issued a call for "ingenious young men who are looking for special entertainment in the way of fooling the Germans." Following is a very satisfactory definition of the word:

> HUMBUGGING DISGUISE. Its main principle is the destruction of outline by paint or other artifice. See camoufle; camoufleur.

Stript of all verbal camouflage, perhaps the good old American words "faking" and "faker"—even if they did have an Oriental origin—best describe the spirit of the adjunct to the modern machine of Mars.

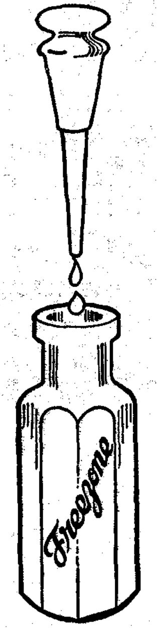
Our new army division will devote itself to devising means to deceive the enemy—particularly aviators—"wherever a machine gun is set up, or a trench taken and reversed, a new road opened, or a new bridge built." Sheet-metal workers, sign- and scene-painters, carpenters, cabinet-makers, stage carpenters, property-men, and photographers are among the trades that can furnish useful members of the new corps, the War Department announces.

British fighters at first evinced a strong dislike for such methods, and proved quite inept, so much so, in fact, that H. G. Wells, the novelist, complained:

> The principle of breaking the outline does not seem to be fully grasped upon the British front. Much of the painting of guns and tents that one sees is a feeble and useless dabbing or striping; some of the tents I saw were done in concentric bands of radiating stripes that would on the whole increase their visibility from above. In one place I saw a hangar

Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns or calluses so they peel off



Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of Freezone on your dresser and never let a corn ache twice.

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You cannot begin wearing *Herman's* too soon. Get a pair now to condition your feet for the long hikes.

Don't suffer the agony of sore feet.

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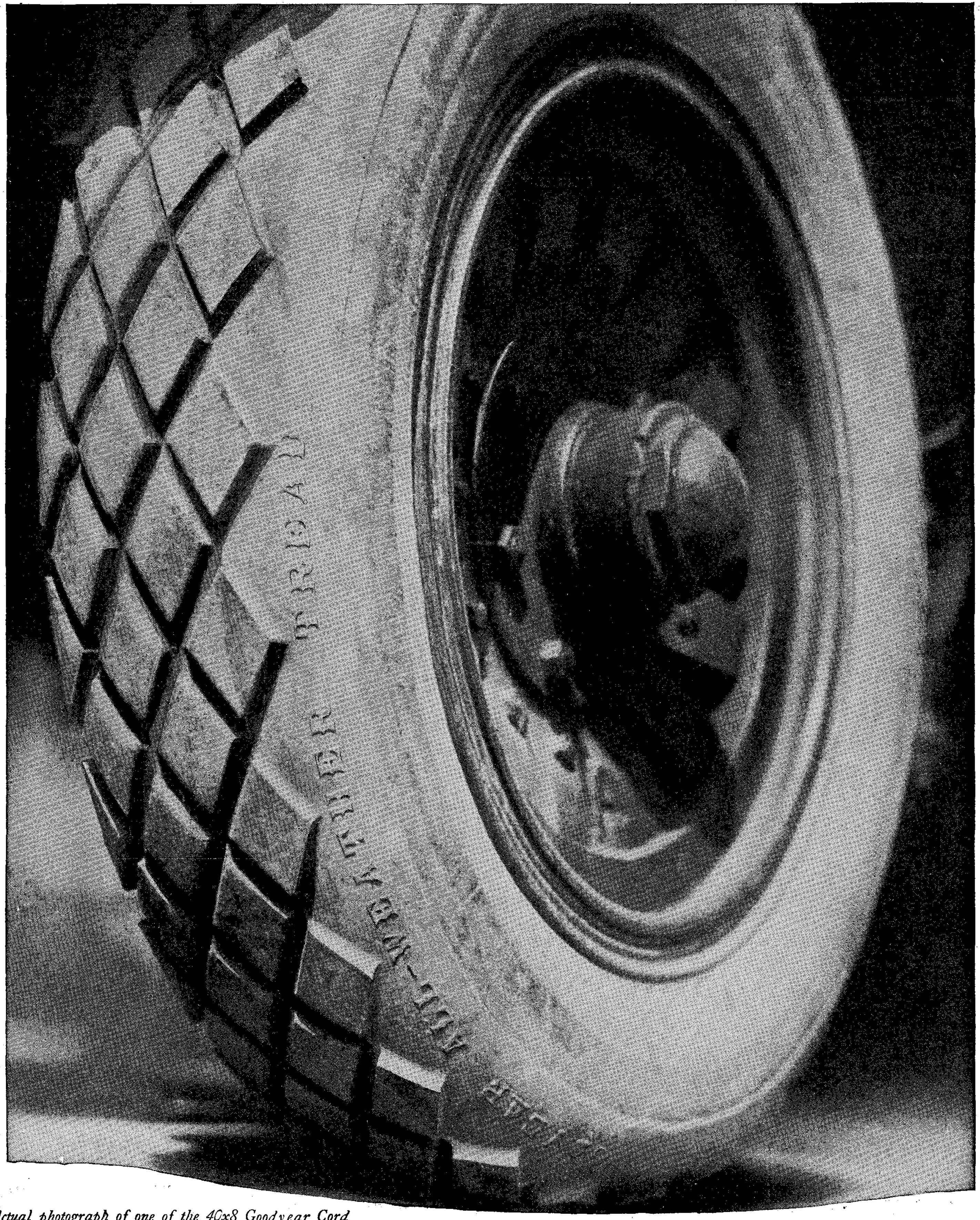

Actual photograph of one of the 40x8 Goodyear Cord Tires now in truck service for the Chicago Surface Lines.

Copyright 1917, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.

GOODYEAR
AKRON

The Ultimate Truck Tire

An herculean pneumatic—so able, strong and prodigiously useful that we deem it the most important contribution to self-contained transportation since the adoption of rubber as a carrier.

GOODYEAR offers America in this new Cord Tire for Motor Trucks what it believes will be the greatest accelerator to motor transportation yet devised.

It prophesies that this powerful and agile carrier will endow the motor trucks of the country with a range, speed and variety of employment such as even their builders had not dreamed.

It sees in this tire's vast capacity and elephantine proportions the bulky shoulders of a new and invaluable servant to interior commerce.

It puts it forth as the latest product of Goodyear enterprise in the conviction that it answers an imperative need of this future-working nation.

* * *

In the motor truck as in the railroad train, the steamship or the airplane, the great need is speed.

Yet speed in the motor truck necessarily has been sacrificed under the handicap of that arch-enemy to endurance, vibration.

Such vibration primarily is caused by imperfect cushioning between the vehicle and the road.

We know with the certainty of long and intensive experience that the only element affording perfect cushioning is air.

This Goodyear Cord Tire for Motor Trucks, being pneumatic, is the self-powered transport's seven-league boots.

It strips from the motor truck every hindrance to full efficiency, and converts it from a short-haul vehicle into a high-speed long-distance traveler.

It does so while magnifying gasoline and oil mileages beyond all previous experience, and cutting depreciation to the minimum.

It does so while affording extreme comfort to the driver, and the utmost protection to the load.

We do not market these Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks as an experiment—they are the result of a fifteen year development.

They are the matured expression of an old Goodyear idea, brought to final success *only through the perfection of the Goodyear type of cord construction.*

Right now, they are being used to signal advantage on busy trucks in more than 200 cities in this country.

A five-ton transport regularly plying over a 1500 mile round-trip cross-country circuit, is beating the one-way express service repeatedly, by a full day.

In interurban and passenger service, in the delivery of foodstuffs or of fragile wares, for all manner of safe-conduct rapid-transit—Goodyear Cord Tires for Motor Trucks are delivering superlative service, and delivering it now.

And in all such usage, by a speed, endurance and economy previously unequaled in any such carrier, they fast are proving themselves the ultimate truck tire.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Akron, Ohio

CORD TIRES

painted a good gray green, but surrounded and outlined with tents. . . . My impression—and it may be quite an unjust one—was that some of our British colonels misunderstand and dislike camouflage.

Of the operation of camouflage and the many methods in which it is employed, the New York *World* says:

Abbott H. Thayer, the well-known academician, was the first individual ever to take up the art of concealment, when he began the study of the protective coloring, of animals twenty-five years ago. He noted that such beasts as the zebra and okapi were merged in the landscape at a few yards distance; and he evolved the principle that the breaking of outline was the destruction of visibility.

Little was thought of camouflage at the onset of the present big conflict. There were the officers' white-kid gloves—fatal targets for German snipers—and waving plumes; the burnished cuirass and the pennoned lance. Then the two contending lines dug themselves in and locked horns. Concealment became all important—concealment from the aero with the eagle eye; from the artillery observation-station, binocular-eyed; from the practised glance of the sharpshooter and the keen vision of the patrols. Artists in the ranks busied themselves; a new branch of the art military was born—camouflage.

To-day it is highly developed. There are two branches, invisibility and imitation. A supply-train may look like a row of cottages; that is imitation. A screen tops a great gun so that the green of the screen blends with the grass of the meadow; that is invisibility.

There is a third offshoot—the art of making compelling replicas of camps, guns, piles of supplies, trenches, ammunition depots, and the like, which are not *bona-fide* at all, but the aero man thinks they are, and wastes his bombs and energy attacking nothing worth while.

Such is the great game of hocus-pocus. The French, grasping the idea of the zebra's stripes and the leopard's spots, paint their tents in map-like shapes of strong green and bright yellow. At short distances the objects so painted are completely swallowed up in the landscape. Other things are concealed with chicken-wire screens woven with reeds.

Some great feats of camouflage have been pulled off in the past few months by the clever French *poilu* camoufleurs. At one time the German positions commanded a railway track far into the distance behind the French lines. That whole track, signals, rails, and ties, and the trees that fenced in the line and the hills on the horizon, were all painted on a wide screen and set up in the night across a village street which was needed. The enemy never found out the trick.

There will be a lot more achieved in France when the American camouflage gets busy. The American Army and all its equipment are to be blotted out, not by German gun-fire, but by paint and chicken-wire!

Camouflage is not confined to land campaigns. It is also practised on the high seas, where at first thought it would not appear that nature offered any characteristics that could be duplicated by the art of man. And yet the mind of the camoufleur is active there, particularly on the German *U*-boats. The Philadelphia *Press* tells how sails and life-boats are used to lure the prey:

A favorite ruse of the German *U*-boats is to make use of neutral vessels as screens in order to get unsuspecting prey within ready torpedo range. Time and again reports have told of nefarious acts of this kind, when merchantmen have suddenly found themselves confronted by a big *U*-boat emerging from behind a neutral ship, the latter being forced to aid the Germans in their work. At other times the *U*-boats have sought to hide behind sinking vessels which had sent out calls of distress, coming out to shell or torpedo other ships arriving on the scene to rescue the survivors.

Somewhat on a higher plane, as far as ingenuity is concerned, is the method employed by a *U*-boat several weeks ago. An American steamer reaching a British port reported having come across a row-boat which served as a decoy for a lurking submarine. It appears that the American vessel was zigzagging along at eighteen knots, some ninety miles off the Irish coast. It was a trifle after eight o'clock, and because of the bright moonlight every object could readily be seen. Suddenly, the lookout man in the crow's nest at the foretopmast head called out that a boat was in sight, four points away on the starboard bow.

The captain and his officers on the bridge looked through their glasses and made out a light object which proved to be a ship's life-boat of an extra large size, bobbing up and down on the waves. The liner soon overhauled the boat only to learn that there were no occupants. Just then, when the liner was some six hundred yards away the crew of the six-inch gun aft saw a torpedo pass from port to starboard within five feet of the rudder. Immediately the captain swung the liner hard over to starboard, and at the same time the gunners aft fired a shot at the submarine which could then be seen afloat on the port quarter, about 550 yards away. Shots were fired from both guns of the liner, and some of the shells fell close to the *U*-boat with questionable results. At any rate, the liner succeeded in escaping from this ambush.

Using their wireless masts as supports for sails, German *U*-boats have on occasion disguised themselves as harmless sailing-vessels, luring freighters to their doom. It is said that the sails are so cleverly arranged that the victim comes within shell range long before the true nature of the strange craft is discovered.

There are so many ways in which the periscope can be camouflaged that it is safe to say that many a harmless-looking flask, a piece of driftwood, or a mass of débris serves as a covering for the "eye" of a submarine lying in wait for victims. This, together with the fact that periscopes of a telescopic design are being used, is making it increasingly difficult to detect the presence of *U*-boats merely by their periscopes.

So far so good. But marine camouflage is a game at which two can play; and this is one thing in which the Allies and ourselves have not been slow in copying the enemy's methods and even improving on them. While the subsea craft lends itself to disguise more readily and more effectively than the larger surface craft, much can be done with the latter in the way of making superstructures less conspicuous and being liberal—and skilled—with paints of various shades and hues.

At present the camouflaging of steamers has advanced little beyond the deceptive coat-of-paint stage, but even this is said to be most effective. Of the many methods either tried out or suggested, two are most promising, namely, the Brush system and the Mackay system. In the former the camouflage artist paints out all shadows and softens or destroys all outlines, and the entire superstructure is painted a sky-blue or some other color which blends with the horizon. In this manner, if the work is carried out with consummate skill and patience, the vessel is indistinct even a short distance away, especially if the submarine commander is making his observations through a periscope. In the latter or Mackay system the camouflage takes the form of a leopard-spot design, so that all outlines are broken up by the blotchy coat of paint, and parts of the vessel are even painted with wavy lines so as to match with the surrounding water.

Clever feats of camouflage enable vessels to appear much shorter than they are, tending to deceive the *U*-boat marksman to a greater or lesser degree. In the same class is the painting of the fake bow waves which give the vessel the appearance of traveling along at a high rate of speed when it may be considerably slowed down. Particularly is the latter scheme invaluable when the *U*-boat commander, estimating the intended victim's speed, is fooled into believing that she is a fast boat; for when the torpedo is fired it is very likely to pass considerably in front of the lumbering steamer.

PRIESTS FIGHTING IN THE TRENCHES

IN France more than 25,000 priests and Church students are fighting in the trenches, when they are not ministering to their dying companions-in-arms. They are serving as common soldiers with knapsack and rifle, and their presence heartens the *poilus* when they go over the top.

"They are not chaplains," says Sterling Heilig, in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*. "They are simple soldiers by universal military-service law, without choice, in the name of equality. They look like soldiers, they are soldiers; but—a form crawls among the wounded on the battle-field at dusk and murmurs: 'I am a priest. Receive absolution. Be at peace.'"

The writer believes that much of the heroic courage that has been displayed by the French soldiers may be traced to the fact that fighting side by side with them are these men of the Church. He says:

Men feel differently about these matters, in war. A young missionary called back to the Army from Pamiers recently thus put it in a letter to my next-door neighbors:

"You heard that I had been appointed adjutant officer to the colonel?" he said. "As such, inevitably, I would have no freedom. Well, the officers themselves went to the colonel. 'The *abbé* belongs to us,' they said. 'We want him to be with

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No Dark Roadsides
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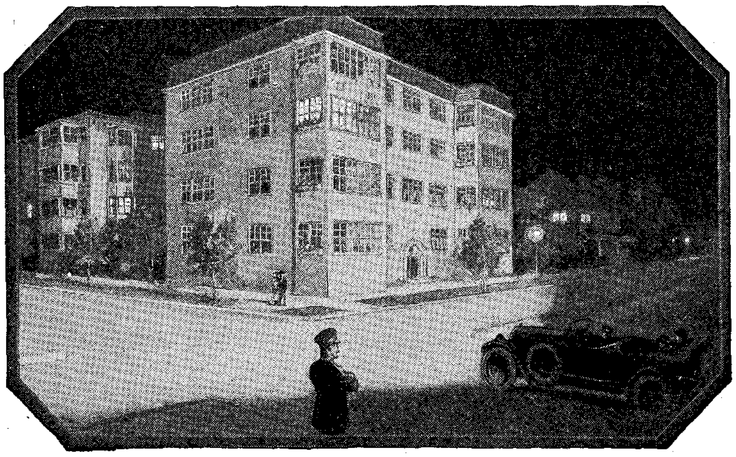
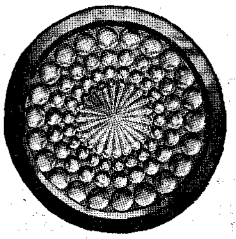
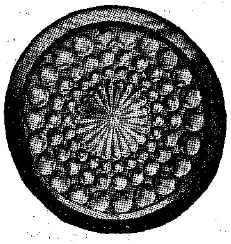


WARNER-LENZ





Those Headlight Laws

How Will You Comply?

No-glare laws are more than local now. These twenty-two States have lately passed laws to forbid offensive headlights:

California
Connecticut
Delaware
District of Columbia
Indiana
Illinois
Iowa
Kansas
Maine
Maryland
Missouri
Massachusetts
Michigan
Nebraska
North Carolina
North Dakota
New Jersey
New York
Ohio
South Dakota
Texas
Washington

And hundreds of cities outside of these States.

So millions of motorists find their old-type lights illegal, unless modified in some way.

A year ago most no-glare laws applied only to city streets. Those streets were lighted, so dimmers could be used. But now country roads are included, as you know they should be. And there the dimmed light is impossible.

What the Laws Forbid

These laws forbid a blinding glare. At the same time, most require adequate light, reaching far enough ahead. And that precludes the dimmer.

If there are dazzling rays, they must not reach above a certain height.

These things are compulsory. But there are other things important for the motorist to consider.

Lenses More Than Legal

The Warner-Lenz is legal under every law. There are no blinding rays—no direct rays. So the light needs no confinement.

It lights the road like daylight, from 300 to 500 feet ahead—beyond the law's requirements. But it also lights the roadsides, near and far. It lights the turns. Your entire field of vision is made clear.

Level roads and hilly, straight and winding, are the same to Warner-Lenz.

The light is the same in any car position. It lights the car upgrades and the downgrades. Rise and fall of the car does not affect it. And the widespread light floods all the turns and windings.

Nor is Warner-Lenz light affected by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. That is vitally important, for lenses will turn, you know. The Warner-Lenz is not based on level or downward rays. It is based on light diffusion over a fan-shaped area. There are 176 lenses in one.

A Vital Point

Warner-Lenz light is not affected by rise and fall of the car. Nor by turning of the lens in the lamp-rim. In any position the results are identical. That is one essential.

The Accepted Lens

The Warner-Lenz is now used on over 800,000 cars. Under these new laws, over 125,000 cars a month are changing to Warner-Lenz.

Nineteen famous car makers—to comply with all laws—have adopted the Warner-Lenz.

Thus the Warner-Lenz is the choice of many great engineers, who have made every sort of comparison.

Whatever your local laws, change to the Warner-Lenz now. The cost is a trifle, the change is made in a moment. One hour of night driving will amply repay you.

See your dealer or write to us. To avoid mistake, look for the name Warner-Lenz on the edge.

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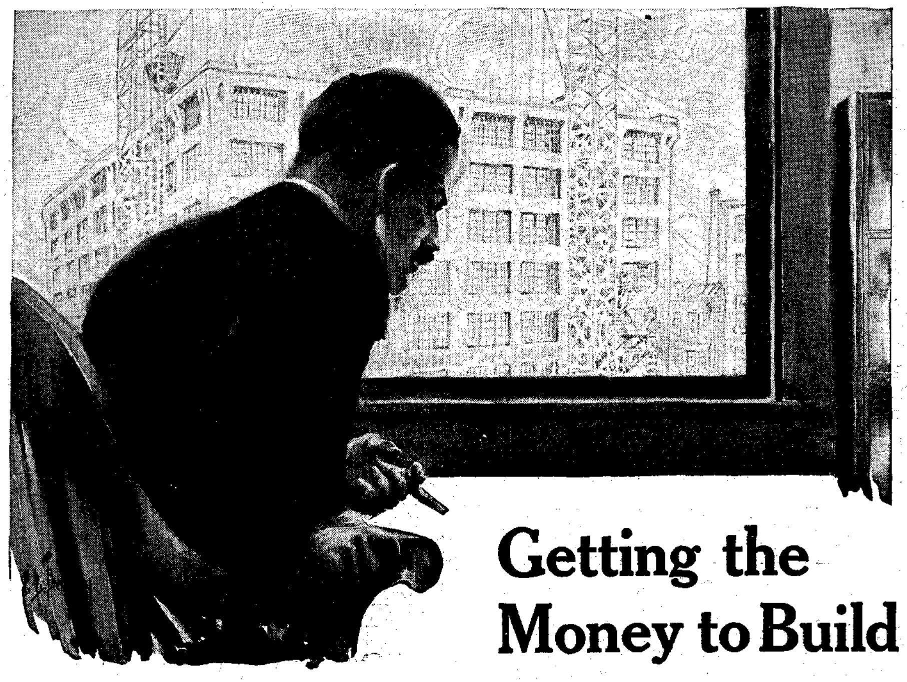
Prices of Warner-Lenz

Diameter in Inches	Per Pair
5 to 9	$3.50
9¼ to 10⅛	4.00
10¼ to 12	5.00

West of Rockies, 25c per pair extra

PLEASE NOTE—If your dealer hasn't them and will not get them for you, write us and give name and model of your car.



Getting the Money to Build

This man is worried. A fast growing business threatens to crowd him out of his present quarters. Yet much as he needs to build, the question of construction finances is a big and perplexing problem. He's convinced that reinforced concrete is best for his purpose, but it would be a big load off his mind to know that Ferro Concrete Buildings are sometimes Ferro-Financed. If his fix is your fix, we suggest you write for the booklet mentioned below.

Getting the money to swing a new building project is not always so impossible as it seems.

A number of our clients have benefited by our financial resources as well as our engineering knowledge and practical experience. Financing is simply one phase that may enter the construction of a

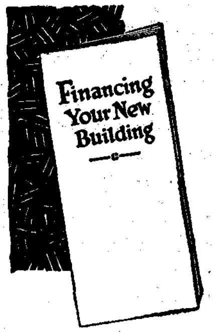
FERRO CONCRETE BUILDING

From this, it must not be supposed that all Ferro-Built structures are Ferro-Financed, or that we attach undue significance to the financial accommodations we are able to extend.

Rather, we regard our willingness to invest in buildings of our own construction simply as good evidence of our confidence in the class of work we do.

Ferro clients who avail themselves of this service regard the convenience merely as a means to the attainment of the finest type of concrete building money can buy or modern engineering devise.

On request, we will gladly send you a new pamphlet entitled "Financing Your New Building" that briefly and interestingly describes how we have helped others solve this selfsame perplexing problem. Address Dept. B.



Sent on Request

The
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CINCINNATI, OHIO

us under fire, to risk our lives gaily in all security, because we know that a priest is beside us, ready at first call.'"

The law, of course, was not passed (in 1906) with any such object, but purely in the name of equality of all citizens; and Deputy Groussau, in Parliament, has disclosed, in this sense, that of 25,000 priests who have been "fighting" 2,500 have been killed; while of 600 Jesuits who returned to France from practical exile to take their places in the Army, 120 have fallen; and so on for Christian Brothers and other suppress communities. So, the result, which is so striking, comes, you might say, unexpectedly. You take a man of God and put a gun into his hand. If he refuses, he is a deserter, and treated as such. Their bishops told them to obey the law of equality. In return, their companions, the *poilus*, began to obey another law—the law of human nature.

In his section, the priest-soldier came to be the soul of the bunch from the start. The chiefs noticed more confidence and "go" in companies where he happened to be. He seemed to centralize the moral force of the men around him, "as if it were an emanation from his person," according to an early report.

"We priests simply can't fear death," says he of Pamiers. "The men see that we have an advantage, and it is contagious."

Quite different from the peace attitude. "I love this life," wrote the Abbé M——, of Neuilly, become sublieutenant, "and I seem, for the first time, to be fully a man!" (The Abbé M—— was killed in September, 1916.)

"Oh, the tightening of the heart before the combat, when you see all those eyes resting on you in mixed fear and friendship, seeming to say: 'We look to you. We know that many of us will be killed.' (He himself fell ten days later.) There is a courageous resignation, without sadness, very beautiful, so that I would not give this short period for all the rest of my life! It is such a joy, in the constant presence of death, to see souls lift themselves, approach God, and to feel, as much as one can feel, that most of those who fell were in a state of grace, raised to the highest moral level which they could attain, united by their humble resignation to the divine sacrifice! I would support the worst of miseries to always feel this thing."

Now you begin to perceive—what came, you might say, almost as a revelation to careless France—the military importance of 20,000 to 30,000 young priests, brothers, etc., amid the troops, drest and armed exactly like themselves and having, legally, but simple soldiers' situation, while retaining in fact (and known to all) their priestly powers and ardor.

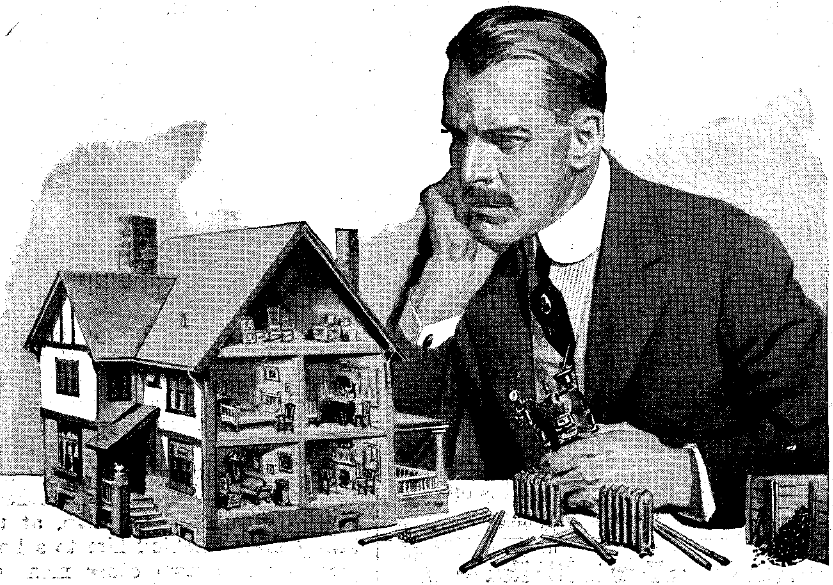
At the Grand Café, the waiter Adolphe came back on a week's *permission* from the front. A changed man, bronzed, trained down, hard, the restaurant fat gone, calm and poised in sober cheer, but thoughtful, straight-eyed, a strong man who knows his worth. He used to be the joker of the Grand Café, and up to every trick. He told quite simply how he won his Cross of War.

"We were eleven in the trench," he said. "All our officers had been killed, except the sergeant, who was a priest. We were waiting for the signal to leap over and charge. The sergeant said: 'Now, boys, you know I am a priest. Say your act of contrition; and I will give you absolution.' So we knelt and did it; and he did it; and we all jumped out together. We went eleven and came back four; and the priest was not among us."

One missionary believes that by his example he helps to banish the fear of death from the minds of the men in battle, and few he declares die without absolution. The writer tells of a confession made in the ranks while the troops were marching to the trenches:

> The boy from Pamiers was marching with his section to the trenches. A soldier, a peasant, edged in and marched beside him, saying: "I would like to take communion to-morrow morning. One never knows what will happen here. Can't I make my confession now?" The priest said: "Go ahead"; they walked together; the man, walking, said his prayers, and then, for his confession, just pronounced three letters—"R. A. S."—which is the telephone and wireless formula in war for "*rien à signaler*," or "nothing particular to report."
>
> "What!" said the priest, "you mean that you've done nothing wrong, have nothing on your conscience?"
>
> "What could I do wrong here?" asked the soldier in return. "I am too dog-tired, marching, grubbing in the earth, and fighting. When I get a time to rest, I sit and think about my wife and kids, home on the farm, or else I sleep. That can't be wrong." The priest said: "No, that can't be wrong," and gave him absolution as they walked.
>
> My next-door neighbor, D——, not noted for piety before the war, told me as his first story how, in the Cathedral of Reims, during the night before the irresistible German advance which preceded their retreat of the Marne, seventy priests in their soldiers' uniforms, stood or sat on the floor, hearing confessions of endless crowds of soldiers, all night long, preparing for battle.
>
> And the latest word of it is found in the blood-stained diary of Madame Carton's grandson, who was not yet out of the seminary during the battle of the Marne, who went front with the class of 1916, still a student for the priesthood (mild, slender, timid youth we all knew well), and was killed on March 3 of this year, two days after this entry:
>
> "Picking up wounded within sixty yards of the German trenches. Blood and groans! How shall we ever have the force to drag them? Mysterious grace of God which surrounds me! The trips are long. In stops, I pull out my crucifix. They want to kiss it. They squeeze my arm with their bloody hands. One boy is murmuring continually 'Mama, mama.' . . . Stupidly, I sobbed along the road. A priest hurried up, the Abbé C——, of Angers. 'You are carrying my brother,' he said. When we stopt in the woods the brothers talked. 'Adieu,' the wounded boy was saying, 'you will tell them . . . ' When he died, the Abbé C—— continued giving absolutions."

Father Py, a priest, while acting as stretcher-bearer in the 152nd Infantry, one of the most famous regiments in the French Army, captured single-handed a company of Germans who had taken refuge in the Dragon's Cave, near the Chemin des Dames. An Associated Press



How Will You Solve the Heating-Comfort Problem?

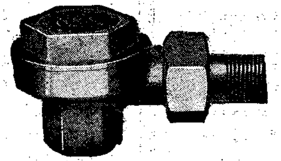
How to have your home "warm as toast" during the coldest blasts of winter is indeed a problem. And, at the soaring price of coal, it is a very important one.

How you solve the problem depends upon how well acquainted you become with the Dunham Vapor Heating System.

The Dunham System makes every ounce of coal count. It prevents overheating as well as underheating. It quickly and silently delivers the heat-giving vapor to all the radiators—and it gets every bit of heat out of the vapor.

Silent heating means more than mere comfort—it means economy. Knocking and pounding in radiators, hissing air-valves and spurting water mean wasted heat-units. The Dunham Radiator Trap prevents these wastes.

The DUNHAM VAPOR HEATING SYSTEM



The DUNHAM Radiator Trap

The Dunham Radiator Trap is the guardian of the coal bin. It is one of the fundamentals of the Dunham Vapor System. It is known the world over to heating engineers as the device that revolutionized vacuum steam heating. Leading architects everywhere use it.

The Dunham System automatically regulates the dampers. At bedtime a Dunhamized heating system automatically cools down; at getting-up time it automatically raises the temperature to normal. No going to the cellar—merely set the Dunham Thermostat as you would an alarm clock.

The Dunham System maintains the temperature of the home automatically at either one of two predetermined levels—with the minimum of attention—for it operates the boiler throughout the day and night, eliminating all care except putting in the coal and taking out the ashes.

Free Booklet.

Home builders, tenants, real estate men, contractors and others should read our latest book, "Dunham Heating for the Home." It is free.

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Stationers sell CICO in two sizes of popular-priced jars (as shown). Also in spreader tubes and bottles. Send those stamps today. Then CICO will get busy for *you*.

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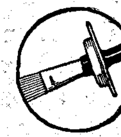
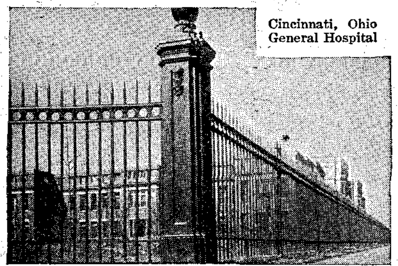
Here's the Adjustable Brush, which allows the last bit of paste to be used. The handle slides through a safety cap which always keeps the fingers clean.



*Pronounced "Sy-ko"

STANDARD DICTIONARY superiority quickly becomes plain to the man or woman who investigates.



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2444 Yandes St. Indianapolis, Ind.
Specialists for 33 years in All-Iron and Iron-and-Woven-Wire protective fencing

correspondent tells this story of the incident in the New York *Times:*

Father Py had been ordered to go out and tend the wounded, but not to advance beyond a certain trench, which was very near the most advanced French line. When he got there he found no one. The French soldiers had gone forward with one bound right in the track of the curtain fire put up by the artillery and had reached the German trenches on the other side of the crest with miraculously slight losses. The priest and a companion looked about in search of wounded, but could find none. Then, thinking that in the circumstances they were justified in disobeying orders, they climbed over the top of the trench and went farther forward.

A little farther on they saw a German running about with his clothes aflame and uttering cries for help, at the same time pointing behind him to a hole in the ground where two other men were gesticulating. The priest went on, thinking to find some more wounded men—perhaps men of his own regiment—but soon he saw they were Germans. At once he raised his crucifix in the air in the belief that it would protect him and continued to advance. The Germans did not threaten him as he approached, and soon he saw they were wounded.

On arriving at the entrance to what he had believed was a dugout he found that the hole went far into the side of the crest. He entered the Dragon's Cave, still holding his crucifix before him and shouting "Catholic!" Inside he found that the hole spread out in all directions, and that it was full of armed German soldiers. Four or five of them were officers, and, under the impression some of them at least would understand French, he called out in that language that he was a Catholic priest, and that if there were any German wounded there he was prepared to administer the rites of the Church.

One of the officers spoke to him, asking what he was doing there and what was going on outside. He informed him that the French had made a long advance over their heads and had crossed the crest, and that they had better lay down their arms, for they would either be killed or taken prisoners in any event.

The officers then held a discussion among themselves, at the end of which one of them, with tears streaming down his face, said he supposed they must resign themselves to their fate, but they could surrender only to an officer. Father Py scribbled on a piece of paper a note to one of the French captains, which was handed to his companion, who had remained outside the cave.

While the note was being carried to the French officer, a German doctor in the cave showed the priest the resting-place of several German wounded. Among them was a Jesuit priest who was serving in the German Army as a soldier, with whom the French priest spoke in Latin. To the other wounded Germans Father Py gave the consolations of the Church.

Afterward, while awaiting the return of his messenger with the French officer, Father Py advised the German officers to disarm their men in order to avoid any possibility of misunderstanding. He himself superintended the operation, telling each soldier to discard every weapon he possest, except small pocket-knives.

A little later, just when the process of disarmament was being completed, a French officer—a doctor—appeared at the mouth of the cave and the German officers surrendered their swords and revolvers to him.

Then began the exit of the prisoners through the narrow entrance, and they were all marched through a communication-trench back to French regimental headquarters with an escort composed only of the priest, his stretcher-bearing comrade, and the French doctor. They were almost a company, and their arrival caused considerable surprize at headquarters.

The little priest, who always was a favorite in the regiment, with which he participates in all its hardships and in constant exposure to wounds and death, is now quite a hero.

DOGS CALLED TO THE COLORS

UNCLE SAM is to have a new army. It will not be a volunteer corps in the strict sense of the word, but the rank and file will enter no exemption claims on the grounds of conscientious objection, and they are expected to serve with eagerness and valor.

Senator Brady recently introduced a bill providing for training 1,000 war-dogs, and it is indorsed by the Secretary of War and the War College. Mrs. Anita Baldwin is to ship some of the finest animals from her noted kennels in California, and Bill Brady, of the Hudson Bay regions, will soon leave for France with his team of Alaskan malemiuts and huskies.

Dogs have been "doing their bit" quietly in the trenches and on the battle-fields of Europe since the war began, and many are proudly wearing medals for signal bravery. The New York *Sun* says of the varied usefulness of our proposed canine allies:

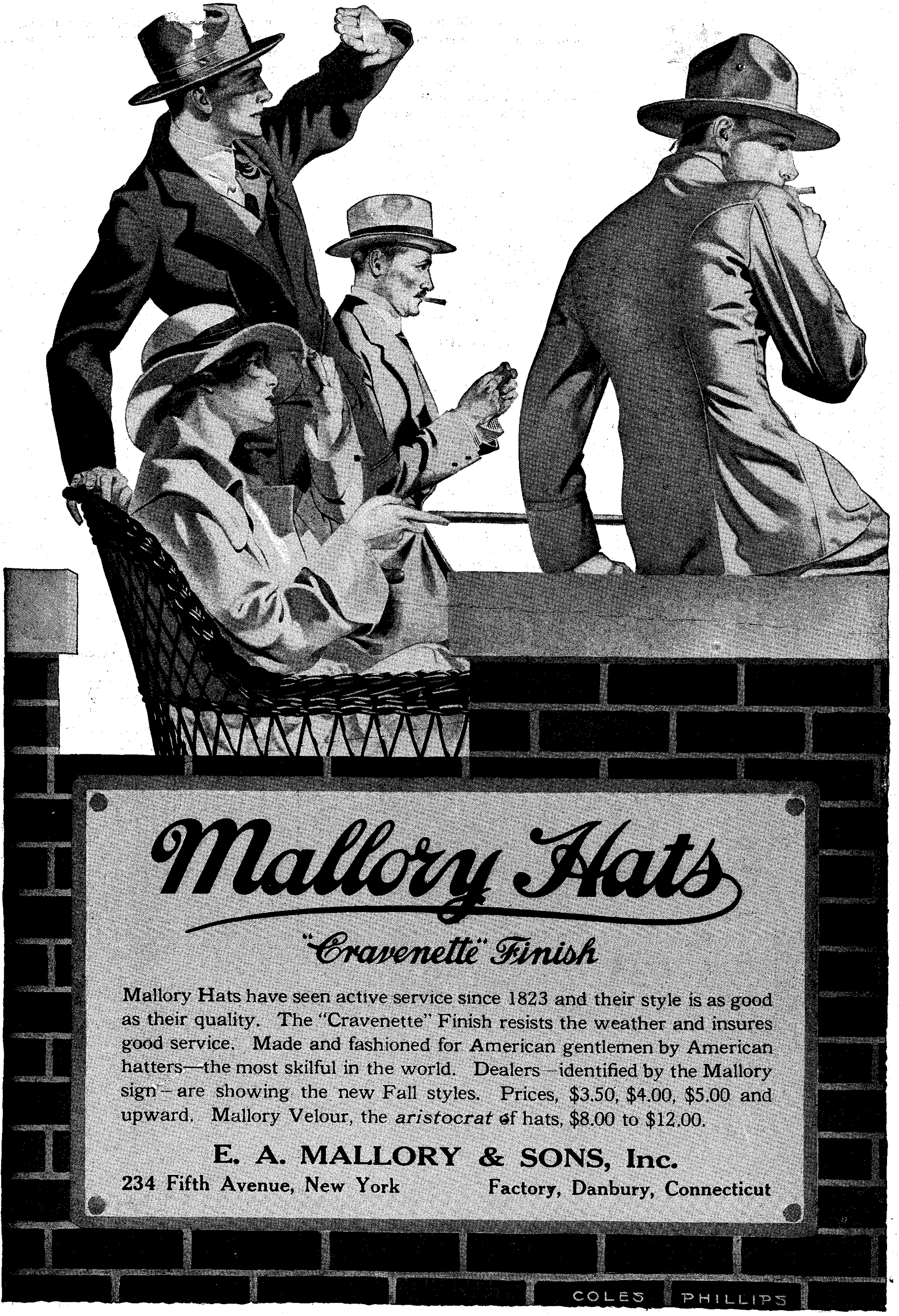
The Germans were the first to use dogs on a large scale for military work. When the German Army was mobilized in July, 1914, the War-Office found that there were all told exactly eight dogs trained for war purposes. Orders were forthwith given to the German Red-Cross Dog Society to train the largest possible number for field-work, with the result that to-day there are approximately 3,000 dogs in the various German theaters of operation.

The degree to which these dogs have been trained is wonderful. They have learned to obey commands, given both by word of mouth and by pistol-shots, "like Prussian infantrymen."

Soon after the Great War had started the French realized the value of dogs as an adjunct to the Army. The military authorities published an appeal in the newspapers for dogs to act as sentinels at the front. It was specified that sheep-dogs were especially desired and that each dog should wear a collar inscribed with the owner's name. The stipulation was made that the animals would be returned to the owners after the war if possible.

It was the French who conceived the idea of utilizing dog-drawn sleighs for carrying supplies through the mountain-snow in the Vosges when the question of transport became pressing.

Several hundred trained dogs from



Mallory Hats

"Cravenette" Finish

Mallory Hats have seen active service since 1823 and their style is as good as their quality. The "Cravenette" Finish resists the weather and insures good service. Made and fashioned for American gentlemen by American hatters—the most skilful in the world. Dealers—identified by the Mallory sign—are showing the new Fall styles. Prices, $3.50, $4.00, $5.00 and upward. Mallory Velour, the *aristocrat* of hats, $8.00 to $12.00.

E. A. MALLORY & SONS, Inc.

234 Fifth Avenue, New York Factory, Danbury, Connecticut

Doctor—

When You Have a "Hurry" Call

You want to get *there* in the shortest possible time. You do not want to be delayed by boiling out a frozen radiator or cranking a cold engine.

INSTALL A

WASCO
GARAGE HEATING SYSTEM
READY-TO-SET-UP

and you can always get to your patient without a minute's delay.

The WASCO is an all-cast-iron, coal-burning, self-regulating hot-water garage heating system, with positive automatic temperature control. Keeps your car warm, ready to start instantly any time, day or night, in the coldest weather. Burns only 5c worth of coal a day. Requires little attention. Absolutely safe and dependable. Saves frozen radiators and cracked cylinders. Eliminates big repair bills. The expense of one freeze-up would more than pay for a WASCO.

PLEASE HURRY DOCTOR

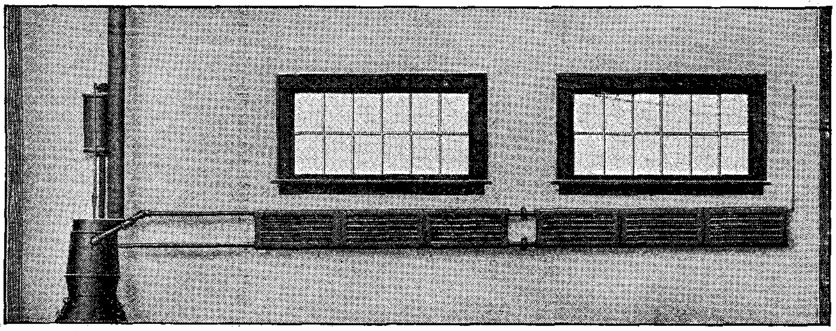
Approved by Fire Underwriters, Fire Chiefs and Insurance Men

Catalog FREE

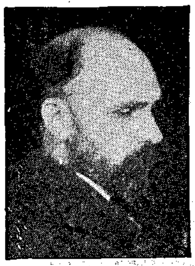
Write for FREE Catalog

and learn more about this unique system. It gives letters of endorsement from users in all parts of the country. Name and address of your dealer will be appreciated.

W. A. SCHLEIT MFG. CO., INC.
16 Eastwood Sta., Syracuse, N. Y.
Distributors write for "exclusive territory" proposition and dealer "helps."



A 2-Car WASCO System (with 2 radiators), $84. This heater and one radiator make a 1-Car WASCO System, $65.



SHERWIN CODY

You Can Do Big Things!

It is in You, and this Man can Teach You How to Bring it Out. His Keen, Masterly Talks will Show You How to

BOOM YOUR BUSINESS

and to turn your debits into credits that will multiply exceedingly. His years of practical experience, of testing, rejecting, and formulating methods that succeed, are yours in the compass of a single volume, "How to Deal with Human Nature in Business."

12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. $2.00 net; by mail $2.12

The Personal Element

By employing just the right personal note that establishes cordial relations between man and man, he shows you how to boost sales, to collect difficult accounts, to create enthusiasm in your employees, to obtain credit when you need it, and to give an impetus to your business in all its branches.

How to Cut Out Waste Effort

He teaches you how to be practical, how to avoid dissipating your energies, how to make people do things without question, how to systematize your orders and shipments, your correspondence, and your collections, and how to make every dollar and every minute count for success. His book is packed with plans that save and hints that help.

Persuasion That Pulls

He makes clear the psychology of salesmanship, in person or by mail, and shows you how to put the punch into your talks and the pull into your letters. He analyzes the art of advertising and tells you how in each case to present the appeal that will impel people to buy your goods.

How to Produce Sure Results

He tells you how to handle yourself, your force, and your customers, so as to produce big results, gives you the basic principles that command success, and shows you how these may be applied, step by step, to your individual needs. He has put the whole science of modern business into this one book, which is a complete course in itself.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, 354-360 Fourth Ave., New York

Alaska, northwestern Canada, and Labrador were taken over by a French lieutenant. The snow in the neighborhood of the Schlucht Pass is deep enough for the dogs to be of service from the first of the year to the middle of April. After the snow has disappeared the dogs are employed to draw heavy loads up the steep grades on a small two-foot gage light railway. Eleven dogs, with two men, can draw a ton up the most precipitous slopes along the route, and two teams of seven dogs each can do the work of five horses in the difficult country.

The French have trained Belgian sheep-dogs to seek injured soldiers who are unable to walk or crawl to the open where they can be discovered. In this way many soldiers have been saved who might otherwise have perished before the searchers came upon them. These dogs have been trained to disregard dead soldiers, but they will bark furiously when they discover an injured man, returning to the kennels for assistance and turning back in the direction from which they came to indicate where a prostrate soldier lies in need of succor. The dogs are followed by surgeons, who minister to the wounded and prepare them for removal to the hospitals in the rear of the lines.

In the battle of the Somme a large number of dogs were always running about assisting the armies in various ways. Some of them were engaged in licking the faces of unconscious soldiers in an effort to revive them; others were busy tearing cloth from the uniforms of injured soldiers with the idea of bringing the pieces to the rear of the lines so that the uninjured there would recognize the cloth as belonging to men attached to various regiments and thus be led to their relief.

The case is related of a dog which had been under fire all day, but had escaped injury until evening, when he was struck by a fragment of a bursting shell. While seeking a place to lie down he came upon a wounded soldier who was unable to make his way unassisted. Together the dog and the man stretched themselves on the ground, the trembling dog snuggling close to the soldier's side. In this way they were able to keep warm through the night. The next morning aid came and they were moved away to safety.

There is a movement on foot in France to honor the dog heroes, and the French Society for the Protection of Animals has awarded gold collars for special services to fifteen French war-dogs.

The dogs of war have been bearing quietly their full share of the horrors and suffering. The American Red Star—which means for animals what the Red Cross does for man—is engaged in a great humane work at the front. During the first two years of the war 150,000 horses and mules were treated at Red-Star hospitals so successfully that later 125,000 were returned to service. Mrs. Baldwin is chairman of the Red Star of Los Angeles, and the animals in her stables and kennels include dogs, horses, and burros, and even bears are numbered among her stranger pets. The Los Angeles *Times* says of the service of the dog at the front:

When the dogs who go in advance of the Ambulance Corps after a battle come flying back with a cap or bit of clothing, prancing to be off again, or come whining and pulling at their masters to follow them, the rescue-workers know that they will be guided by the faithful animals straight to men who lie wounded, but alive—that is the point—alive. The dog will never lead them to dead men, but, with his unerring instinct, will take them at once to those who may still be helped. Rescue-work is done at night, when it would be impossible for men to distinguish between their dead and wounded comrades without investigating each case, but the dogs who go ahead never make a mistake, and the number of those who owe their lives to dogs runs into many thousands. After the frightful carnage of the Marne one plucky little mongrel fox-terrier saved by his own doggish efforts 150 lives. To-day that brave little fellow wears the medal of honor with which he was decorated by the French Government.

Then there are the patrol-dogs who go across "No Man's Land," scouting for the enemy. These are trained as are all war-dogs, to distinguish an enemy. Of course, they would know the difference between their own men and strangers, but they are also taught the different uniforms. And they never bark—that is one of their big lessons. No sound from the dog betrays the whereabouts of his master. When the dog scents an enemy patrol he bristles and stands at attention if his master be near, but if he is in advance of the men he races back and indicates in ways easily interpreted that the enemy is at hand, or, if possible, the dog will spring on the unsuspecting man he has been hunting and hold him down until help arrives. The scout who misses his dog knows the faithful animal has discovered a patrol of the foe and will hasten to complete the work started by his four-footed aid. The German shepherd-dog is unrivaled for this work.

As a bearer of important papers between corps commanders the dog of the hunting and racing type has proved invaluable. Where telephone-wires have been cut and all other communication is cut off the dog can get through. And once started on his mission nothing can stop or delay this true-as-steel little messenger save death—the only impediment in the path of duty of a true soldier. And nothing can tempt him. An incident is told of a messenger dog who, when stopt and urged to eat before his message was delivered—and this after he had been traveling for seventy-two hours—only gave a longing sniff and a wistful look at the tempting *soupe* and trotted on to do that for which he had been sent. There are many such deeds of the far-away places that go unsung.

Bill Brady is in California now with his dogs from the Klondike country with which he expects to do notable service this winter on the snow-bound European war-frontiers. Brady brought his team south for a motion-picture production, and the sturdy dogs are to be seen in many screen snow-scenes. The characteristics of the malemiut, as illustrating its adaptability to war-work on snow-covered battle-fields, is told by the writer in *The Times:*

With a history dating back several centuries, this dog has but lately, through all the unbroken years of toil, won his proper

1917
1916
1915
1914
1913
1912
1911

Commerce 1-TON TRUCKS

SEVEN YEARS

Seven years of continuous and successful manufacturing have produced this One-Ton Commerce Truck.

In these seven years we have built and sold thousands of Commerce Trucks.

They are in operation today in all lines of business, in all parts of the United States.

They are being kept in service and efficient operation by hundreds of successful Commerce Dealers whom in these seven years we have chosen with the same caution and care.

We believe that in the one-ton truck there center the widest range of utility, the highest efficiency, the greatest economy of time, labor and money.

Therefore, the Commerce designs, builds and sells but one model—the One-Ton Commerce Truck.

Upon that model, we are concentrating our entire organization.

It is and always has been our policy to make the Commerce the most completely equipped one-ton truck on the market.

With a wide range of body designs, with every feature and detail that mean utility and service, the One-Ton Commerce is the one-ton truck best adapted to the greatest diversity of business.

There is a Commerce Dealer in your City or Town. Talk over your delivery problem with him. Commerce Dealers give Service.

Applications will be considered for District Managers of ability and experience to represent this company in organizing truck dealers for open territory.

Commerce Motor Car Company
Detroit, Michigan

NOTE TO DEALERS—This advertisement is one of a series which will appear in The Literary Digest and other national magazines. Watch for them.

One-Ton Chassis - - - - $1340	A choice of three Bodies; Remy Starting and Lighting system; Willard 80 Ampere storage battery; head lamps with dimmers; Stewart Vacuum system and Pierce automatic Governor; special type truck-bumper; folding windshield, driver's spotlight, driver's seat for three persons; wheelbase 126 inches; loading space on Express and Top bodies, 9 feet 2 inches; on Stake body, 10 feet. Truck Type Motor—26 H. P. Torbensen Internal Gear Drive.
With Express Body - - - $1375	
With Post Top and Storm Curtains $1450	
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All Prices f. o. b. Detroit	

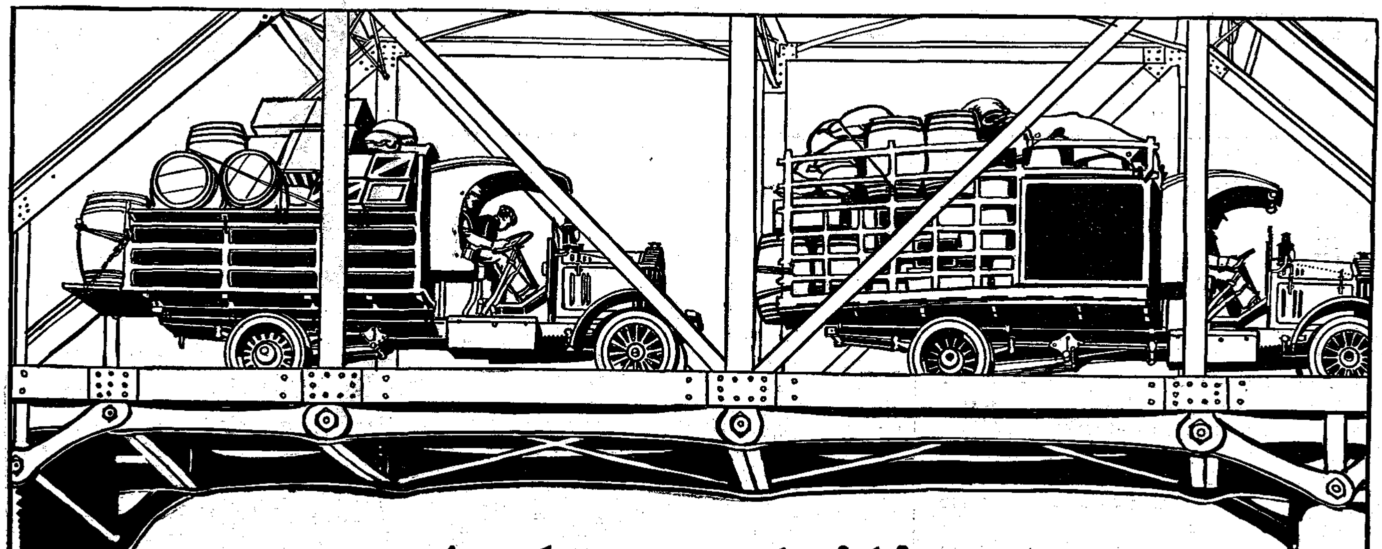
INCHES 1 2 3 4 ½

100 Edwin's GENUINE Havana Seconds $2.40

FROM FACTORY DIRECT TO YOU BY EX. OR PARCEL POST

Made of Imported Havana Picadura, from our own plantations in Cuba—leaves that are too short to roll into our 15c cigars. They're not pretty, no bands or decorations, but you don't smoke looks. Customers call them "Diamonds in the Rough.") All 4½ inches long. Only 100 at this "Get Acquainted" price. *Money refunded if you don't receive at least double value.* When ordering specify mild, medium or strong. Your Check accepted. Our references, Dun or Bradstreet's or any Bank. To each purchaser of 100 Edwin's Genuine Havana Seconds, we will extend the privilege of ordering, for 60c additional, one of Edwin's "SAMPLE CASES" containing one sample cigar each of our 12 Best Sellers—all Bargain Values—priced up to $12.00 per 100. Include this in your order—it's the biggest sample value ever offered.

Largest Mail Order Cigar House In The World
EDWIN CIGAR CO. Dept. No. 2 "Get Acquainted" **2338-2342 THIRD AVE., NEW YORK**
When in New York SAVE MONEY by Patronizing any of the 100 EDWIN Retail Stores



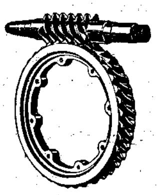
Adaptability

An outstanding feature of Pierce-Arrow truck performance is adaptability. In the widest variety of haulage problems, ranging from the traffic of peace to the transport of war, Pierce-Arrow fleets have proved their ability to meet the most difficult conditions of service.

Single trucks have taken over the work of many horses and done it quicker, better and cheaper. They have developed new business by increasing delivery radius and opening up territory quite beyond the reach of horses.

They have eliminated the intolerable delays of freight congestion and embargoes by quickly and economically handling shipments formerly made by railroad. They have enabled manufacturers, formerly dependent upon a single outlet, to avail themselves of additional points of shipment and low water rates.

Specific data is available covering the cost of operation of Pierce-Arrow Motor Trucks in many different lines of business, such as Transport, Grocery, Contracting, Coal, Brewery, Textile, Oil, Dry Goods, Chemicals, etc.



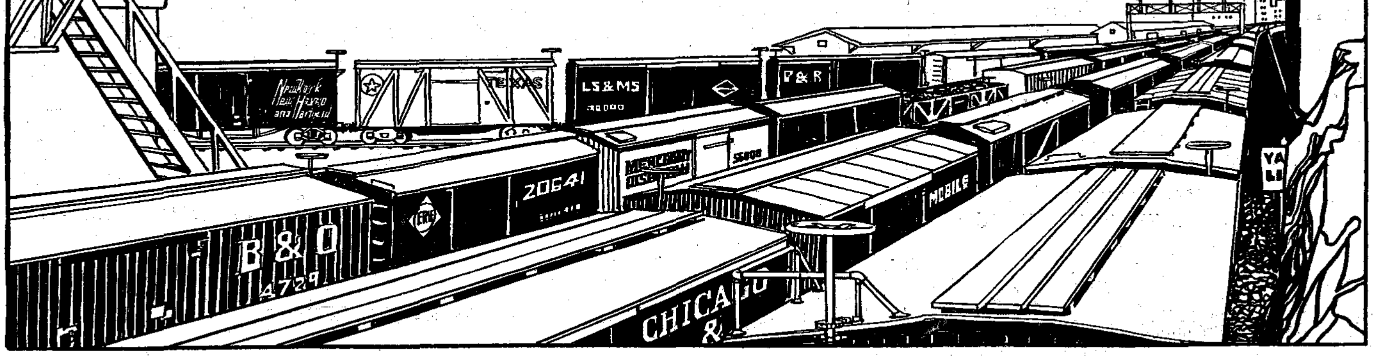
The Worm-Gear

All Pierce-Arrow trucks are equipped with the worm-gear drive, which is a positive guarantee of effective service under the most difficult conditions.

Pierce-Arrow

Motor Trucks

THE PIERCE-ARROW MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y.



place and recognition. On a date when the country was young, the Hudson Bay Company established through the land strings of trading-posts in charge of hardy Scotch pioneers, who, together with the Indians before them, seized upon and domesticated the wolves; and it was these hardy Scotch pioneers who, wishing to bring a bit of their home with them, introduced the Scotch deerhound to be crossed with the wolf. According to the best authorities, the original progenitor was the North-American wolf; but from the time of the Hudson Bay days every dog in Canadian Alaska has invariably come to be known as the "husky." Closer to the American side the breed of prick-eared dogs, of wolfish appearance, are called "malemiuts," from the tribe of Eskimos who are so called by the other Indians in ridicule. But the breed and species as a breed and species have no proper line of definition and distinction since the tremendous advent into Alaska of Southland dogs. And the result of this desultory breeding has produced for the work-harness of men toiling in the snowy silences a variety of breeds, species, styles, and builds.

But the original race of wolf-dogs still runs pure to strain, color, and stature; and Bill Brady's team of thoroughbred Alaskan malemiut and husky dogs is the finest illustration ever brought out of the frozen North—a wonderful team, trained for speed and long labor through a rigid process, where only those fit survive the cruel race for life; intelligent and quick to experience. Marathoners of long, grueling "mushes," fights hard won, is Brady's team of stalwart "beasties," as he lovingly calls them.

To the layman of things arctic, and in main dogs and dog-teams, the description and working account of the Brady team in particular, as applied in general to the description and working account of the present-day teams in Alaska, are interesting and novel. A dog-team may be a team of from five dogs to as many dogs as a man may safely and expediently be able to hitch, all dependent of course on the sort of work, the length of the journey, and the traveling conditions. In the last two particulars the sled and the manner of harness are of vital importance. There are different sleds, as there are different harnesses employed. Along with gradual evolution and progress there are in use to-day only three kinds of harness, the singletree, the web, and the Siberian; and from all manner and shapes of dog-sleds of former days there has been developed what is known as a "basket sled," so called because of its shape. This sled is a direct evolution of the Yukon sled, which was no more than a simple children's sled. The former sled is made from the second growth of seasoned hickory, held together principally by lashings, with the only metal, that of the runners, fine saw-steel, both light and hard, giving to the sled the flexibility it needs.

To hitch a team fanwise or tandem brings the comments "old fashioned" and "primitive" from "sour doughs" to-day. This system does not obtain in Nome nor in the greater part of Alaska, where dogs are a high commodity and mean so much. They have learned to economize, to pay attention to the last least detail, and to bring efficiency out of a hurly-burly method that prevailed. In the lead there may be one or two dogs, in general one; but behind the leader and behind the dogs that follow the leader, clear to the wheel dogs, save on rare occasions, the dogs troop in two abreast and harmoniously, without hitch or disorder.

Over a good running crust teams have been known to make fourteen and fifteen miles an hour. The world's record is twenty miles an hour; but from eight to ten miles over a long route is considered by experienced and veteran dog "mushers" a nice gait. Dependent on a good running crust and the quality of the dogs, a day's run totals from thirty-five to eighty miles and more.

But it is to the blue-ribbon event of Alaska that every one looks forward yearly—the $10,000 Annual All-Alaskan Sweepstakes race. Beginning from the gladiatorial days of Rome to the modern endurance contests of our day, this race transcends in might and strength, in feat and achievement, any physical sport man has ever invented for the entertainment of his fellow men. Picture to yourself a race from the Bering Sea to the Arctic Ocean and return, run at a time of the year when there are invariably driving snow blizzards and storms, from five to eight dog-teams striving, straining, eating up their oxygen and breaking their hearts over the long, weary, unceasing run of 420 miles without stop. Picture to yourself also this 420 miles without stop for man and dogs, a driving storm that is a relentless defiance of the North—and no trail. And here it is the superior intelligence of the leader that finds the trail—the intelligence that is superior to the man's intelligence—and that brings the team to Nome. The record made for this world's greatest endurance contest in 1912 still stands: 74 hours and 18 minutes!

For man and "beasties"—can we help but marvel at the Glory Trail!

Here Bill Brady himself enters the story and tells something about his beloved "beasties," whose pluck and endurance he hopes will prove of service under the colors in France:

"We've come to call it the Glory Trail—the long 'mush' with the dogs, the long stretch of silence and snow and barren waste, making camp at night with the dogs, eating with them, toiling with them. Men have been known to break their hearts over the pride of this Glory Trail ere they would quit. And the dogs, they have been known to break their hearts, too.

"You people talk with pride over the fact of having 'hiked' of a Sunday some twenty miles. But in the North a man gets in the same gait as his dogs, and runs at times, and rides at times, for days and days and days through long spaces in the cold, keen, germless arctic silence.

"Alaska! . . . They call it 'The Land that God Forgot.' But the 'sour doughs,' the old-timers, we call it the promised land long sought. We are of it, just as the dogs are of it. They work, and they slave for man, and they don't know why, poor beasties. And some men love them and some men do not. Dennis!"

Dennis came forward, jumped up, and circled two huge forepaws about Brady.

"He is nine years old," said Brady. "The oldest dog in the team by far and the greatest leader that ever put neck through a collar."

Brady does not believe in the whip, nor the law of the club. This one thing, above all other qualities, has been a virtue with the white man and his dogs. He treats them with kindness, studies their

"PATRICK"
Personality

The "indefinable something" so often admired in garments of extreme smartness is at last defined in "Patrick personality." The "patrick" adapts itself to your fancy and never fails to add the last touch of distinction.

Patrick
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WOOL PRODUCTS

Bigger-Than-Weather

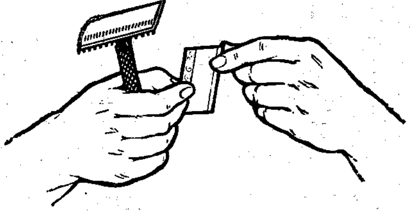
are unique in texture, appearance and quality. Men and women of good taste recognize at once the appropriateness of Patrick cloth to the outdoor occasion. It is as distinctive as the cheviots to Scotland and tweeds to England.

Of this cloth are "patricks" (Mackinaws), great patricks (long coats), Caps, Auto Robes and Blankets.

Of the Patrick wool are Macka-Knit sweaters and socks. For sale at best stores. Write for the Patrick Book showing styles, patterns and colors.

PATRICK-DULUTH WOOLEN MILL
1108 Maple St. Duluth, Minn.

FOR MEN WHO THINK AND ACT
"The Affirmative Intellect," by Chas. Ferguson.
Funk & Wagnalls Company, Publishers, New York.



Makes Blades Last Longer

Before and after shaving, draw your razor blade through your thumb and forefinger, moistened with 3-in-One. *That's all you have to do to* lengthen the life of your blades four-fold.

3-in-One Oil

prevents surface rust from forming on the microscopic, saw-like teeth of the cutting edge. And rust is what causes your razor to "pull". You cannot wipe a razor blade perfectly dry no matter how hard you try. 3-in-One keeps the moisture off the steel and that stops the rust. So the blade stays clean and keen.

A few drops on your strop occasionally brings out the grain of the leather and makes it adhere to the blade producing a keener edge. A few drops on your face before lathering softens a stiff beard and gives an antiseptic shave.

3-in-One is sold at all good stores in 50c, 25c and 15c bottles; also in 25c Handy Oil Cans.

FREE Sample of 3-in-One and our circular, "A Razor Saver". Write today.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165KAM. Bdwy., N.Y.

DEAF?

Make This Test in Your Own Home

The Acousticon will surely make you hear because it has succeeded with over 300,000 delighted patrons of ours who were so troubled.

You do not know this, however, and we are confident enough to want everyone to *know* before he spends a cent.

Everyone knows that deafness is progressive—and unless the ears are stirred to activity they grow steadily worse; thousands write us the Acousticon enables them to hear perfectly and has permanently improved their hearing.

Therefore we ask that you write us, saying: "I am hard of hearing and will try the Acousticon"—That's all. We will send you, delivery charges paid, the

Acousticon For Ten Days' FREE TRIAL

No Deposit—No Expense

All we ask is that you give it a fair trial in your own home and among familiar surroundings. Then there can be no doubt of whether it improves your hearing.

If it does not do so, we want it back without a cent of expense to you for the trial, because we know it is good business policy to have none but satisfied and enthusiastic customers. That's the only kind we now have. Write for your FREE TRIAL today.

GENERAL ACOUSTIC CO., 1302 Candler Bldg., N. Y.
Canadian Address, 621 New Birks Bldg., Montreal

WHY NOT WIN!

A strongman, strong in mind and strong in body, can make more money in a single year than a weakling in a lifetime. You can acquire perfect physical and mental development easily, quickly and **surely**. No fads to follow, no medicines to buy, no worthless apparatus required. Let **Permanent Health** banish doctor bills.

America Needs Men

Big business demands men whose healthy bodies and keen minds will stand the strain of the strenuous life. Build up your body through natural methods. Make work a pleasure. Command your business and conquer its worries. Get that vitality, nervous strength and energy that will enable you to lead, not follow.

It CAN Be Done: It's Not Hard

Strongfortism will help you as it has **helped** thousands of others. True Health and Happiness are synonymous terms. Right now, write me and ask for my book, **"Intelligence in Physical and Health Culture,"** written by **the strongest** and most successful physical culture instructor in the world. Enclose 6c for mailing.

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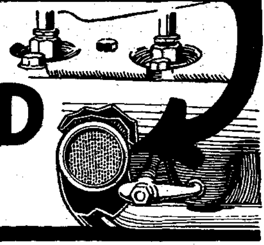

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TRAILING ESKIMO CRIMINALS

THE jury in the first trial of Eskimos for a capital offense found the two defendants not guilty after a police inspector and two constables had journeyed 2,200 miles into the north at a cost to the British Government of $25,000 to bring to justice two natives accused of the murder of two priests. The verdict was in line with the English law holding that "a child or a lunatic can not be tried by a court for an offense." The counsel for the defense declared—and the jury agreed with him—that "these men are not the descendants of the cavemen of the Stone Age; they are the cavemen with the minds of children."

The discovery of the crime, the tracing of the criminals into the icy north, their arrest 2,200 miles beyond the pale of civilization, their journey to the south, and their subsequent trial form probably the most picturesque criminal record of North America. The trial attracted much attention, and several Easterners made the journey to Alberta in order to be present. Among these was Professor Keedy, of the University of Pennsylvania. A correspondent of the Minneapolis *Journal* tells an interesting story of the crime, its solution, and the disposition of the accused:

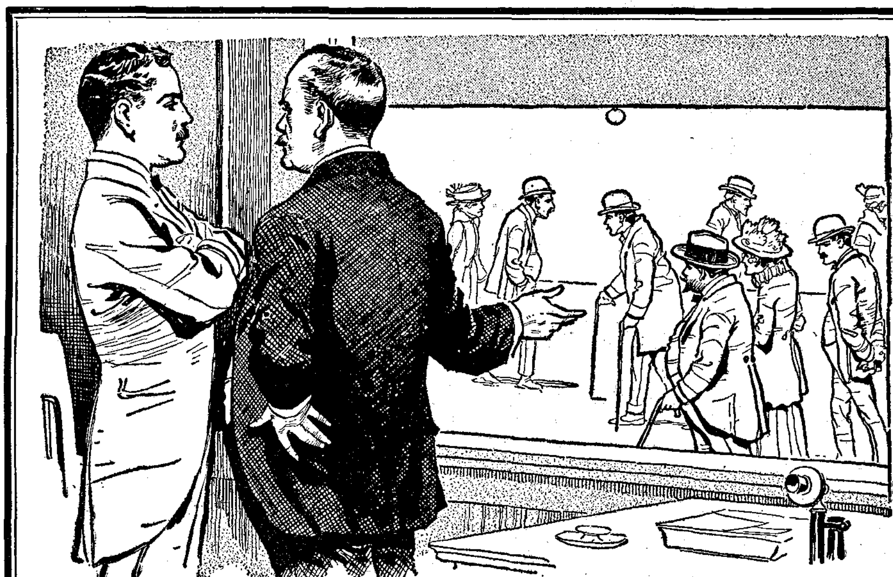
During the trial, which lasted three days, the defendant, Sinnisiak, whose case was taken up first, was clothed in the only kind of garment he had known until the white man came and took him away—a heavy garment made of caribou-skin, trimmed with white rabbit. The garment consisted of a *parka*, or hood, which in mild weather is used for carrying small articles, a caribou-skin smock loosely fitting his rotund form, baggy trousers of fur, and moccasins.

Maps were produced at the trial showing the exact location of the scene of the tragedy. The trip by stages is 100 miles to Athabasca from Edmonton, then on 300 miles to Fort McMurray, 150 more to Fort Chippewyan, 400 miles to Fort Resolution, 160 miles to Fort Providence; then up the Mackenzie River 500 miles to the Hudson Bay post, Fort Norman, situated at the mouth of the Mackenzie River, where the Bear River drains in from Great Bear Lake, and flows to the Arctic Ocean; the path then extends 130 miles to Great Bear Lake, where the traveler reaches a little spot known as Dease Bay.

Further along the trail, crossing the height of land to the Dismal lakes is a place called Bloody Fall. Here the tragedy occurred. From Edmonton to Bloody Fall, as the crow flies, is 2,200 miles.

Altho the crime was committed in November, 1913, it was not until two years later that alarm was occasioned by the missionaries' prolonged absence, and Commissioner Perry, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, decided to send a patrol to scour the barren lands. Inspector Charles D. La Nauze, a young man of twenty-eight, who has seen nine years' service in the force, was given the difficult command, and, together with Constables Withers and Wight, left Edmonton in May, 1915, on the first lap of the 2,200-mile trip to the arctic.

At the same time Corporal Bruce,



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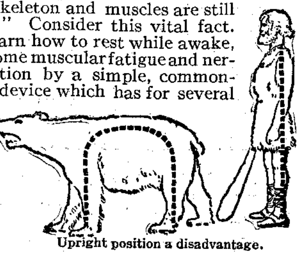

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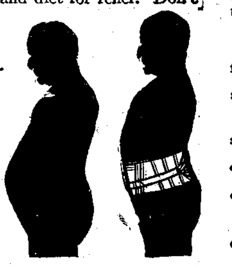

Try this Experiment

Loosen your clothes and then, while in a standing position, have someone place the left hand, with the fingers wide apart, firmly on the lower abdomen in a "lifting" position; at the same time place the right hand, with the fingers straight out but close together, against the small of the back, exerting the same "lift." Note the relief and the sense of vitalizing comfort which passes through the sensitive, burdened organs.

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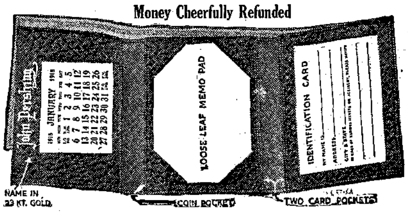

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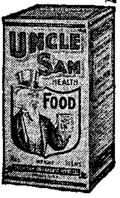

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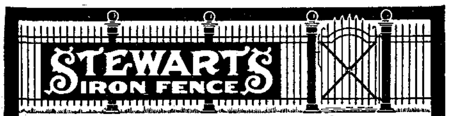

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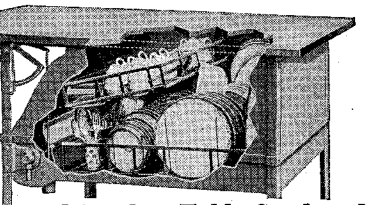

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stationed at Hershell Island, was ordered to conduct an independent investigation, and as he was already on the ground, spent the winter of 1915–16 in making guarded inquiries among the natives. Bruce made the trip from Hershell Island to the mouth of the Coppermine River in a small schooner owned by the Canadian arctic expedition, and went into winter quarters at Bernard Harbor.

As a result of a winter of detective work Corporal Bruce discovered a crucifix which was identified as that of the Oblate order, a cassock that bore the name of "Rouvière" in the lining, and a rifle which was found in the village inhabited by the tribe of Sinnisiak. The evidence was sufficient to convince the corporal that the priests had been murdered, but he decided to await the arrival of the inspector and his patrol before attempting to push the investigation further. Then, we read on:

> On May 22, 1916, Bruce was joined by La Nauze, Withers, and Wight, who were accompanied by two Eskimo guides and interpreters, Patsy Klengenburg and Ilavanek, and it was decided to start immediately in quest of their quarry. At Cape Lambert traces were found of Sinnisiak and the expedition continued over the ice by dog-train.
>
> Forty miles were traversed when a deserted Eskimo village was encountered. Then another and still another. As the patrol neared Victoria Land, which is three days' journey over the ice-fields, the scent became hotter, and finally indications were found of habitation.
>
> Pressing on a few miles the policemen came upon a village of some twenty caribou-skin tents, and as the inhabitants streamed out to meet them, gave the "friendly" sign, which consists of raising both hands above the head to show the absence of firearms.
>
> The usual welcome was missing. Becoming suspicious, the patrol proceeded to search the village. Pulling aside the flap of the only canvas tent in the colony, Ilavanek found an Eskimo engaged in fashioning a bow out of wood. According to custom, the native opened the conversation by stating his name, "Sinnisiak," and the special officer knew the long chase was ended.
>
> "What you want?" asked Sinnisiak. Informed that the white men had come a long way to arrest him for the murder of the priests, the prisoner started to tremble, fearing the usual Eskimo retribution of being stabbed on the spot. While being taken to Bernard Harbor to stand his preliminary trial, he was in constant fear of his life and passed one sleepless night. It was not until late in the second night that he slumbered through sheer exhaustion.
>
> There was no demur from the villagers when the R. N. W. M. P. announced they were going to take Sinnisiak away. They advised the prisoner to go with the white man, and the prisoner's wife showed her affection by making the long trip independent of the police patrol in order to be with her husband. However, during the long stay at Bernard Harbor, when the party was waiting a steamer to make the trip "out," Mrs. Sinnisiak found another mate and the police at the trial stated she was happily married to another Eskimo.
>
> Most of the evidence against Sinnisiak was of a circumstantial nature, the result of Constable Bruce's investigation during the previous winter, but the "ace" upon which the crown pinned its hopes for conviction was a confession made by the prisoner at the time of his preliminary hearing. After being warned, through the interpreter Ilavanek, that anything he might say would be used against him, the prisoner signed that he wished to tell all.

The Eskimo form of the British oath was administered. Translated from the native tongue it reads: "Whatever you speak now you speak straight. Do not speak with two tongues." It was a slow operation to draw the story of the crime from the prisoner, altho he was apparently willing to tell everything truthfully. It took five hours to get the answers to twenty-five questions.

> Sinnisiak said he and his companion Uluksuk were traveling near the Coppermine River with the intention of meeting some of their people and then proceeding to the winter hunting-grounds when they encountered the priests. The latter promised the Eskimos some traps if they would pull the sleds and the prisoners got in with the dogs and pulled for one day.
>
> The night was spent in a tiny snow-house erected on the ice by the Eskimos, and the next morning the natives left the priests with the statement that the Oblates were going in a different direction to the one in which they wished to travel.
>
> With very little food and only one dog the Eskimos took their separate way, and as the weather became threatening, lost the trail. The dog gave indications of smelling something, which, when investigated, proved to be one of the priests' caches, and while the natives were burrowing around it Father Rouvière and Father Le Roux came upon them.
>
> The missionaries, frightened by the snowstorm which was raging, told the Eskimos to don harness and pull their sled, and despite their protestations made them continue. Several times Sinnisiak and Uluksuk said they wanted to go home, but whenever they tried to drop the harness the priests pointed rifles at them. They pushed on until dark and, in the words of Sinnisiak:
>
> "Every time we go slow and want to turn back because of the freeze in our feet Ilogoak (Father Le Roux) would point the gun. I was frightened and water came out of my eyes. I thought I would never see my people again."
>
> Finally, under a pretext, Sinnisiak got out of the harness, crept up behind the priest, Le Roux, and stabbed him in the back. The wounded priest ran up in front of the dogs and Sinnisiak told Uluksuk to seize the rifle and make an end of Ilogoak while he himself disposed of the Oblate, Kuliavik (Father Rouvière). With knives, rifles, and an ax the Eskimos then proceeded to take the lives of the missionaries.
>
> Perhaps the most interesting witness at the trial was Keoha, a tribesman of the accused men. He was unable to determine his age as his counting ability is limited to ten, as represented by his thumb and fingers. Before the arrival of the police at the Coppermine he had seen but five white men during his life. The first was Steffanson, arctic explorer, who visited his village in 1910.
>
> Keoha told how Sinnisiak and Uluksuk

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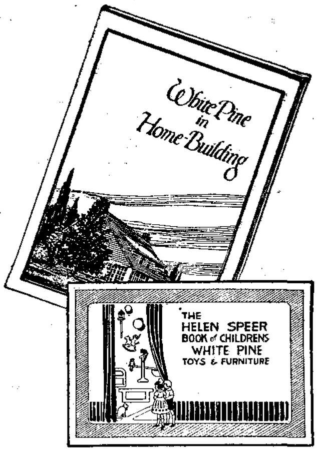
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returned to the mouth of the Coppermine, bearing the priests' rifles and giving the laconic explanation that they "had killed them." Headed by Keoha and another villager, Kormik, a party then went out and brought in the dead men's effects, which were distributed among the natives. It was the discovery, two years later, of this evidence that led to the capture of the culprits.

The supreme criminal court of Alberta was crowded on the closing day of the trial when counsel engaged addrest their arguments to the jury, and the chief justice of Alberta summed up the evidence. The prisoner, as unconcerned, outwardly, as if he were stalking a caribou, smiled in a childish manner at the men who held his life in their hands.

THE SORRY TALE OF KIANG E-SUNG

AESOP is long dead, but the dog still drops his bone into the stream trying to get the greater one reflected in the water. Such was the financial fate of poor Kiang E-sung, according to that excellent Japanese journal, *The Far East.* The story is told in quaintly ironical English, and is accredited to "Rover," in *The Central China Post.* It seems that Kiang E-sung at the age of twenty-two had more money than he knew what to do with. He had been to a mission school and had imbibed advanced notions. He despised the plodding methods of his parents, who, nevertheless, "had risen by sheer industry through the laborious, and at the same time hazardous, calling of fishers for the far-famed Ningpo cod, step by step, until at a date not long previous to the time of which we are writing, they both departed to the better region above, leaving Kiang E-sung, who was their only son, a fleet of some ten fishing-junks, some three hundred mao of land, and some five thousand dollars in hard cash." Now that he was master of all this wealth, he determined to improve his position by foreign innovations. He had made a great friend, one Li Ah-pong, who had long been in the employ of a foreign firm at Shanghai. This man advised him to endeavor to form a limited company among his fellow provincials and, with the increased capital, so to manipulate the business that he might in time be able to monopolize the immense Ningpo fish trade. Says the narrator:]

Kiang E-sung thought with intense longing of the time when he might be chairman of directors of a millionaire concern and agreed with alacrity to accompany his friend to Shanghai to make the preliminary arrangements. He knew that it was necessary to throw a sprat to catch a mackerel, so Kiang took all his cash with him, since in order to attract the attention of the wealthy Ningpo merchants at Shanghai, a program of judicious entertaining would be necessary.

Arrived at Shanghai, they put up at the most expensive hotel, and then hired an automobile and daily went forth in state to call on every wealthy Ningpo merchant they could locate. "With great eloquence" they endeavored to interest the merchants in their scheme, and got half-promises of support, but at great cost, for, as we read:

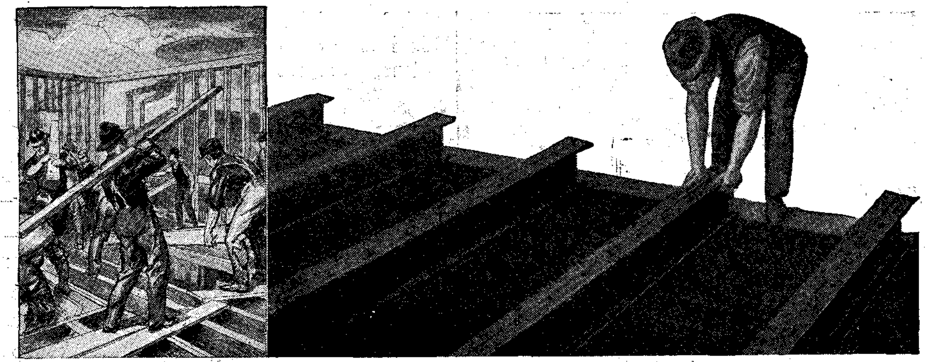
> These wily Big Fish were even more difficult to hook securely than the Ningpo silvery cod, and it took many presents and continuous feastings before the parties even consented to consider the scheme. Kiang E-sung's money was soon exhausted, and during two or three months of this dillydallying he had to go back to Ningpo more than once to replenish the exchequer by mortgaging some of his ground.
>
> At last one of the heartiest supporters thought out a brilliant scheme to insure heavy catches of fish. This was nothing else than to purchase all the blood from the local slaughter-houses and ship this to Ningpo. As blood and water will not mix, if the fishermen poured this on the water where they put down their nets, the fish would smell the blood and quickly rise to the surface and get dragged in in myriads. But this important concession was not easy to secure. So as to head off imitators, it was necessary not only to corner the market by purchasing all the blood from the municipal *abattoirs* but also from the native butchers both in Shanghai and Ningpo.
>
> Immense dinners were given to all connected with the slaughtering trade, and then another unforeseen obstacle sprang up. The foreign municipalities were difficult to approach, but Kiang's friend soon conceived a plan to overcome this difficulty. He proposed that Kiang should become comprador to a foreign *hong*, and then he could interest his master in the scheme, when the foreigners would be able to settle the matter among themselves over a dinner or two.

Accordingly, they advertised in the foreign newspapers that a Chinese of wealth would like to correspond with a reliable foreign firm who might need a comprador, "salary no object." Strange to say, the very next day Messrs. Fritz & Co., a German firm, exprest their desire to meet our friend. The account goes on:

> Preliminaries were soon arranged and, after another trip to Ningpo to get the needful, Kiang placed two thousand dollars in cash and the title-deeds of his property as his guaranty with his employers. The firm treated him most politely.
>
> His employer guaranteed to get the blood concession for him, but said several champagne dinners at the Astor House were necessary. Thus, altho inwardly much troubled at his own precarious position, as his fishing-smacks were all mortgaged as well as his ground, poor Kiang had to comply.

And then came the crash. War was declared. Fritz & Co. were blacklisted, and one morning their faithful comprador went to his office only to find everything locked up, his employer gone to Tsingtao, and all his securities nowhere to be found. Now, it seems,

> Kiang E-sung by latest reports is a jinrikisha coolie plying for hire in the model settlement. He usually looks deprest, but sometimes, after a glass of *samshu*, he lets go and tells his fellow coolies of how



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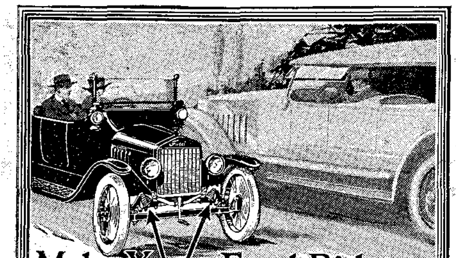

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rich he will be when the war is over, and his kind German friend comes back and returns him his deposit and deeds.

JUST A LITTLE STORY FROM CAMP

It was visiting day at the camp of the new 165th United States Infantry—the Rainbow Division. Twenty thousand persons swarmed about the grounds at Mineola, L. I. There were mothers and sisters and sweethearts with heartaches masked by light laughter, while the boys in khaki danced merrily on the green to the tunes of many phonographs.

Among the throng were two women, one old with whitened hair. The other was perhaps twenty-five years younger. They had come to beg—as mother and grandmother—that "their boy" be left to them. The New York *Sun* tells how they came pleading, and how they left—proudly presenting the greatest gift within the power of either to their adopted country—for you know the regiment was the old "Fighting Sixty-ninth" and the grandmother had been born on the "ould sod":

The two, the old woman in white and the younger woman in a plain blue gown—doubtless a daughter of the white-clad old Irishwoman—asked a brawny Sixty-ninther patrolling the Clinton Road entrance to the new camp where they could find "some one in au-thor-i-ty." The big Sixty-ninther directed the two women to the officer of the day, who happened to be the trim-looking young Capt. Michael Kelly, of Company F.

Officer of the Day Kelly was standing one hundred feet back of the Clinton Road entrance guard. At early morning the thousands had been coming by regular and special trains from the Pennsylvania and the Brooklyn stations of the Long Island Railroad, by trolley, by jitney, and on foot, and they were banked a few feet away by the thousands waiting the word that it was 2 P. M., and that therefore they might enter the camp.

In the first rush came the little old woman in white and her middle-aged daughter in blue. Patiently young Captain Michael nursed the crowd, the thousands.

"Company C is three streets back; Company A is the first street; you'll find Father Duffy, sir, up around his tent on the headquarters line on the ridge; I'm sorry, madam, but unless you can tell me the company your boy is in I can not direct you to his tent—there are so many Hogans in the camp that unless I know the company your son is in I shall have to page the Rainbow Division; yes, you may bring in cameras; no, I can not bring Father Duffy to you, but if you walk up that little rise there you'll probably find him; Francis X. O'Rourke?—we have eighteen of them, madam; which Francis X. O'Rourke do you want?"

Out of all the onslaught came the little old woman in white and her daughter in blue. It happened that the reporter was talking to Captain Kelly, officer of the day, when the two women came up.

"I want to see my son—I want to get him out of this," said the younger woman.

"I'm afraid, madam, I can't be of much help. However, if you—"

"Where's the Colonel's tent?" broke in the little old woman in the cheap white gown. "I want that my grandson should give this soldiering up and come back to us and do his work. Where is the Colonel?"

"I don't think the Colonel can help you, madam," came the answer, the officer of the day smiling kindly while trying to answer at the same time thirty-six other questions being propounded simultaneously by the gathering crowd around him. "Do you see that flag in front of the tent at the top of the rise? That's Colonel Hine's tent."

The old woman and her daughter struck out at once up the little rise, and the reporter, feeling like an eavesdropper, followed. Colonel Hine wasn't there at the moment, but a Very High Officer was in front of Colonel Hine's tent, and to the Very High Officer the mother of Jimmie, who ought to quit soldiering and come back to his job, told her sorrows, with Jimmie's grandmother breaking in betimes.

"I'm very sorry," said the Very High Officer, when he had heard them through, "that the loss of the young man's wages inconveniences you"—and he said it as if he meant it. "But let me put it this way to you: I have closed my office, I have sent my wife back to her people, and I am losing a lot of money to go to France with this regiment, I—"

"But you are rich and we're poor people," interrupted the grandmother. "We have to have Jimmie's wages to—"

"Pardon me," said the Very High Officer, "I'm not rich. I might be some day if I stuck to my work; but I think I should give up my work and go to France. Evidently your boy thinks the same. We all have to make some sacrifices just now. Let me suggest something—your boy is a member of —— Company, you say; suppose you go down there and see him. Look at the fine young boys he's with, and how well he's living, and how happy he is. If you are dependent on his wages, remember also that we have a fund to take care of dependents. You go down to his company street and find him, and spend a little time with him, and have him take you around the camp while you talk it over."

They went away, down the incline toward the company street where Jimmie was bunking.

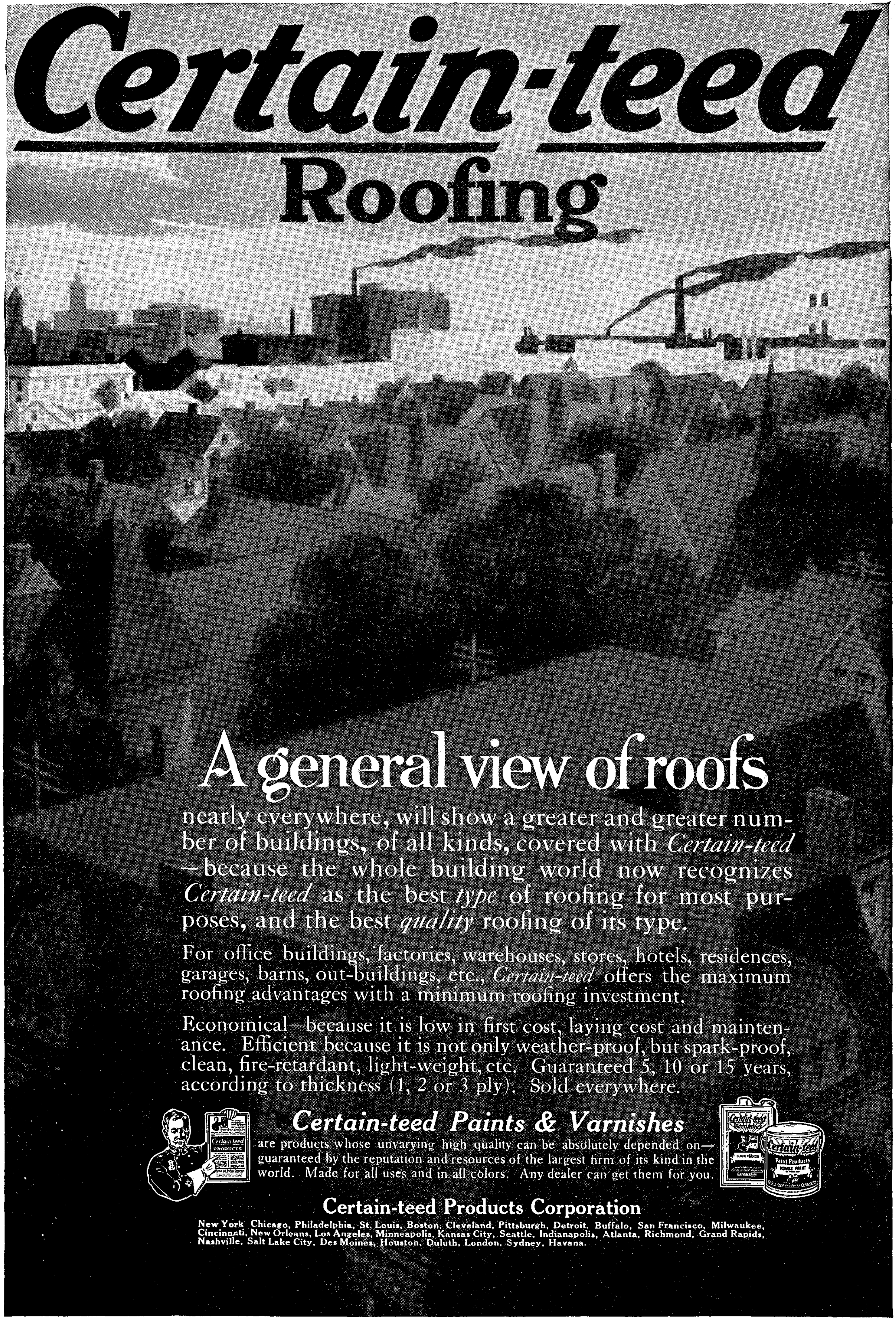
Just before five o'clock in the evening the grandmother in white and her daughter in blue, Jimmie's mother, came back toward the Very High Officer's tent. He got up from his seat on a soap-box.

"Well, did you have a talk with him?" he asked as they approached him. The little grandmother looked almost quite as she did before except that the worried look had left her face. Her daughter looked even happy, but her eyes showed that she had been crying a bit. There was an awkward pause.

"We—we came up to say we're sorry for to trouble you like we did," said the grandmother, humbly, in a brogue that was fine to hear. "We saw the boy, and he told us we were just cowards. We—we—"

"Well?"

"We thought we ought to tell you before we went back to the train that I guess we were just cowards. We're ashamed, me and my daughter are, and we wanted to make everything right before we left. We're sorry we said what we said, sir. May God bless you and all of you on your trip!"



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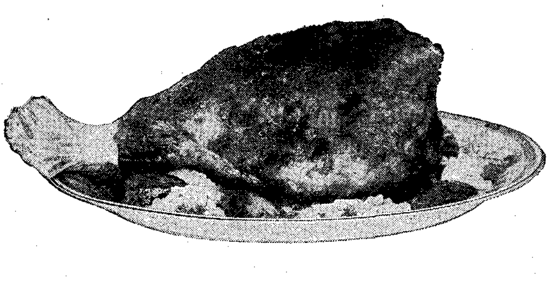

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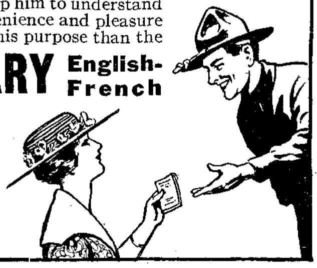


SPICE OF LIFE

A Reasonable Question. — EDITOR — "Have you submitted these poems anywhere else, first?"

POET—"No, sir."

EDITOR—"Then, where did you get that black eye?"—*Judge.*

Another Short-Skirt Blunder

"There, little girl, don't cry;
They have broken your doll, I know"—
Then she turned around, and behold, I saw
A woman of sixty or so.

—*The Lamb.*

Why They Cheered.—As the regiment was leaving, and a crowd cheering, a recruit asked: "Who are all those people who are cheering?"

"They," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."—*Life.*

Mean.—Young Arthur was wrestling with a lesson in grammar. "Father," said he, thoughtfully, "what part of speech is woman?"

"Woman, my boy, is not part of speech; she is all of it," returned father.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

More Expensive Trimming.—HALEFELLER (wildly)—"What! Do you mean to tell me, woman, that it cost $39 to get that hat trimmed? Jumping Jupiter! But that milliners' game is the limit!"

MRS. HALEFELLER (sweetly)—"Really? Why, I understood it costs some men more than that to get trimmed in a poker-game."—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

He Learned Later.—They had plighted their troth, and were talking things over. They both decided to be quite unlike other married couples—forbearing and long-suffering and patient with each other.

"No!" said the man. "I shall not be like other husbands who get cross and bang things about if the coffee is cold!"

"If you ever did," said the girl, sweetly, "I would make it hot for you!"

And the man wondered what she meant. —*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

An Undeserved Rebuke.—The manager of the big department store stood stock-still outside the little box-like chamber which held the telephone of the establishment, for he was a very startled manager indeed. Within the chamber he could hear Miss Jones, the stenographer, speaking, and this is a scrap of the conversation the startled man overheard:

"I love you, dear, and only you. I'm weeping my heart away. Yes, my darling, speak to me once more. I love you, dear, I love you so."

The young woman rang off and stept out of the cabinet, to confront the angry manager.

"Miss Jones," he said, "that telephone has been fixt where it is for the purpose of convenience in conducting business, and not for love-making in office hours. I am surprized at you. Don't let it occur again."

The young woman froze him with a glance.

"I was ordering some new songs for No. 3 Department," she explained, icily.—*Dallas News.*

Spoke Too Loud.—A Topeka business man employs two negroes to work on his gardens, which he personally oversees. One morning Sam did not appear.

" Where is Sam, George? " he asked.

" In de hospital, sah."

" In the hospital? Why, how did that happen? "

" Well, Sam he been atellin' me ev'ry mornin' foh ten days he gwine to lick his wife 'cause o' her naggin'."

" Well? "

" Well, yestiddy she done ovahheah him, da's all."—*Los Angeles Times.*

Had Him.—Senator Simmons was discussing the proposed war-tax on automobile-owners. " Making war-taxes," he said, " isn't pleasant work. It puts one in the position of the facetious minister at Ocean Grove who took a little girl on his knee, and said:

" ' I don't love you, Nellie.'

"All the ladies on the breeze-swept veranda laughed, but little Nellie frowned and said:

" ' You've got to love me. You've got to.'

" ' Got to? How so? ' laughed the divine.

" ' Because,' said Nellie stoutly, ' you've got to love them that hate you—and I hate you, goodness knows ! ' "—*Washington Star.*

Too Much Argument.—On the Western plains the sheepman goes out with several thousand head and one human companion. The natural result is that the pair, forced on one another when they least want it, form the habit of hating each other.

An ex-sheepman while in a narrative mood one evening was telling a party of friends of a fellow he once rode with. " Not a word had passed between us for more than a week and that night when we rolled up in our blankets he suddenly asked:

" ' Hear that cow beller? '

" ' Sounds to me like a bull,' I replied.

" No answer, but the following morning I noticed him packing up.

" ' Going to leave? ' I questioned.

" ' Yes,' he replied.

" ' What for? '

" ' Too much argument.' "—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

Misdirected Energy.—The fact that Sir Douglas Haig attained his fifty-sixth birthday on June 19 brings back to mind a story told of him a short while back.

It is, of course, well known that Sir Douglas is a soldier first, last, and all the time, regarding all other professions as of quite negligible importance, a trait in his character which lends point to the anecdote.

He was, it appears, inspecting a cavalry troop, and was particularly struck with the neat way in which repairs had been made in some of the saddles.

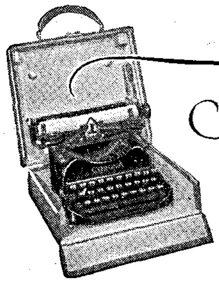
" Very good work," he remarked to the troop sergeant-major. " Who did it? "

" Two of my troopers, sir," was the reply.

" You're fortunate to have two such expert saddlers in your troop," said Haig.

"As a matter of fact, sir," was the reply, "they're not saddlers, in civil life being lawyers."

" Well," ejaculated Sir Douglas, " how men who can do work like that could have wasted their lives over law I can't imagine ! "—*Minneapolis Tribune.*



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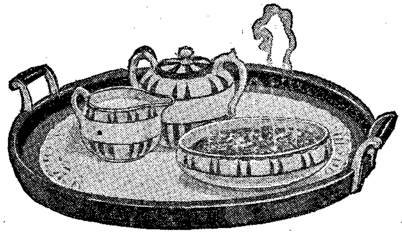

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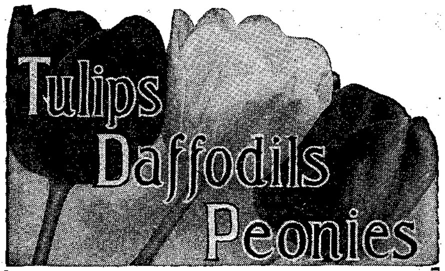

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CURRENT EVENTS

THE GREAT WAR

AMERICAN OPERATIONS

September 6.—The House passes the War-Bond Bill, totaling $11,538,945,460, after fifteen hours' debate. It includes $4,000,000,000 in new loans to the Allies and $2,000,000,000 for War-Savings certificates.

Dispatches from Chicago state that it is believed that a nation-wide strike to paralyze work at the Army cantonments was foiled by the Government's action against the Industrial Workers of the World.

Food-Administrator Hoover tells the National Live Stock Conference that Government price-fixing for meat and dairy products is not contemplated, but it is the hope of the Administrator to stabilize prices and eliminate speculation.

September 7.—After bitter debates the Senate by a vote of 75 to 5 rejects the amendment of Senator Hardwick, of Georgia, providing for an increased tax of 10 per cent. on incomes of more than $25,000 in order to increase the pay of enlisted officers and men in foreign service by $50 per month.

President Wilson, by proclamation, adds coin, bullion, and currency to the embargo-list. Licenses for shipments will be granted by the Federal Reserve Board on recommendation of the Federal Reserve Bank in the district from which it is desired to make the shipment, subject to final approval by the Secretary of the Treasury.

Treasury officials fix the amount of the next Liberty Loan at $3,000,000,000.

Documents and letters seized in the Government raids on I. W. W. headquarters throughout the country indicate that a plan was under way to call strikes in all the munition-plants, and if the strikes failed, bombs were to be used.

The American Alliance for Labor and Democracy concludes its loyalty conference at Minneapolis by electing Samuel Gompers president, and pledging itself to hunt down those who are disloyal to the nation in the war.

September 8.—Belief that the I. W. W. are secretly manufacturing explosives leads United States District Attorney Clyne, of Chicago, to start a nation-wide search for the plant.

Intense interest is aroused in diplomatic and political circles by Washington dispatches showing that Sweden has been acting as an intermediary in transferring messages from the German Chargé d'Affaires at Buenos Aires, Argentina, by way of the Stockholm Foreign Office, to Berlin. Secretary Lansing makes public three communications from Count Luxburg in which he suggests that Argentine shipping be spared or else "sunk without a trace being left."

Two workmen are killed and many injured in an explosion in the Frankford Arsenal in Philadelphia, which is believed to have been accidental.

September 9.—At a meeting of the Conscientious Objectors' League, in New York City, 250 members are arrested without registration-cards.

September 10.—Baron Lowen, the Swedish Minister to Argentina, denies that dispatches in cipher were sent to Berlin by the German Chargé through the Swedish Legation at Buenos Aires.

The Senate passes the War-Tax Bill by a vote of 69 to 4. The four who voted against the measure were Senators Borah, Gronna, LaFollette, and Norris.

September 11.—Evidence seized in the office of the Philadelphia *Tageblatt* is said by Government agents to show a German conspiracy against the United States. Two editors are arrested at the time of the raid, and Herman Lemke, business manager, and Dr. Martin Barko, managing editor, surrender and are held in $10,000 bail.

Secretary of the Navy Daniels announces that instead of six submarines sunk in an attack on the *Westwego*, an American steamship off the coast of France, as at first reported, only one submarine was "probably" destroyed.

September 12.—Secretary Baker announces the perfection of a new aeroplane-motor, which he declares to be the "best aircraft engine produced by any country, and the most remarkable industrial achievement in American history."

Reports received in New York state that the steamship *Minnehaha*, of the Atlantic Transport Line, was sunk by a submarine off the coast of Ireland and fifty lives lost.

WITH AMERICA'S ALLIES

September 6.—Nineteen persons are killed and twenty-six wounded in the Vandelaincourt Hospital in the Verdun region during a German air-raid.

In an address at a meeting in Paris in celebration of the battle of the Marne, Premier Ribot declares emphatically that France will not compromise on its demand for the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine.

London dispatches announce that the Italians, altho repulsed after several times capturing the summit of Monte San Gabrielle, are persistently continuing their attacks.

The inquiry into the counter-revolutionary plot in Russia is being energetically pursued, Petrograd reports, and arrests and searches for incriminating documents continue.

Rome dispatches state that the Pope is not discouraged by the reception of his peace proposals by the Allies, and will repeat his efforts.

Lloyd George, in an address at Birkenhead, declares "that with the whole united strength of our people we shall only just win the war." In commenting upon the operations of the United States, he says the Central Powers know that they are dealing with a country "that has never yet been beaten."

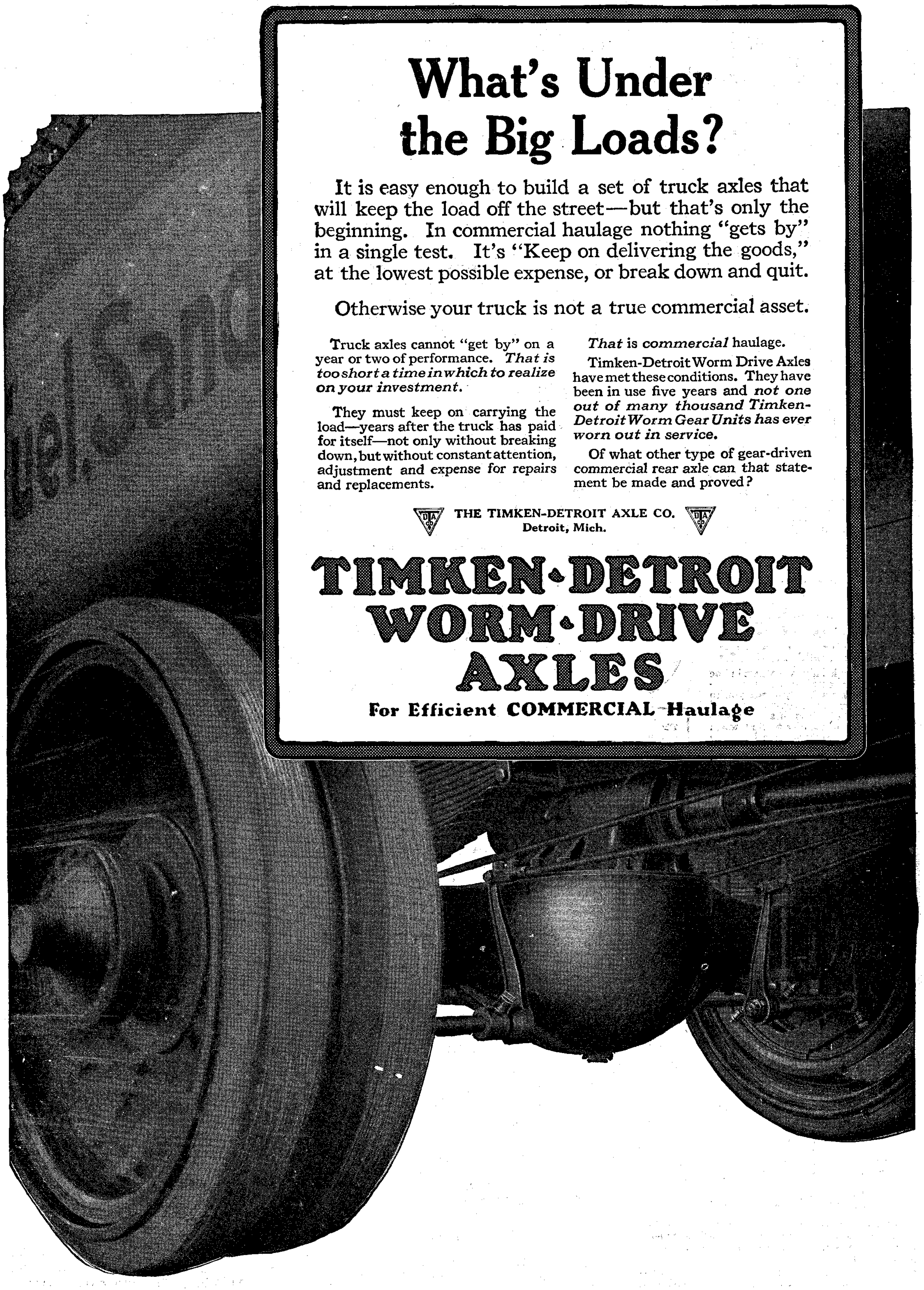
In continued night-raids on a series of hospitals near the coast of France by the Germans, one officer is killed in the Harvard hospital and three wounded, while five American members of the staff and ten patients are injured. Two of the latter die from their wounds.

September 8.—A furious battle is raging on the Italian front, and dispatches from London state that Rome and Vienna each claims success.

The German drive beyond Riga is checked, London hears, the Russians having halted their retreat and entrenched west of Venden.

The French launch an attack on a four-mile front in the Verdun sector, which Berlin dispatches declare was repulsed. Thick fog prevents British operations in Flanders.

September 9.—The Crown Prince's troops lose heavily in an attempt to retake positions lost northeast of Verdun, the French taking 800 prisoners. Reconnoitering parties count 1,000 German dead in a small section.



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Twenty-three American ambulance men are decorated by the French Government with the War Cross for their work at the front during the recent heavy fighting.

Dispatches from Petrograd state that competent military authorities do not consider the city in danger.

September 10.—Premier Kerensky deposes General Korniloff as a rebel, and establishes martial law in Petrograd.

September 11.—Paul Painlevé, Minister of War, accepts the task of forming a new French ministry to replace that headed by Alexandre Ribot.

Civil war begins in Russia with a clash between General Korniloff's troops and the Government forces, according to reports from Petrograd. The town of Writza is said to have fallen to Korniloff.

September 12.—At a House of Commons luncheon Bonar Law declares that with the United States in the war "we have on our side resources that are more than sufficient to achieve victory." Without the financial assistance of the United States, he said, the Allies would be in "dangerous straits to-day."

The French troops in Champagne win another victory, smashing two German lines and entering a third in the region of St. Souplet. London reports the success the most sweeping yet achieved in the region.

A marked decrease is shown in the destruction of British merchant ships by German submarines. Following is the report of the Admiralty for the week: Arrivals, 2,744; sailings, 2,868. Merchant vessels of more than 1,600 tons sunk, including one previously, 12; under 1,600 tons, including one previously, 6. Vessels unsuccessfully attacked, including one previously, 12. Fishing-vessels sunk, 4.

In a dispatch from the French Army Headquarters the Associated Press gives the following estimate of the German forces in the field at the present time, as well as the casualties: Fixt formations on various fronts, 5,500,000; divisions undergoing formation and in depots, 600,000; losses in killed, disabled, and prisoners, 4,000,000; wounded in hospitals, 500,000; total, 10,600,000.

General Korniloff's forces occupy Gatchina, thirty miles from Petrograd. All the regiments in the capital and on the outskirts are supporting the Government, and the Cossacks are said to be deserting the rebels. Premier Kerensky is firm and has the support of the Cabinet in the crisis. Moscow has proclaimed loyalty.

CENTRAL POWERS

September 6.—The Russian flight from Riga continues, London dispatches announce, and German war-ships are reported off Reval, while the Germans are pouring through a 40-mile break in the defenders' line. It is said that 7,500 Russian prisoners have been taken.

The Roman Catholic Centrist party in Berlin issues a reply to President Wilson's answer to the Pope's proposals in which the President is declared to be an autocrat suppressing the voice of the people. While announcing that the President can not "coerce Teutons," it is admitted that "some way must be devised to reach an understanding with him."

The Austrians abandon counter-attacks and take the defensive on the eastern edge of the Bainsizza plateau, dispatches from London announce.

September 8.—Shortage of miners creates an acute stringency in the coal situation in Germany, dispatches from Berlin announce, and the fuel problem is said to be now giving greater concern even than food.

September 9.—The capture of 18,000 Italian troops and 500 officers by the Austrians at Monte San Gabrielle is announced, a London dispatch states.

September 11.—Admiral Lindman, Swedish Minister of Foreign Affairs, announces that Baron Lowen, Minister to Argentina, will not be recalled as a result of the exposure of the transmission of German messages through the Embassy.

DOMESTIC

September 7.—Dudley Field Malone resigns as Collector of the Port of New York as a protest against the jailing of suffragist pickets in Washington, and to be free to champion the cause of women in their fight for enfranchisement.

London dispatches indicate that information has been received showing that political conditions in Russia are becoming better and that the retreat from Riga has been conducted in an orderly manner.

September 8.—Mayor Moliman, of East St. Louis, and his secretary are indicted for their connection with the recent race-riots.

September 10.—Equal suffrage for women is defeated in Maine by a vote of two to one.

September 11.—In a statement of the Controller of the Currency at Washington it is announced that the late J. B. Martindale had been a defaulter for sixteen years, during which time he had been a subordinate officer and then President of the Chemical National Bank of New York.

FOREIGN

September 12.—Rioters in Buenos Aires are reported to have burned scores of buildings in a wild anti-Teuton demonstration. Extraordinary precautions are taken by the authorities to protect Count Luxburg, who is expected in the city to-morrow, and whose passports have been sent to the German legation to-day.

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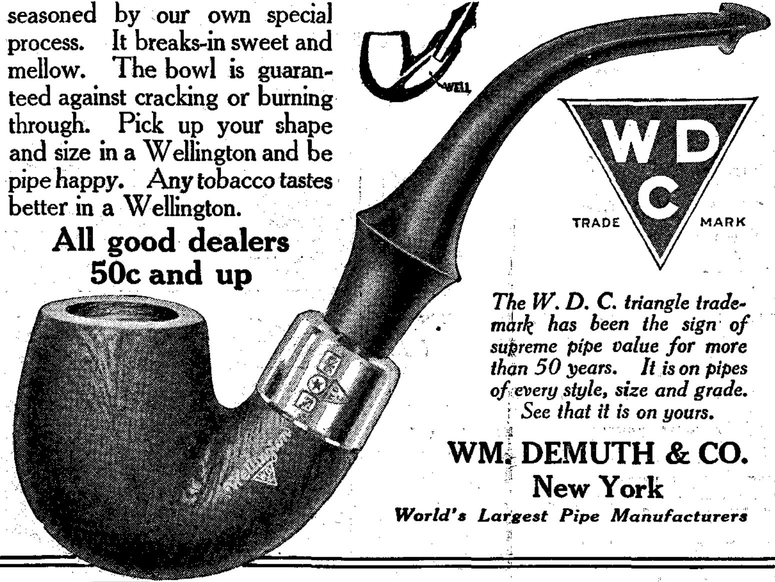

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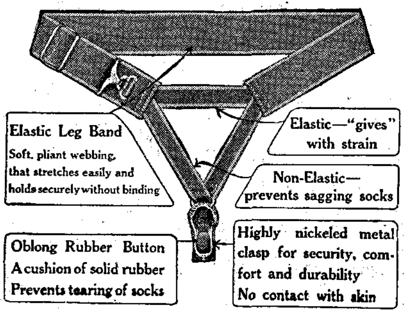
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INVESTMENTS - AND - FINANCE

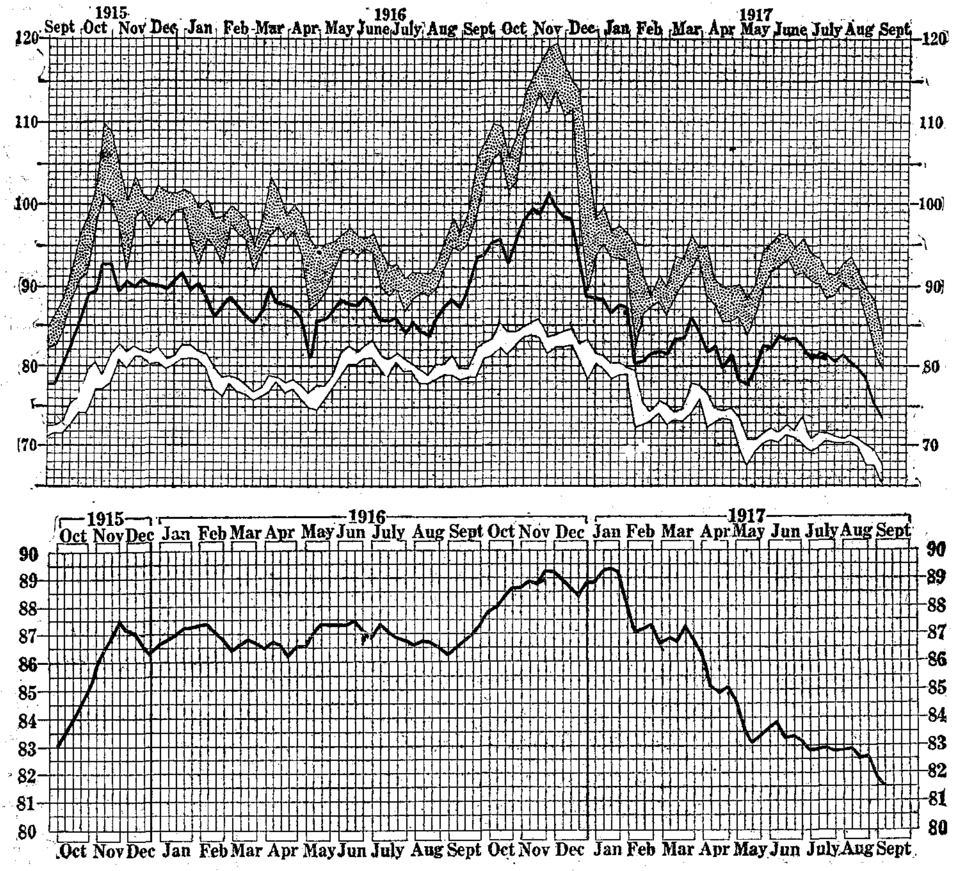
THREE YEARS OF THE STOCK- AND BOND-MARKET AND RECENT DECLINES

BELOW will be found tables, taken from the New York *Times Annalist*, showing the ranges of prices for selected stocks and bonds since the second year of the war. The stocks and bonds chosen as the unit with which to prepare the diagram were standard issues dealt in on the New York Stock Exchange. Since early this summer there has been in progress a decline in prices for most issues. *Bradstreet's* notes that the shrinkage, not only for industrial, munition, and copper stocks, but for railroads as well, has been such that the inflation resulting from the speculative boom which developed during the first years of the war "has been largely eliminated." What the course of prices has been that paper sets forth in the following table, in which are contrasted the high figures reached by a number of active representative shares in 1915–1916 and those for the present year with the low quotations touched recently, and closing prices on Friday, September 7, when a partial recovery followed:

	High, 1915–16	*High, 1917*	*Low This Week*	*Close, Sept. 7*
Atchison	111¼	107½	95	96½
Baltimore & Ohio	96	85	65¼	66½
Chicago, Mil. & St. Paul	102½	92	62¼	62½
Delaware & Hudson	156	151⅞	99⅛	101½
Erie	45⅝	34¾	19¾	20⅝
Great Northern, pfd	128⅜	118¼	101⅞	103⅞
New Haven	89	52⅞	24⅝	25⅝
New York Central	114¼	103⅝	74¾	77
Northern Pacific	118⅞	110¼	98¾	99⅞
Pennsylvania	61½	57⅜	49⅝	51⅞
Reading	115½	104¼	80¼	82½
Southern Pacific	104⅛	98½	89½	91¼
Southern Railway, pfd	73½	70½	52	54
Union Pacific	153⅜	149⅛	127	128½
American Smelting	122⅞	112¾	90½	94⅝
American Sugar	125⅝	126⅜	106	108¾
American Tobacco	252½	220	194	196⅛
Anaconda Copper	105⅜	87	64⅛	69
Baldwin Locomotive	154½	76½	55	58¾
Bethlehem Steel B	.....	156	102⅜	104⅝
Central Leather	123	101½	78½	82¼
Intern'l Mer. Marine, pfd	125⅝	95½	84¾	86⅜
Kennecott Copper	64¼	50⅛	39½	*40
Mexican Petroleum	129⅝	106½	86	89⅜
Studebaker com	195	110½	42	43¼
Tobacco Products	59⅝	80⅝	68½	72⅜
United States Steel com	129¾	136⅜	104½	107¼
Utah Copper	130	118¾	92⅝	97⅝

*Ex-dividend 1½ per cent.

Bradstreet's regards the recent downward movement as "an episode in the readjustment of investment and speculation to war-conditions." The most immediate cause for the early September break was "the narrowing of the loan market at New York and the rise of call-money rates at that city to a level which, while not dangerous, served as a warning that the stock-market could not count upon any extensive borrowing facilities." Conditions such as these "naturally produced extensive liquidation of holdings of stocks in the hands of operators, large and small, who had to a certain extent depended upon the possibility of a financial inflation as a war-measure, but who now find that the policy



STOCK AND BOND MARKET CHANGES SINCE THE AUTUMN OF 1915.

In the narrow black line of the upper one of the two above diagrams are shown the movements of the closing average price of fifty standard stocks for the past two years, twenty-five of the stocks being industrials and twenty-five railroads. In the shaded line area are shown the movements of the twenty-five industrials separately from the railroads, while in the white-line area the twenty-five railroads are shown separately from the industrials. In the lower diagram the average movements of bonds are shown, forty listed issues being the basis of the average.

On being "Party of the First Part" in a smoke monopoly

That Complete Citizen, Ben Franklin, used to say "Drive your business—or your business will drive you!"

I figure it's the same with a cigar. At least, *I've* found it so.

For years I smoked cigars of black, narcotic smack, that dimmed my eyes and put fur on my tongue. My nerves, too, registered an S.O.S.

"Oho," thought I, "a smoke monopoly,—in favor of the *smoke*."

To remedy matters, I tried a ROBERT BURNS. Forthwith I stepped into my rightful place, as master of the situation.

The point is this—*I* dominate the smoking hour, instead of my cigar. Good ROBERT BURNS plays a second fiddle to *my first*.

We have a perfect understanding. This is it: that I am not to cut down on the *number* of cigars—but keep to *mild* ones—ROBERT BURNS.

* * *

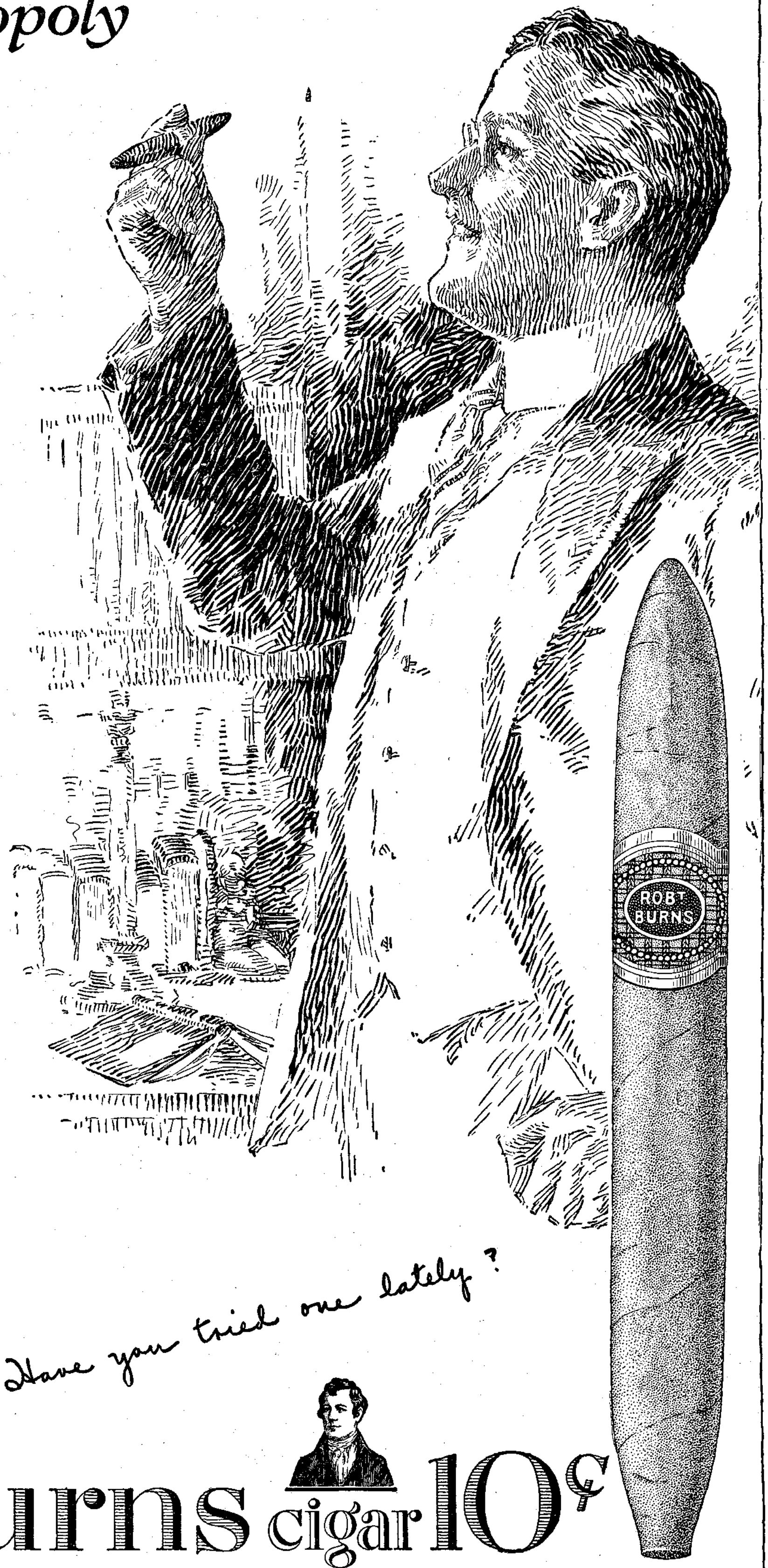
Listen, Man-who-likes-cigars! Mildness *can* be mixed with goodness to make a palatable cigar. Precisely, that is what the makers of prime ROBERT BURNS have done!

How did they do it?

The *blend* and the *curing* explain it. ROBERT BURNS' Havana filler gives him fine flavor. Our own special curing gives that Havana rare mildness. The neutral Sumatra wrapper *helps* that mildness.

So ROBERT BURNS goes on, converting men from *heaviness* to *mildness*. So grows his circle of friends, who smile as they say of good ROBERT BURNS—"even better today than ever before!"

Remember that Little Bobbie is a pocket edition of ROBERT BURNS himself. Price 5c straight.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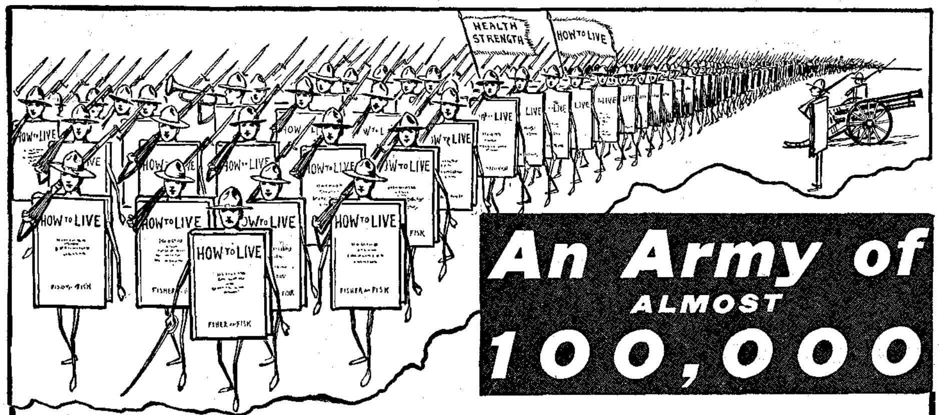
Invincible 10¢
(Exact Size)



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Air Baths
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Chautauqua Institution is Using 7,000 Copies

in its reading course for 1917-18.

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of the United States Government is decidedly against anything of that character." Another element in the situation was "the continued absence of purchasing power." This, according to general opinion in Wall Street, had resulted from uncertainty about price-fixing for steel copper, etc., and its effects, and about the extent of the excess-profits taxation to which corporations were to be subjected. It had been matter for comment since the depression set in steadily that the lowering of prices for securities "failed to attract much of the bargain-hunting buying by the public which usually makes itself felt under such conditions." To all appearances there had been "a general disposition on the part of the public to wait for the solution of the various important questions involved in the financial measures which are still being evolved in Congress." This absence of support gave the stock-market during the first week in September "an appearance of extreme instability, the melting of prices being only checked by the covering of short contracts put out by the rather numerous operators on the bear side." To all appearances, market quotations were in many cases "below the intrinsic investment values of securities, even after allowing for heavy war-taxation on profits."

INCREASING DEPOSITS IN SAVINGS-BANKS

In proof that deposits in the savings-banks of New York State continue to grow, *Bradstreet's* finds that on July 1 these institutions held the large total of $1,991,469,146. The sum of $503,048,944 had been deposited during the twelve months ending on July 1. That sum was "the largest amount of deposits ever made in one year." At the same time "withdrawals expanded considerably, $465,850,758 having been taken out during the fiscal year." The margin of deposits over withdrawals, $37,198,000, was, however, "uncommonly large." One might say that the total as indicating record deposits was not remarkable when it is considered that prosperity has greatly enlarged payrolls, while employment has absorbed available labor which was worked at continuous pressure; but it is to be remembered that savings-banks have had "a strong competitor in the Federal Postal Savings-Banks," while the large withdrawals in the face of good times "were probably due to subscriptions to the Liberty Loan, and in part to withdrawals by foreigners who became concerned when the United States declared war against Germany." After all these considerations, *Bradstreet's* concluded that the withdrawals relative to deposits "cut but a moderate figure, clearly indicating that good times are more potent in raising deposits than are passing waves of concern in increasing withdrawals." The writer adds other interesting data:

"Deposits during the fiscal year 1917 increased 12 per cent. over those of 1916, and withdrawals expanded 10 per cent. In 1915, 1914, and 1908 withdrawals exceeded deposits, the outbreak of the European War having been responsible for this manifestation in the more immediate years, while the depression of 1907, the effects of which were carried over into 1908, explains light deposits and large withdrawals in that year.

"Under the influences of excellent employment, negligible emigration, and the practise of sane economy, savings-bank deposits may well be expected to grow. Here it is interesting to note that in the ten-year period, 1894–1903, resources of New York State's savings-banks increased 69 per cent., and in the succeeding decade they expanded 55 per cent. Add to the figures of savings-bank deposits the steady growth in life insurance, the falling off noted last year in loans made on such policies, the enlarged savings reflected in the combined reports of building and loan associations, and the magnificent response of the 'average' man in the street to the last Liberty Loan, and one can readily appreciate that our people are far from lacking in thrift. This table gives the figures for deposits and withdrawals during the past ten fiscal years:

	Sum Deposited	*Withdrawals*
1917	$503,048,944	$465,850,758
1916	448,017,922	420,895,728
1915	387,072,851	433,117,019
1914	440,322,844	453,312,486
1913	441,486,578	436,148,021
1912	422,920,291	414,041,135
1911	419,323,550	406,249,772
1910	405,176,261	377,028,477
1909	375,598,505	360,932,917
1908	364,341,573	430,541,716

"The following table gives practically all of the facts for a four-year period:

	July 1, 1917	*July 1, 1916*
Total resources	$2,172,916,414	$2,053,171,981
Due depositors	$1,991,469,146	$1,883,242,203
Surplus on par value of stocks and bonds	$201,619,592	$168,986,926
Surplus market value of stocks and bonds	$179,274,939	$189,194,044
No. of open accounts	3,452,111	3,335,538
No. of accounts opened or re-opened	638,477	587,140
No. of accounts closed	521,904	454,261
Sum deposited	$503,048,944	$446,017,922
Sum withdrawn	$465,850,758	$420,895,728
Interest	$71,022,361	$66,610,020

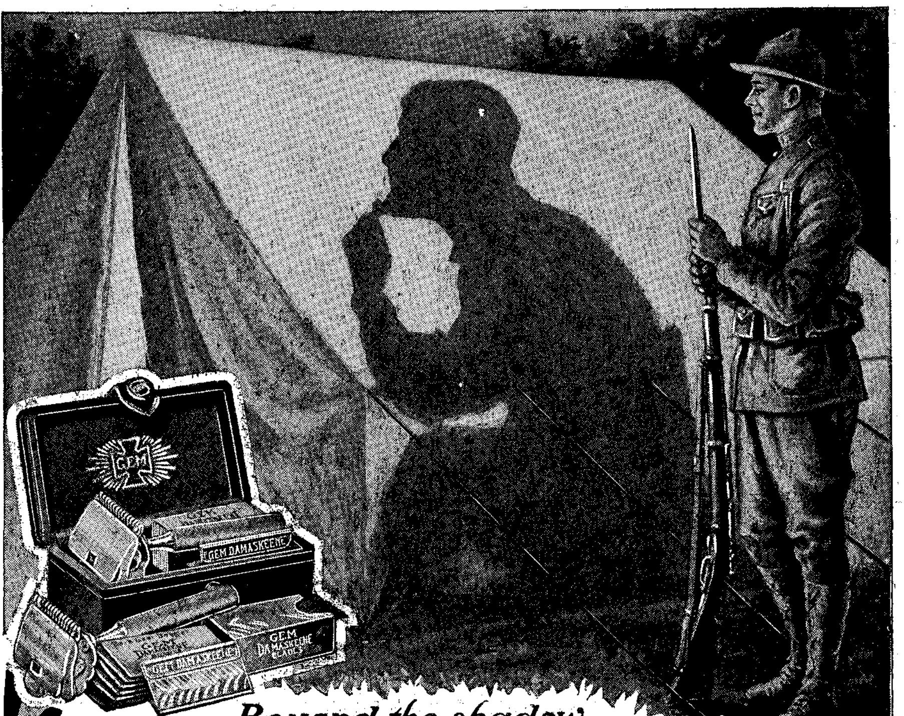
	1915	*1914*
Total resources	$1,930,596,230	$1,912,023,874
Due depositors	$1,791,524,601	$1,773,213,398
Surplus on par value of stocks and bonds	$176,893,415	$164,127,574
Surplus market value of stocks and bonds	$138,020,085	$137,921,822
No. of open accounts	3,202,659	3,181,248
No. of accounts opened or re-opened	499,740	562,646
No. of accounts closed	477,667	500,619
Sum deposited	$387,072,851	$440,322,844
Sum withdrawn	$433,117,019	$453,312,486
Interest	$64,639,705	$61,610,498

"Figures regarding resources, total deposits, and interest are given in the following table, which affords comparisons for twenty-four years:

July 1	*Resources*	*Deposits*	*Interest*
1917	$2,172,916,414	$1,991,469,146	$71,022,361
1916	2,053,171,981	1,883,242,203	66,610,020
1915	1,930,596,230	1,791,524,601	64,639,705
1914	1,912,023,874	1,773,213,398	61,610,498
1913	1,903,321,514	1,725,607,297	59,723,890
1912	1,827,507,287	1,660,564,190	57,629,833
1911	1,751,859,001	1,594,224,557	55,643,262
1910	1,676,416,322	1,526,935,581	53,828,625
1909	1,587,927,555	1,444,974,860	52,087,290
1908	1,516,505,210	1,378,232,779	50,424,464
1907	1,490,760,675	1,394,296,034	48,940,903
1906	1,444,444,492	1,335,093,053	44,725,760
1905	1,367,692,595	1,252,928,300	41,748,445
1904	1,275,189,168	1,166,091,444	38,076,168
1903	1,221,425,002	1,112,418,552	35,942,167
1902	1,167,683,337	1,051,689,186	34,189,610
1901	1,105,076,764	987,621,808	32,606,746
1900	1,037,869,160	922,081,596	30,388,274
1899	968,978,167	858,443,277	28,485,173
1898	889,250,317	787,212,476	27,351,276
1897	839,671,900	741,474,845	25,881,032
1896	806,751,427	715,082,899	24,958,727
1895	762,511,230	669,266,016	23,394,269
1894	721,547,892	630,944,149	22,386,365

FEDERAL FARM-LOAN BONDS

A form of security until recently unknown in America has made its appearance on the investment market under the name of Federal Farm-Loan Bonds. As explained in a statement received from Frank R. Wilson of the Treasury Department, Federal Farm-Loan Bonds, which are issued under the regulation of the United States Government, have as the security behind them the massed first farm-



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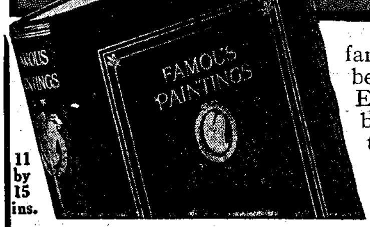

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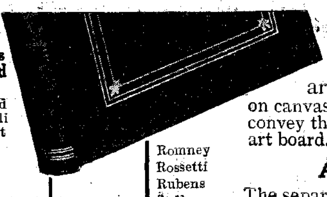

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mortgages taken by the twelve Federal Land-Banks operating under the new Federal Farm-Loan Act. It appears that already bond-houses have contracted to take $30,000,000 of these securities and that it is expected that the Federal Farm-Loan Board in Washington will authorize the issuance of from $100,000,000 to $150,000,000 of these securities within the coming year. Being instrumentalities of the Government these bonds are free of all forms of taxation. They bear 4½ per cent. interest and are selling at 101⅛, which means a net return of 4¼ for a five-year period, or 4.45 for a 20-year bond. Securities of this sort have long been known in European countries, where rural-credits institutions have been making loans to farmers and issuing bonds based upon the assembled land security. Mr. Wilson's statement says further:

"The twelve Federal Land-Banks, created under the Federal Farm-Loan Act, have been provided with original capital stock of $750,000 each, or a total of $9,000,000. Practically all of this stock was purchased by the Government, very little going into private hands. Under the law these banks are permitted to lend twenty times their capital, the additional money for lending being procured by the sale of bonds issued against farm-mortgages taken. When a Federal Land-Bank lends $50,000 and takes $50,000 of first mortgages, it is permitted, with authority of the Federal Farm-Loan Board, to issue against these mortgages $50,000 of 4½ per cent. bonds to be sold to investors. Each farmer who borrows from a Federal Land-Bank invests in stock of that bank 5 per cent. of the amount of his loan. This provides a constant increase of capital in the same proportion as the loans increase. A Federal Land-Bank, therefore, may keep on selling bonds just as long as it has first farm-mortgages to secure them.

"Loans under the Federal Farm-Loan Act are limited to 50 per cent. of the appraised value of the land plus 20 per cent. of the appraised value of the permanent insured improvements. The basic security for Federal Farm-Loan Bonds is, therefore, farm-land appraised at twice the face of the bonds. Each loan must be guaranteed by the Farm-Loan Association of which the borrower is a member. But to make the bonds doubly sure the law provides that each one of the twelve Federal Land-Banks shall be liable for the bonds issued by any of the banks, thus putting all of the mortgages of all of the Federal Land-Banks, together with the capital stock of all the banks, including the stock represented by the 5 per cent. purchases of all the borrowers, behind the bonds issued by any one of the banks.

"These bonds, as stated before, are exempt from taxation. They may be purchased by banks of the Federal Reserve System. They are acceptable at par to secure postal-savings deposits. They are lawful investments for all fiduciary and trust funds, and security for all deposits under the jurisdiction and control of the Federal Government. In a majority of States they are lawful investments, under the laws of the States, for the funds of savings-banks, insurance companies, guardians, and trustees. They are engraved by the United States Bureau of Engraving and Printing and protected from counterfeiting by the secret service. They are issued for twenty years, but are redeemable at par and accrued interest on any interest date after five years from the date of issue. The denominations are $1,000, $500, $100, $50, and $25. The interest is payable semi-annually, May 1 and November 1, at any Federal Land-Bank or any Federal Reserve Bank.

"Each bond contains, on its face, a certificate bearing the signature of the Farm-Loan Commissioner, that it is issued under the authority of the Farm-Loan Act, is legal and regular in all respects; that it is not taxable by National, State, municipal, nor local authority; that it is issued against collateral of United States Government bonds, or indorsed first mortgages on farm-lands at least equal in amount to the bonds issued, and that all Federal Land-Banks are liable for the payment of each bond. These bonds are in coupon form, exchangeable for registered bonds which, in turn, are reexchangeable for coupon bonds."

When Jeopardy Left.—"We once had a servant-girl whom we nicknamed 'Jeopardy' because she could not be prevented from pouring kerosene directly from the can upon a lighted fire. One day Jeopardy left us very suddenly, and she never came back. We were sorry she left, as Jeopardy was a good girl. It developed that she had chanced to find a fifty-pound case of dynamite-sticks in the wood-shed, which she had been using to start the fire in the kitchen stove. Sometimes dynamite will work all right for such a purpose, but it is notional stuff and can not be depended upon merely to burn. It was during one of those intervals that Jeopardy went."—*Hudson Maxim's "Dynamite stories."*

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the current use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

The LEXICOGRAPHER thanks several correspondents for the information that "the perpendicular pronoun is the pronoun of the first person, singular number—I."

A Correspondent, himself a resident of Albemarle County, Va., and the town of Charlottesville for over sixty years, and whose forebears also lived there and were intimately associated with Thomas Jefferson, writes: "*I do not know six cultivated people in Albemarle County or Charlottesville who pronounce Monticello in any other way than that in which Mr. Jefferson pronounced it, i.e., after the Italian manner—'Montitshello'.*"

"R. H.," New York—*Fore-edge painting*—the first word is sometimes erroneously spelled *forage*—is a form of book-decoration which has been traced back to the days of Henry VII. (1485–1509) of England. It owes its origin to the time when books bore no titles on their backs and before the upright position of setting books on shelves was adopted. Then books were laid on their sides with the edges outward. On the front edges, or fore-edges, lettering, devices, and designs of all kinds were put. Cyril Davenport is authority for the statement that "edge decoration of some sort seems to have been done from the *tenth* century" (see "The Book: Its History and Development," p. 143). In Queen Elizabeth's time book-edges were gilded and designs were impressed on the gilt with binding tools. This style of decoration was called *gauffring*. Sometimes colors were added to the gold. Before the end of the seventeenth century painting on the gilt edges was introduced but this was done while the book lay open, thus allowing wider space for the decoration. But when the painting was done and the book closed the design disappeared and only the gilding on the fore-edge was seen. This style of book-decoration was revived at the end of the eighteenth century and embraced heraldic devices which were also embossed on the sides of the books. In the eighties of the last century fore-edge painting took on a new lease of life and pastoral and hunting scenes, country life, and panoramic views, etc., were introduced, some very fine work of this kind being done by William Lukes, Jr., of the Royal Society of British Artists.

"B. A. W.," Leupp, Ariz.—"Please tell me about the name 'Honora,' its derivation, meaning, and some distinguished women who have borne the name. Is there a Christian name from the noun October'?"

(1) "Honora" is derived from the Latin 'honor,'' or "honos" meaning "honor." In later Rome "Honor" was a deity, but no classical names were formed from him. "Honorius" appears first as one of the appellations of the Spanish father of the Great Theodosius; it was borne also by his imbecile grandson, the last of the genuine Roman emperors, and by a niece, Justa Grata *Honoria*, who dishonored all her names, invited Attila, the only king of the Huns, except Radagaisus, who was not only a barbarian, but a savage and a heathen, to marry her, and sent him a ring as a pledge of her faith. The name survives in variant forms in countries where the Romans ruled. *Honorine* prevails in France and Germany. Honorine was a Neustrian maiden, slain in a Danish invasion, and regarded as a martyr. A relic of Honorius is found in the Welsh *Ynyr*, and one of Honoria in the Irish *Onora*, Honor, or in popular usage *Norah*. The Russians have it in the masculine as *Gonorij*, and the Lithuanians, in the feminine as *Arri*. There were two Gallic bishops named *Honoratus*, whence the French *Honoré*. In the beginning of last century, and for some years before, the name Honoria was revived and became common among English people of quality. (2) The nearest Christian names to 'October'' are "Octavius" for men, and "Octavia" for women.

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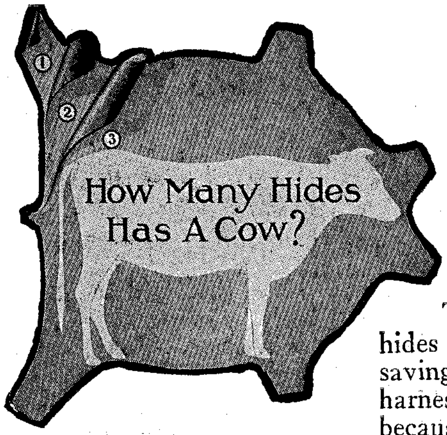

Uncle Sam Knows the Real Answer:

NOT ENOUGH!

Save Leather for Soldiers

To make America's hide supply go as far as possible, hides are being split into five or more thin sheets; but even this saving scheme fails to meet the requirements for soldiers' shoes, harness, equipment, ship upholstery, factory needs, etc., chiefly because too much hide leather is used by the public in places where high grade leather substitutes will serve as well or better.

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The new U. S. motor trucks and ambulances will be upholstered in leather substitutes.

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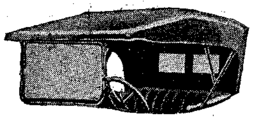
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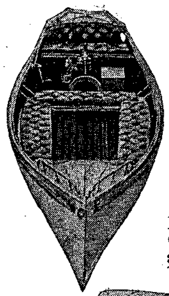
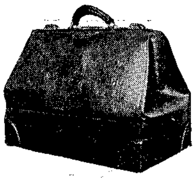

For Boat Cushions and Upholstery

For Furniture Upholstery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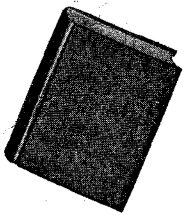
For Book Binding

For Home Decorations, Novelties, Belts, etc.

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